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Carlos
Castaneda



EDITORS:

Graham Freestone

Emanuel Magno



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centreforexperimentalontology.com

ceo47@outlook.com

@cfexontology (Twitter)

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Sorcery and the Myth of Er.

Emanuel Magno

This is a comparative essay between the “Myth of Er” at the end of Plato’s Republic as the central character in/of Platonism and the sorcerer as a proto-Platonic Er that has different motifs and motivations (a focus on the physiological transformation and experimentation with the body, with the abstraction serving no purpose other than augment this capacity for perceptual mutation).

As for this abstract, we propose a philo-fiction, as would call Laruelle, in lieu of the tracings of line-articulations between a membranous surface thinly gluing new articulations in/as points of interstice. Although we focus on the works of Carlos Castañeda to exemplify what here we call sorcery, and diametrically focus on the works of Plato to exemplify what here we call philosophy, the propositions of either with respects to their reality is of no interest here. Philo-fiction accepts the seemingly paradoxical view that for there to be any immanence at all, the specter of belief must be mocked to such a degree that it becomes scant and twirling at the corners.

All the while, we create a rudimentary vocabulary for a “possible philosophy of sorcery as the *study of these physiological practices from a post-phenomenological stand-point*”. This vocabulary includes things such as “extension”, “intension”, “intention”, etc. and what they mean in conversation with the terminology of the sorcery in question, the line of one Don Juan Matus. Then, we stress (here and throughout) the importance of the central figure/character in Carlos Castañeda’s books, that is the *assemblage point*, the correlative of the “soul” in Platonic Mytho-philofiction. This interior stress serving, if for no other purposes, to project a field of a “sorcery of philosophy” counterpart of our study.

Then, we enter into a short explanation on the assemblage point as the character of sorcery in the Don Juan Matus’ line of practice, the one he entitled “the new seers”. As well as the investigation of the concept of the *petty tyrant*, and what that entails to sorcery in our thesis that maintains it to be the asymmetrical opposite of Platonism. Some diagrams are used to showcase why humans, the central figure in any respectable study of anything and first positioning-point of start, are seen like balls of luminosity as their true form, on a physiological scale by the new seers. We agree that one should maintain scope, focusing on the *instance of sorcery* of Don Juan’s line, without making it “The Sorcery”, a conflation too often made for sake of completeness. Above all, this is what we try to stress in this editorial essay, thus keeping a playful tone throughout, following the central tenet of *impeccability* (which includes not taking things so seriously, lest they become obsessions). In diametric asymmetry, in any case, the already reified written doctrines of Platonism as “The Philosophy”, with whatever line of philosophical thought nowadays demonstrating some residual set of traits from that One, is re-

articulated as but an instance of something yet-to-be-reified, the One abstracted alone and floating above the ground, besides, or even beyond, the map and the territory distinction, in the zone.

Introduction to a Philosophy of Sorcery...?

This primitive axiom in philo-fiction is agreeable with the basic notion in sorcery that affirms reality to be a matter of perception and the energetic conditions to achieve different degrees of such.

But to have, or even to propose, a philosophy of anything, we usually first introduce its central theme in the incarnation of a character, rather than a representation, we throw an individual adventurer, a speculative person-citizen that is to be the diagrammator of this new field of which philosophy extends its tendrils in sober ecstasy, forming a garden, instead of flourishing from the centers of a city, around the zones within their itinerary and accidental slips thereof. This person-citizen, then, is an excluded one, a sinner, a leper, that nevertheless the dire conditions of the jungle outside the political comfort of its origin, thrives in newfound ways of surviving as a nomad, an animal living among beasts only imagined by previous peers. Here, as we investigate the possibility of a *philosophy of sorcery*, the archetypal shaman is the sacrificial type that we imbue with analyticity, breaking it down to just the essential pulp of what makes it what it represents. By throwing this poor innocent into the coliseum of the cosmos, this pulpy *ousia* is re-terminated in a simple relay point, a wave-particle to traverse the systems of our diagrams in a quasi-formal topology of the sorcerous practices themselves, yielding us the figure of the sorcerer as the path integral, an amplitude that, in the works of Carlos Castañeda, the focus of the present volume, is seen as a luminous sphere shaped around a single, infinitesimal point known as *assemblage point*, of which movement coordinates the shape of the luminous body. This ball of light is the *true form of the human when seen by the seer*, another name for a particular sect of sorcerers – the new sorcerers, or philosopher-shamans, that, in the line of Don Juan Matus, central figure and teacher of Carlos, differentiate themselves from the old sorcerers, all pre-Socratic in essence and motivation. But how do they differ, in a more demonstrative way, from the old sorcerers? What makes these new sorcerers “philosopher”-shamans? And, before that, perhaps more importantly, why put forward a philosophy of sorcery at all? What key principle or notion can be isolated as proof for the necessity of delineation of this particular new field of significant polemic? About this latter question, we use the focal *assemblage point* as the repository for an answer, because it, in philosophy and as representative of a myriad forms of central figures in sorcery practices, does not fit any category previously formulated in what may be cognized as Western thought. We propose, below, the formal character of this notion as *intensivity*, a category that differentiates itself from the intensive and differentiates itself from the extensive.

Strapping the formalities of phenomenological language and its relations

The perspective from a *perceived unity* understands the dissimilar by degrees, and the quantification of such degrees operates an incorporeal transformation on the notion of the thing which is perceived. This is the basic *principle of recognition* operating on *relations of polarity*, and these special relations are constituted by *modal interior tensions*, so we can speak of tensioned poles: there is an exterior and interior; leaping further, there is nature and culture – that, if we abstract with a further leap, becomes natural and artificial, or the tension between a naturality and an artificiality, another way of saying something is exterior in relation to an interior and vice-versa, but really, in fact, saying that something is *modally stressed* to a point of assuming an expressed intension, or in-tension (interior tension), from a presupposed intensive strata. Such is the operative functionality behind the co-factors of *telos* and intention, that is, teleology and intentionality. They are not temporal, for there is no beginning nor there is an end, they do not represent anything extensive, but intensive. To use Agamben's terminology, or rather his style, they dance and fall together in the inoperation back to their intensivity presupposed. *Contra* Agamben, however, we cannot think these types of operations without residue; collapses and conflations, symbioses, exhaustions, syntheses. . . that are all residue and residual. This is the role of sorcery.

In such a spirit, we do not seek to dissolve teleology and intentionality into a merged whole, a synthetic hybrid, nor do we desire to overthrow these conceptions by suggesting to “go back” to an ancient intensive realm much richer in comparison with regards to modal capacity, that is, basically, a primal substance. The point is humbly to investigate said intensive as the condition of possibility of such modality and modalities. The *residual* is put against the *substantial*: if there is residue, said intensive is bodily but not corporeal, for to be corporeal or incorporeal would be to constitute, as part of, a tension – there would be infinite recursion and no use for such an investigation. That is what the body is, free of the substance that presupposes modality and its stresses and tensions: corporeal, incorporeal, material, immaterial (and these presuppose and are presupposed by intention and *telos*). Ok, what does that mean, in retrospect...? Let us develop a section exclusively to illustrate and unpack this one. And, for that, let us use material that is even more confusing than this language, that pales in comparison, and is overall very tame if clunky.

Intensivity; extension and intension: On Synthetic Bodies and/as “Inorganic Beings” and “True Human Forms”

The advantage of polar relations, at least for some, is that naive reductionism is curbed. As if reductionism itself could be anything other than naive. For example, there can be the concept, idea, or

notion of an individual, whereas this individual is placed against a background, let us call it a system, at the other extreme of an imaginary spectrum hereby ignored. Now, if we say systems are made of individuals – or that individuals themselves are semi-closed systems formed by yet another level of systemic processes, we seem to be reducing one to the other, or *into* the other, but, in fact, the co-reduction, or the triviality that it entails, is enough not to make a rigid distinction between the individual and the system, and, thus, there is no identity-formation to objectively signify what individuals or systems are. It can be understood that the distinction between difference and similarity is trivial here. Both of them, then, cannot be truly reduced to/into each other, because there is no ontological primacy to either in relation to the other; there is no ‘first’, there is no established fundamentality. These are examples of polar relations, or of relations of polarity, which hold two ideas, or concepts, or notions, at unquantifiable extremes from each other. We say, of these relations, that they are in themselves *extensionless*, but that they do *assign extension* to their respective polarities through the *intension that holds the relation together*. This is the basis for the ‘movement’ of dialectics, which, in its own right, is the proto-cybernetic operation *par excellence*. But, if extension is itself polar to intension, how can the intension of the relation assign extension to its polarities? It cannot. To illustrate, before tackling head-on, what presupposes and conditions this polarity and relationality, that here we call *intensivity*, we analyze the very end of Plato’s Republic, more specifically the *Myth of Er*. We will be translating Socrates’ short story into another vocabulary, one in which there are no souls or physical bodies, but only *bodies devoid of physicality* (let us call them *synthetic bodies*, a category that encompasses both the inorganic beings of Castañeda lore as well as the true form of humans in their luminosity) with extensions and intension. From here onwards, *body = intensivity*, and this is the only identity safely formalized, since all the difference, that presupposes the formation of an identity to begin with, is both external and internal to the intensive body, which can be pictured as an air doll; air inside and air outside separated only by a thin sheet of skin-like rubber.

The story [of Er] is so short it does not justify a summary. This is how we translate it:

Soul = intensivity (synthetic body, luminous “true form”)

Physical body = extension (tonal installation, first attention “seeing”)

Daemon = intension (the ally, power-reserve into the second attention, seeing)

There is some controversy whether the daemon, or ally, should be interpreted as the intension in the union between physical body and soul through the daemon’s function, precisely because it is the daemon/ally that binds the physical body to the soul, and a reading that interprets the soul to bind a daemon to a physical body is not only rarer, but also weaker. But, with this interpretation, we accord with the logical intuition that forbids intension from assigning extension, since that would imply a primacy

to it in relation to extension (and so there would not be a polarity at all anymore, only a flattened monadic picture that solves everything by subsiding all problems into paradoxes, so subsuming their speculative capacity into a categorical nullity).

The inconsistencies in the story, regarding the discontinuity and indeterminacy of the Fates' interaction with the structure sitting atop Necessity's lap (as to which arms they use, or at what speeds they move, etc.), represent contingency, and that much should be obvious. Contingency is a tired daughter not following the task her mother imbued upon her, fragmented into three as she daydreams and her arms multiply in the vastness of time. And, as pure intensivity, as a soul, Er is above the spindle, with a privileged view to peer into it as someone peers into a book. Remember, at this point, Er has no extension (physical body), nor intension (daemon/ally/intrinsic-other), so what he sees, the insanely complex structure sucking away reader's sanities for millennia, is similarly flat, for Er is, in fact, a flatlander at that moment. The lack of extension implies a lack of dimensionality. Later, he will see the structure in its three-dimensional form, as a spindle, but the added verticality will make him lose the direct view of the whole surface of the thing in its bi-dimensionality, in its totality. As he lacked a daemon/ally, also, lacking, thus, his intension, he could not understand the meaning of the structure, only its near-infinite complexity as machinic and ineffable. Later on, now bound to his daemon, Er will also understand the structure as, in fact, a spindle, something used for weaving the fabric of the cosmos. Yet, the fate of acquiring, or being bound to/by, extension and intension, that is, a physical body and a daemon-ally, makes Er both able to see this whirling whorl *and* blinded to its beyond-simple truth that, right now, from above, shines so brightly as a series of shifting circles; for right now, unbounded, Er can see the whole cosmos, as if it were a mirror, or as if it were an object his size, or as if he were watching it on TV, because indeed, unbounded, Er is beyond size, and strangely, but ambiguously, outside of the cosmos – and unbounded by Necessity and her daughter Contingency. As a flatlander, in the line of synthetic bodies, Er peers into the whorl, the near-ineffable structure of the Eagle, and near-understands it while flying on its wings. That is to say, he at least has direct experience of it, of sorts, he is purer awareness.

The whorl is a *negative noumenon*, which we call the *reticulum*, but, weirdly, its view is possible, or just beyond possibility or necessity, from the perspective of an unbounded intensivity. In yet other words, what sorcery proposes of novelty is the physiological condition of possibility of experiencing negative noumena, while not necessarily understanding them or being able to translate its topology into semantics, or even syntax. This is the case given the rigorous formulation of practices that affect directly the residual intensivity of the luminous body, that is, the assemblage point; sorcery as the art of moving the assemblage point along lines in the diagram of the synthetic body, beyond the initial condition of the “fall” of man, the condition of Er as he enters organic life, following the traces of the Rebis-to-be-once-again.

As Er descends by acquiring his verticality, that is, his extension, and his intension, the transition between unbounded and bounded states makes the whorl a *positive noumenon*. Until, by the end of the process, as Er is now fully bounded, the whorl becomes a *phenomenon* that will be forgotten later on. Er is thoroughly localized, in the sense that what before was unquantifiable, and just next to him in its entirety, is now much bigger in comparison, piercing the ground where his extension now stands and extending farther than his eyes can reach and his daemon-ally can communicate. And it is at this level that emerges the distinction between *noumena* (negative and positive) and *phenomena*. Before that, before the emergence of this distinction, what was there? The experience of the unbounded intensivity, which we called *sui generis* before, the assemblage point of Carlos' works, for to call it noumenal would be erroneous (for the noumenal is polar to the phenomenal, and, without the phenomenal, the noumenal has no meaning). The soul itself, the synthetic body, the unbounded intensivity, the air doll, we call *Sui generis*, or the Eagle in Carlos' works. The soul is the *Sui generis*, the Eagle itself, which incarnates through an (initial) ally of its choosing, yet as synthetic body, it is always complete while providing an incompleteness to its constituent aggregates. It cycles back into itself, as the wheel of all life-forms and forms of life, and so the new seers enter the realm of philosophy, a tropical/mountainous/desertic philosophy, entirely dissimilar to the one that took root in the Mediterranean region, egesting from its body of knowledge all the proto-scientific/pre-Socratic patterns and routines, methods and practices, in favor of only the necessary to abstract further into the practice of seeing itself, devoid of the propagation of concepts or reproduction of notions and ideas. The most radical form of *practical philosophy* yet.

What Er finds amidst the world at large from the moment of life is a series of obstacles, often in form of fellow humans, what, as Don Juan would say, are the necessary elements in the path of a warrior to power, the petty tyrants, quasi-transcendental conditions, evading the analogy of master-slave dialects by an infinitesimal edge, an emerging more akin to the flattened human-body of Nietzsche and Foucault. Plato's pettiest tyrant, the frather of philosophy himself, was Socrates. Carlos Castañeda finds some petty tyrants along his journey, some pettier than others, such as "La Gorda" and "La Catalina".

The mirror function of sorcery is one of inviting the other, for example, this petty tyrant, into one's system, one's becoming. In trying to learn how to evade the tyrant's attacks, one has to surrender a part of oneself to it. If one becomes a bit of the tyrant, the tyrant in one's body can be violently attacked either directly (either by means of executing a strategy or via an intuitive epiphany) or in a complex game of guerrilla tactics. When the tyrant is properly extirpated from one's body, the mirror function won't affect that same body as it once did: the petty tyrant will be no more than a child, a past version of one's self-image, a thing deserving of pity and whose desire of guidance makes the body exude almost undetectable pheromones, like virtual particles, that liken this previous version of oneself to one's reproductive function – this tyrant becomes one's child before becoming no-one's child, marked for life

as an orphan. To tend this child is the impulse of the seer, and to eventually leave it to its own world, disconnecting it from the seer's body in a final round of struggle, is the duty of the warrior under the principle of impeccability. With this in mind, the search for a Platonic equivalent for the petty tyrant is revealed: to *демиургос*¹. However, while the sorcerers of olden times remained pre-Socratic, the demiurge as an abstracted figure never figured beyond the use of its verbal form, its systems of enchantments. The egregore-like god in Platonic tradition was a means to egest, to extirpate the entirety of the impulse "to demiurge", that is, to invite the other into one's body to its annihilation. The motif against the ancient traditions of the oracles never aggregated in the general tradition(s) of the sorcerers. Instead, it continued to grow and mutate until around 600 to 150 years ago, the years of colonization. The new seers, a breed of "Platonic" thinkers, had to distance themselves of the ancient motives and motifs out of necessity for the continuation of their lineages.

The perspective "shifted to the left" of a seer who, using the bare abstraction of the innumerable methods and practices of the olden traditions, absorbed a petty tyrant: https://youtu.be/iLhIMsbq_DI². And we can understand the petty tyrant through Deleuzio-Guattarian lenses: the minor becomings reflect the petty tyrant as an artificially actualized position of one's relation to a virtual interpretation of the first actual tyrant on the desert of the real (the notion of double actualization, in an extreme form of practicality). The shaman-philosopher, or philosopher-shaman, walks the cosmos without a sense of reality, which means there is no sense of territory at first since the territory is the body of the petty tyrant. With the process of double actualization, the tyrant is processed in a bodily fashion, with the seer navigating the tyrant's map while slowly dephasing it back into clusters of zonal interception, instead of formed structures. The myth of the cavern, for such an adventurer, is thus: <https://youtu.be/p3ddHsbMY>⁴. As such, the new seers established, from the accumulated knowledge of the old sorcerers, by abstracting only the essential stuff for a continual development of the new tradition, a form of proto-philosophy the likes of Plato's ideal forms, but with a central and utmost important distinction: instead of the perfect one, the Good, there is the infinite imperfection of the predatorial unnature of the question of being and becoming in the form of an *idea of evil*.

The Idea of Good has the Friend as its agent, against a plural background of enemies. Er's soul is pure, and good, and *in the Good*, while his other essences, and those of his fellow men, women and world, are obstacles for this disembodied light. The *Idea of Evil*, however, has the Enemy as its agent, with a

¹ Pichanick, Alan, "Self-Knowledge, Tyranny, and the Delphic Oracle in Plato's Charmides" (2006). *The Society for Ancient Greek Philosophy Newsletter*. 357.

² "Shlohmo - Nice & Shiny (Official Visualizer)." YouTube, uploaded by Shlohmo, 2020.

³ "Clams Casino - NSX (Moon Trip Radio Official)". YouTube, uploaded by Clams Casino, 2019.

⁴ "Clams Casino - NSX (Moon Trip Radio Official)". YouTube, uploaded by Clams Casino, 2019.

plural backdrop of alliance mortals cannot but establish to survive, where light purveys everything, and everyone is blinded to this light by the trinkets of the Enemy and Predator.

The Tyrant as the figure of the binding substance of the *prima materia*, creates a universality that is necessarily local and contingent, the local universality of enmity. A play, along the fashion of Artaud's Theater of Cruelty, in which enmity must be maintained for a pay-off, instead of the strife towards a previous state of Bliss, a heaven before the fall of humanity. Platonism is the establishment of nostalgia as much as theater established (and was established by/as) *tragedy*. It is no different than any other school of art, although it has a pretense to be something beyond. Sorcery, on the other hand, doesn't even take itself seriously enough to be considered self-important "art", but an expression of inexorable variety.

The category of intent, in the line of sorcery we tackle via philo-fiction, is not equivalent to the concept of intent or the notion of intentionality. The shared names are a matter of functional simplification. This we tackle in the next and last section, on the appearance of the assemblage point.

The Synthetic Body as Amplitude

Before going into the title at hand, we can formalize the remnants of the explosion thus, so as to build an initial vocabulary for such a new philosophy [of sorcery]:

Intension \neq Intention

(The former is the formalized "virtual" form of the latter as actual material or "product"):

"=" constitutes a relation of identity.

intension \propto extension:

just as a purple blot is not proportional to three dots.

intensionality \neq intensivity:

just as "purple" is not identical to the color itself.

intensionality \propto extensionality:

just as "purple" is not proportional to "3", we can say that "purple" is a representation of an expressed variety of the form of the color purple, and that this color, in turn, is precisely an expression of the

particular instance “purple”; and that “3” is a representation of an expressed quantity of something, for example three dots \therefore , and likewise we say that there are “3” of those dots.

intensity \propto extensionality:

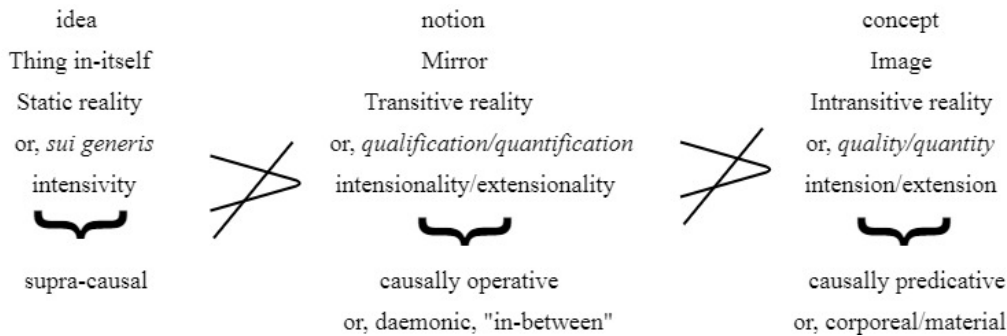
just as “3” is not proportional to the number in-itself.

extensionality \approx extension and intensionality \approx intension:

just as “3” is a representation of a supposedly thing in-itself, and \therefore is but an expression of a quantity of dots that the symbol “3” is used to represent, so are approximations between extension and extensionality. The same is with “purple” and/as an expression of the color, in one of its infinite varieties.

intensity \nrightarrow intensionality/extensionality \nrightarrow intension/extension:

(since “ $>$ ” implies quantification). More elaborately,



Evidently, we are deep outside of Platonism now, and even the vocabular translation of the Myth of Er, that we appropriated, already broke away with Plato’s own interpretation, despite how subtle said interpretation is demarcated throughout Socrates’ speech, which he used to elucidate a point that this characterization thoroughly disagrees with. Thus, the seeds from which spring these views are incompatible with their product, and that, on its own, goes subtly against Aristotle’s whole motivation, too. For in Plato, paradoxically, the simpler contains the complex, which is but a composition of different configurations of the simpler. For example, the square is the soul of the cube, and the square itself is made of triangles. This, even though Aristotle probably did not notice, is the seed of his hylemorphism. So, even though it might be funny and interesting to think of Plato’s higher forms as correlate of higher-dimensional objects, such as a tesseract, or hypercube, these complexities would be the opposite of Platonic higher-forms. The more complex, the lower. In fact, it would be fair to correlate a higher-dimensional object, in Plato, to a daemonic entity. And if the good God is unity, the evil devil is multiplicity. We are, not so evidently, siding with the devil on this one, for we really think it funny to

imagine complexity as a ladder to perfection. However, in the end, even the devil is to be tricked by us, a twist rarely seen and barely even imagined.

Exploratory Notes on the Work of Carlos Castañeda.

Hyperstition-Hypostition

What is the nature of the works of Carlos Castañeda? This is an author whose work seems to have fallen off the radar to a greater extent. This is probably because people assume most of the work is fictitious and of a banal new age like order. The ‘whether or not’ the work was invented is neither here nor there to our concerns. Due to its presentation (as an account of things that actually happened), because it was never recanted and because parts of it can be verified, it presents an agnostic disjunctive scenario -there is no way to determine the truth or untruth of the occurrences described.

The more one ponders the Castañeda system more boggling it is. Either the occurrences and the energetic⁵ description of reality are actual, in which case the implications for what transformed human energy systems can do are staggering (unlikely) or an astonishing amount of work has gone into crafting descriptions of very bizarre happenings and an extremely intriguing account of how reality functions (this phrasing is not meant to imply that the former is more likely, only that either instance has something genuinely impressive to it). These descriptions and this account were so persuasive that they affected the lives of many people. If fictional, the work functions at that level that has come to be known as *hyperstitional* -where fiction exerts real effects upon reality. This though is where it becomes more confusing.

A hyperstition is, by definition, something that begins its life as a fiction. The creator does not necessarily have any sense that it is anything other than this. Castañeda’s work seems minimally to blur this border. Castañeda was known to be interested in the occult even before the books (his friends called him brujo). So, whatever the status of the events of the books (and Castañeda always maintained there was a Don Juan) their status as something fictional is entirely unclear. They *might* be largely fictional in content but what they try to convey is supposedly not. If they come from real notes, they are definitely story told selections from them, but he openly states this.

The concepts he uses plug into existing concepts. The cocoon of man resembles (and yet seems apart) from the notion of the aura. The double resembles the notion of the astral body and yet draws distance from it by making it almost an autonomous other and by connecting it with dreaming. Energy itself is folded back into a connection with dreaming and the dreaming body. These intricate extensions and alterations give the texts a maybe false, but impressive sense of

⁵ I employ here Castaneda’s usage of the word energy which does not correspond to anything in physics as such.

conveying an inchoate sense of interconnectedness between all these ideas that in other systems is sometimes too shrouded in symbolism.

In a sense it is hard to say whether Castañeda's books function as hyperstition or hypostition. A hyperstition works from fiction towards fact and a hypostition travels the other way. Hypostitionally Castañeda may have created something so outlandish that for many people he transmuted possibility into impossibility. The books feature instances of literal teleportation and flying, these are very hard to swallow at a literal level; it is easy to see how, in conjunction with the many other accusations of discrepancies, a general dismissal of the work can occur that drags down with it all that is actually possible therein.

So Castañeda's work has a double motion to it. It's hyperstitional force travels from a story telling selective force and the creation of new concepts (like the assemblage point) to an actual action that has deeply affected the lives of many. That lucid dreaming is possible is hardly news, but that people have had some of the inorganic being experiences, seen the 'wall of fog', even seen the will tentacles etc raises the question: would they have seen these phenomena if they had not utilised this system? Does the system really bring the access to the energetic purity it purports to or does it just unfold another conceptual layer upon the ineffable? There is again some striving towards honesty here. Ideas like the 'wall of fog' are not claimed to be intrinsically a 'wall of fog' but rather only the way a certain barrier of perception will appear to certain people -it might manifest as something else. The narrative of this energetically pure perception (unfiltered by something like Thelema's layers of egregores and symbols) can itself be yet another hyperstitional layer.

At this point we become embroiled in a weird speculative Kantianism of perception beyond the regular human. That is, Castañeda's sorcery essentially supports a kind of contingent Kantian position. The human conditions of possibility *do* determine all of the world in all senses, (Kant was right) but the human conditions of possibility are *not* the only conditions of possibility and furthermore they are not the only ones accessible to humans. Regular humanity perceives with the regular Kantian apparatus, sorcery enables other apparatus to be employed, including a kind of meta-apparatus that facilitates the perception of the fibres of light etc. What are we to make of this? If one hyperstitionally creates the meta-apparatus does that make it real?

Hypostitionally the work simultaneously potentially takes away a kind of presented truth. To reiterate, it acts hypostitionally because it is presented as truth, as real, yet the strange events therein and the critique of Castañeda over time have made him an unpalatable figure and his work likewise. At least academically he has travelled from something presented as truth to into fiction. This double motion is the structure of the agnostic disjunction here.

The Assemblage Point as Meta-Solution.

The assemblage point is in some ways a beautiful solution to the many contradictions of occultism. Given its absence from every other occult system we can reasonably speculate Castañeda invented it. Though here too we must acknowledge we do not definitively know this to be the case. Nevertheless, let us allow it to be for now just to observe its explanatory power.

For those who don't know, the assemblage point is purportedly a bright point in the luminescent egg (a sort of noumenal nature of the being at the energetic level; it has some resemblance to the aura) of any being of awareness. The egg is comprised of endless fibres of something likened to energy/light which radiate out from the centre. These are lined up with endlessly more fibres that are outside the luminous cocoon of the being –that exist in existence at large. The assemblage point lights up a set of fibres inside the cocoon that correspond to some fibres outside. This 'lighting up' from the perspective of the being is the experience of being in a certain reality. Humans variously share roughly the same assemblage point. However what Castañeda says is that the assemblage point is only contingently fixed in this rough vicinity and can in fact move variously around thus exposing different aspects of this reality or more extremely, disclosing a total other world. For regular people the assemblage point *does* move, however this usually only happens in dreaming, high emotional states, illness, or upon taking psychotropic substances, otherwise it stays roughly stationary.

What Castañeda claims is that the teachings he received had ultimately only one purpose: the (controlled) movement of the assemblage point. This is close to the ultimate aim of the system. The assemblage point idea has something pleasing about it. Its movements can be seen as a neat explanation for all occult phenomena. The world exists in solidity because the fibres lit up are the same for people in general. The movement of the point lights up different fibres; this is the energetic equivalent of our perception/mood shifting. In this way Carlos subsumes all regular psychological alterations and reality alterations under one system. Sadness is an assemblage point shift, so is being able to perceive inorganic beings (any spirits), seeing UFOs and even the production of the dreaming body itself (a kind of energy double) is a product of an assemblage point shifts.

By the same token magickal rituals can be seen as not important in themselves but rather elaborate means to bring about assemblage point shifts that give access to other beings or enable reality manipulations at a distance.

The assemblage point theory is curiously rational in a sense though it does seem to require that we not think of it (and the egg) in such a literal spatial sense. At a glance its 'tune in the dial' type action suggests a straight-forward correlate between worlds experienced and the shifting

of the point. There is a region around the position of the AP that facilitates various states that we are familiar with and beyond this are the weirder places. However rather than the weirder places simply being other realities (though they might be) it seems other positions of the AP (as has already been mentioned) also do things like bring the dreaming body about.

What this reminds us of is exactly that despite the seeming rationality of the AP the whole notion is in fact a kind of weird metaphor. The texts in fact specifically tell us that the description of energy in terms of visual ideas is misleading. 'Seeing' or the direct perception of energy, is not done with the eyes within the framework of the solid world but rather to paraphrase CCs words 'the world is energy prior to the world of solid objects'. This means that all of this conceiving of energetic eggs and APs is in some sense just a contrivance to facilitate understanding. Furthermore, Castañeda also says that it is the job of each Nagual (his system's name for the leader of a group of sorcerers) to try to explain the perception of energy in new terms. Isn't this exactly what he has done here? He has invented his own way of describing how it happens that we perceive/feel/exist in different things/worlds.

Notions like: 'the dreaming body is an assemblage shift' sound somewhat incomprehensible but in fact they may be better clues than the rather causally comfortable account that is x AP position is causes y reality. Such notions invite us to think of the AP and the energy ball of human as less of a ball and more of an a-spatial potentiality. Remember for all the metaphor, the fibres of light are not fibres of light, the ball is not a ball, it is just a way of rendering something ineffable in a communicable form. The implication here is that the energetic world is not spatial or temporal in itself, yet it shows itself in such a way such that some kinds of relation like that can be perceived under certain conditions.

Over analysis of concepts might be contrary to sorcery insofar as it promotes the creation of an intellectual inventory. However to Castañeda's credit, he references the issue of analytic clarity and the emphasis of praxis in a way that is not dismissive of thinking about these aspects. Praxis is always emphasised though the predilection of some persons to want explanations is also recognised and accounted for. Don Juan himself is supposedly given to needing explanations, as clearly is Carlos. Others though, like Don Genaro and the Nagual Julian had no time for explanatory tools. Sorcerers who want explanations are not just over-thinking failures, they are an integral part of how the system has developed. Reason has been applied to the energetic realms in order to try to comprehend what goes on in terms of causal relations —the assemblage point being a big case in point.

There seems to be some sense that the application of reason has freed the modern lineage of sorcerers from the shackles of the old morbid ways of sorcery. We can characterize these older

modes as having greater belief in specific ritual and being more obsessed with gaining power to harm or prolong life, whereas the more recent lines of sorcery have reflected upon these practices and refined them. Rather like the modern occult trend towards chaos magick, the rituals themselves have been largely abandoned as they are simply methods for moving the AP. The desire for power to cause harm and immortality have been replaced with the accumulation of power as a means for gaining what is referred to as 'freedom' —the ability to ultimately cheat death by entering into energetic existence whilst retaining conscious control over one's awareness.

To get back to the point, the attempt at dwelling on what the fibres and the cocoon of humans are like, is partially futile and at the same time partially not. That is, I think certain kinds of cognition facilitate at least preliminary sorcery like interactions. Phenomenological play for instance can be used to attempt to re-perceive the visual field as an amorphous whole as opposed to the discrete object perception we naively take the world for. This may not be energetic perception (as described) but it is a destabilising force on our general regular hold on things that can be increased. Likewise, the act of trying to conceive of an underlying a-spatio-temporal state of living fibres of light to all things is not the same as perceiving such a thing, but to treat the notion seriously and to try to think it hard does supply a certain vertigo in relation to everyday experience. To then similarly attempt to conceive of our very existence as being governed by a specific filtering (the AP) system that applies to our own cocoon of these fibres is a further stretch which may produce interesting re-perceptions.

There is a kind of ontology and a meta-ontology that is radically different from our ordinary taking-to-be of things. The fibres of light (or reticulum as they are being redeveloped under in more CEO research) AP system I think is better thought of this way. Conceiving that the AP is behind the back is misleading insofar as there only is a back to a human insofar as the AP is in a particular place. The AP is the being that is manifest on whatever world, *world and being both alter depending on the AP position*. This is why the cocoon cannot be conceived of like the aura spoken of in occult traditions generally. The cocoon effect belongs to the reticulum as does the AP, that is, it is not in the spatio-temporal world as a thing that can be seen at all. Interactions with the cocoon —kicking people in dents etc- are given spatial grammatical descriptions but are not spatial interactions in the way we think about them. The whole product of being a being in a world is an effect of the AP existing in different places —insofar as these are places. So the cocoon reticulum level must not be conflated with any given world itself, it is a meta-position that determines the totality of being and world from a non-space transcendental to each world.

The more specific ontology seems to imply that the reticulum is always present in each world but each world as experienced is constituted by the awareness of the inhabiting beings. The agreements of awareness between the beings keep the reticulum solid in each world. Ultimately though it seems these solidities are also manipulable when the world is suitably unpicked. So even a given world is not naively what it seems, its reticular counterpart offers possibilities of immediate transportation from place to place. Of course this sounds crazy and is probably fictitious but it makes sense insofar as the reticular aspect *is not spatio-temporal* and hence not bounded by the same rules that the level of awareness agreement has.

A regular reality is a reality. It is complete in itself and can be lived in. The beings —like humans— may never need to look beyond it (though arguably the experience of being in any given world is always partially comprised of its access to other worlds). A full movement of the assemblage point can assemble an entirely different reality. The reticulum is functioning as an underlying structure in both cases. A given reality may be seen as the reticulum itself or as (in our case) a world of spatio-temporality. When it is the latter, all the regular epistemological problems and ontological questions can arise. Of course, since sorcery is an art of manipulating perception with ontological implications, it does not tell us anything about the nature of the reticulum in the sense we think of physics doing. To continue the indulgence, if we allowed that the reticulum/AP system is the case and became accessible to science, then we could expect that answers in terms of an even more sophisticated physics than we currently possess would ultimately be forthcoming.

Sorcery and Nihilism

We often consider that the removal of God has removed value from the world or at least had a significant impact upon our notion of value. It certainly removes a certain teleological meaning from the world. The Castañeda system (rather like chaos magick) obliterates all value from the world. Nothing matters and from this nothingness the sorcerer has the advantage that they are aware of this lack. CC's sorcery utilizes the zero value of all actions by absolutely recognizing it and thus equalising all actions. This means one might as well put all your effort into picking your nose as writing the best poem you can. Both acts are the same.

CC's nothingness though is not an ontologically empty nothingness like Buddhism. The ontology here is in a sense much stranger. Castañeda seems to extend reality in as many directions as possible and yet still keep it potentially accessible. Regular human existence is placed in a tiny range of AP positions with the possibilities of alterity being endless. Death is rendered an event within a quasi-understood system —the Eagle consumes awareness. Though, it would be unfair to say death's role is downplayed, but it is in a sense demystified. Death is important to the system in a manner not unlike Heidegger's use in *Being and Time*. There death is the force that

should drive us towards our authenticity; for the sorcerer death is similarly a force that should drive us to do our best in everything. If death is watching you the whole time, waiting to tap you, under these circumstances why wouldn't you give everything to each activity that you do? Add to this the relativised importance of all acts and we have part of the sorcerers rational. This strategy is related to the other obsession of the sorcerer: the accumulation of energy or power. The focus of intent on each act as something of supreme importance is a way to try to stop the sorcerer from wasting energy by being generally dispersed in what they do. Sorcerers are constantly looking for ways to refine their lives to regain power in order that they can do the acts of sorcery themselves.

This seems to raise the problem as to why you would do acts of sorcery? In fact this in itself is badly phrased. Acts of sorcery as we might perceive them are themselves further ways of accessing power. The systems certainly allows for the possibility that one might use sorcery to hurt or heal but these kinds of activities are more like distractions than acts of any more value than anything else.

Power and Writing

The power of CC's writing is a somewhat circular issue in relation to sorcery. Regardless of the general opinion of the veracity of his books, there is largely a consensus that Castañeda could write extremely well. This ability in combination with *what* he wrote formed a potentially persuasive mix. Indeed the content of the books is so outlandish it is possible to think that it is ridiculous how anyone at all could ever believe it at all. And yet they did and they still do. I myself can freely admit to being totally unsure where the line is in the work. But what is more interesting is that the two times in my life when the work has come to life have been whilst I have been *reading* it.

Indeed in the duration whilst the books are being read I have found the concepts and the world view come to life with an almost astonishing efficacy. This is relative of course. I do not mean that I have entered into dreaming, teleported around and been flying. I simply mean that by comparison to my interactions with other occult systems, what Castañeda offers (for the duration that I am reading the books at least) seems impressive. Dreaming starts to become feasible (I have success finding my hands and latching my attention onto other items), I can see the world as mysterious, I can feel the impetus to be impeccable and the effect it has on my body. Everything seems different.

What's going on here? I can perceive two possible explanations. One is that due to a certain openness of mind (we could call it gullibility to be uncharitable) Castañeda is literally

hypnotizing me through his books. This effect is so profound that I take on the characteristics of the characters, I become them. This goes deep enough that even my attempts at dreaming become successful and I am able to re-perceive the world through the lens of the books. I finish the books and the hypnosis fades -my previous world view/habits begin to assert themselves.

The second is that Castañeda is correct about another aspect of it all. This is the notion of power. Power is a mysterious force that sorcerers seek to accumulate. Power is the force that can bring about fortuitous synchronicities and alter reality generally —by enabling shifts or movements of the AP. The second thesis accepts at least some of the reality of the books and says that, a kind of ontologically effective force beyond the individual human exists. The actual nature of this force could not be described without ontological speculation, however we would be able to say that a) it can act through persons who consciously or unconsciously manipulate it and b) it is a reasonable inference that (accepting we are already allowing something quite weird) any such power, given that it is impersonal but may be acquired, may reasonably be capable of exerting its effect through artefacts/items related to persons in receipt of such a force. Hence the writing itself serves as a force that unlocks part of this world. It is like the act of ‘lending power’ to someone (mentioned in the books). So the ‘power’ embedded in the text presumably minimally (for people open/gullible enough) shifts the AP which brings about the unworldliness. When the access to power is withdrawn, if the organism in question does not have enough of their own power to maintain the shifts, then the AP reasserts its regular static position.

Castañeda is of course not the only writer/artist to do this. Many people invest in fictional or theoretical worlds and bring them somewhat to life in their lives. In my case the major difference is would be that these texts have functioned as the most powerful (albeit) temporary gateway into these kinds of worlds that I have experienced⁶.

Teleology

i) What is the purpose of existence (in the sense of beings of awareness existing)? This power of this banal sounding philosophical question has been covered over. Either the awesomeness of actual teleology has been repressed or there is just the dull tacit acceptance of the meaninglessness of everything. This dullness of course too is the result of a repression, for the actual processing of teleological absence is possibly more terrifying than its being real. The latter has the advantage of being guilt free, we have no purpose so we cannot fail at our lives.

⁶ Though Robert Anton Wilson’s ‘Cosmic Trigger 1’ was a close second, plunging me into a 23/alien synchronicity world as it did.

All lives no matter how vastly different in appearance are ultimately of no more cosmic value than each other.

Castañeda's account is interesting to consider in this regard. His version is one that certainly seems to entail a lack of human purpose. There is however a twist to this. The ultimate force from which all beings drive their awareness is a power called the Eagle. The Eagle is so called because persons who are capable of *seeing* (energetic perception) it have noted that it resembles an eagle in some sense. The Eagle gives awareness to beings, which then wander around acquiring more experiences, this somehow adds to the awareness bubbles of the living things which are then —upon death- consumed by the same force (the Eagle). The implication seems to be that the awareness of beings that have been alive for a while is somehow preferable for the Eagle over beings are only alive for a short while. That is, there seems to be something ripening about awareness as it persists in life, maybe there is even some implication that the more varied the existence whilst alive, the more juicy the awareness is for the Eagle to eat.

But of course, this is all smacking of projection somewhat. We are now envisaging the Eagle as almost a giant hungry farmer who eats all his own produce. The farmer tends, ripens and consumes this crop continuously. If the Eagle is indeed the source of all sentience, there may well be more to the situation than this endless agricultural gluttony. We project this, because it's how we can think of it but whatever this event is, it isn't an eagle and it isn't a weird agricultural auto-glutton.

Allowing though that the descriptions of the consumption of awareness upon death are accurate in some sense —that awareness is recycled and the reason it is created as separate for a while is to somehow enrich it- then we approach something more like teleology at least on an individual level. That is, the purpose of existence is to live a varied rich existence so that upon death the source of awareness is in turn enriched. Ineffability remains in the picture insofar as we still have no idea why the Eagle needs enriching —is there a greater teleology in play? We cannot know.

The picture then becomes more complicated when we introduce the two notions of 'the rule' and 'power'. The rule is the Eagle's gift to man which is exploited by seers (Castañeda's final term for the kind of practitioners he has been purportedly engaged with, otherwise known as sorcerers) as one way in which death can be cheated. To understand this, we need a brief account of the general Castañeda's ontology of awareness.

For Castañeda there is a kind of dualistic perceptual system. Humans can perceive the regular world yet have the capacity to learn to see (a technical term in the system) the underlying

‘energetic world’. This term was already mentioned with regard to ‘seeing’. Let us pause here a moment to explain the term. Castañeda uses the term energetic to describe the nature of things perceived as flows and blobs of light like substance. This is and isn’t an irregular usage of the term ‘energy’. It is because a variety of eastern practices and new age movements employ similar terms for an invisible, insubstantial life-force like power (chi, prana etc.). It is irregular because this isn’t any sense of energy that can be measured in any way (that we currently know of). This is not the energy of physics, indeed it more resembles Reich’s orgone —that was also notoriously hard to detect. So, whilst some might baulk at the usage in the face of the often scientific application of the word, we have to appreciate there is a large cultural tradition that finds this kind of usage reasonable.

Humans perceived from the energetic perspective look like egg shaped blobs of energy (in the form of light). The egg surface is a kind of cocoon that keeps trapped inside endless energy fibres. The same kinds of fibres exist externally to the cocoon but do not directly contact the fibres inside the membrane. The ordinary cessation of human existence is the eventual cracking of the cocoon and the assimilation of the freshly released fibres (enriched with the experience of the being) back into the system (the Eagle consuming them). The rule though, states that human’s apparently have another option to this seeming inevitability.

This is achieved by process known as recapitulation. Recapitulation is a kind of means by which to trick the Eagle. The seer must basically play back (visualize) to themselves the entirety of their lives in order to liberate their experience from their awareness. This freed up experience can then be fed to the Eagle as a proxy allowing the seer to continue to exist in their coherent conscious form beyond death.

This complicates the teleological picture insofar as death is not necessary to feed the Eagle the enriched awareness it requires. So death is not a part of the system as such, it is only a contingent by-product. If the conscious discrete aspect of the being wants remain intact, *it can* (though to do so it must expend considerable effort). This means the purpose of existence is not to cease to be in order to feed the Eagle. One might speculate in a quasi-religious way that the Eagle has deliberately allowed this escape possibility. This though still does not qualify as an extra purpose as such. The option being there does not entail that it is supposed to be achieved.

This does raise one of the obvious questions concerning sorcery: why do it at all? The obvious answer being: why do it any more or less than anything else? It can be retorted that it has no function. It seems to do nothing to help anyone other than the sorcerers themselves. *This* is why it should be done less than other things.

It is potentially true that in terms of achieving actual strange things the Castañeda system is superior to Buddhism. However the purpose of Buddhism is not simply liberation, but to help others to achieve liberation. Buddhism adds a postulate of compassion in the face of suffering to create a reason. There may be no intrinsic reason to rescue beings from suffering, however given that the world supplies suffering, creating a system that attempts to alleviate it has a function in relation to the beings in general.

Sorcery does not seem to do this. If real, it passes in hidden lineages below the social register. The practitioners may be healers, but this is a totally contingent possibility and only a by-product of the general aim. As mentioned, the sorcerers of Castañeda's system attempt to break the cycle of being consumed by the Eagle by avoiding the consumption of their awareness. What do they do then? No account in particular is given. They just roam around in the enormity of it all being free. Presumably so great is the desire and spirit of these people that the idea of being a non-physical awareness forever roaming the multidimensional vastness of it all is appealing.

Our commentary on teleology seems incomplete without mentioning a kind of determinism in Castañeda's system. Often especially in the early works, Don Juan refers to omens as indicators as to Carlos' suitability for sorcery. Elsewhere the books also mention various incidents that occur and indicate to Don Juan etc that a certain person can be trained as a sorcerer. The description of these events (apart from being omens) tends to be made in terms of power. It is power that points people out in certain ways. This does not amount to a strong atomic determinism, but it does (in the sorcerer's world) suggest a world in which possibility is limited by power which suggests possibly that power funnels all actors in certain directions. At one point Carlos has trapped a rabbit which he stubbornly refuses to kill. Don Juan insists the rabbit's time is up but Carlos thinks he can prove him wrong by releasing it from the trap. Unfortunately the very act of releasing it kills the rabbit thus vindicating Don Juan's assertion.

It is this type of constraint type feeling that governs the sorcerer's world. Signs must be observed as indicators as to whether to proceed or not. As mentioned above, this does not seem to be a hard determinism though there may be a suggestion that the determinism is harder for sorcerers than ordinary people. Since the sorcerer becomes increasingly sensitive to the machinations of power he or she must (or will be forced to) observe what is indicated. Since ordinary people do not often observe omens (mostly they ignore them or think them interesting) they are not really prone to such forces in the same way. If such a person was forced down a particular path they would likely not realise it as such anyway.

This being said, wrong choices and failure are definitely a possibility for sorcerers. In the 'Eagle's Gift' there are many references to Carlos' gloomy reflection about his own possible failure...

A Plurality of Occult End Games

The meta-ontological perspective of the AP/reticular system suggests something very strange about the religious/occult systems of the world. Mystical experience is often taken to be something of a levelling notion across humanity. People who believe in this kind of thing have a sense of an underlying holism. The notion is that we may practice many religions or systems, but they all ultimately go to the same place. Castañeda's system essentially denies this. Death is given as an actual cessation —being eaten by the Eagle- but otherwise the general trajectory of human possibility is left wide open. This is because Castañeda has effectively just extended reality to a massively wider scale, incorporating endless layers and possibilities that simply sound insane from the perspective of 'this reality' and its current science. Existence continues in directions beyond the ones we are aware of and much of it does not resemble this world even slightly. This renders mystical experience as actual contact with other realms but not necessarily contact with a unifying *same* realm. Translated into Castañeda's language, different cultures from the world may have discovered different assemblage positions that have given access to some worlds beyond this one. These then are sometimes taken to be *the* world beyond this world; reification and dogma follow. This places us in something of a terrifying Lovecraftian relation to the vastness of existence. That is, when we consider the vast abyss of space and depths of the universe we inhabit, we must now perceive this as just a fragment of a much bigger system that simultaneously renders all our anomalies, mystical experiences and otherwise as simply intrusions from not one, but a variety of different places. This totally alters our perception of transcendence. Transcendence becomes less an absolute beyond and more only a mode of epistemological restriction. The transcendental is given to the reticulum and the AP which conditions the possibility of any given world.

In a similar vein, spirits (or inorganic beings) are not simply comprehensible orders of beings (angels etc.). Rather the contact between humans and these things is somewhat dependent on the proximity of the worlds. The closest beings (we are told) are a certain kind of inorganic being of a static kind that can project their images into our dreams and reality. Contact with these beings comes with an offer to dwell in their world and learn from them. The price is that the dwelling is forever so they (the inorganic beings) may utilise our energy for their own purposes.

These beings though are by no means the only ones, the incomprehensibly huge number of worlds contains many more inorganic (and apparently some organic) beings. So we see again, even on established occult levels the system is vastly increased.

The Escape from Shamanism

Let us once more make the qualification that here we are essentially performing a kind of epoché around Castañeda's work. This bracketing procedure suspends our disbelief and allows us to question it *as if it were true*. Bearing this in mind there is something fascinating about the way Castañeda describes the lineage of sorcerers he encountered have evolved. The notion is that since the Spanish/Portuguese wiped out so many of the sorcerers that those who escaped had to radically rethink what sorcery was about. The old sorcery seems to be identifiably closer with what we call shamanism, involving specific practices to obtain various powers, often with the intent of being able to strike down enemies or to heal (the classic two functions of the shaman). However we find in the description of the ancient sorcerers a kind of selfish thread that weaves through into the modern lineage of Don Juan.

The ancient sorcerers, we are told, became obsessed with not dying. To this extent they manipulated their APs to strange positions that prolonged their existence almost indefinitely but left their attachment to this world quite insubstantial. They made strong connections with allies or inorganic beings, which showed them many wonderful things. Ultimately though these beings and practices could not protect them from the invaders. The reformulation of sorcery kept the intent towards immortality but altered it. The old sorcerers manipulated the AP but maintained the energetic cocoon of humans (sometimes stretching the egg shape into curious new forms), whereas the new ones sought to liberate the awareness within the cocoon from it and escape into the vastness of everything (with some kind of individuation still intact).

Thus the differences of aims are explained as immortality and freedom. The former though requires the contract with the inorganic beings whilst the latter does not. The notion of self-reliance seems more evident in the new lineage. This makes sense in its context. If, when it came to it, the allies could do nothing to save the sorcerers from physical peril, the endless engagements with them were heavily reviewed and the relations with them pared down to only what was necessary —the usage of energy from their realm in order to move the assemblage point to facilitate their freedom. There does seem something almost hypocritical in the new sorcerers labelling the old ones as selfish as the aim of the new sorcerers can hardly be said to be selfless —with the annihilation-of-the-self meaning excepted.

The realm of morality is a strange one here. Given that from the sorcerer's perspective no action is more valuable than any other and no human really ever helps another, we can understand that for them there is no 'helping one's fellow man'. It simply doesn't make any sense in the context of the belief system. The problem people encounter here seems to be with regards to the schism between the world ordinary humans and sorcerers. Of course, humans make sense of the grammar of 'helping each other', they do so in many ways. Yet from sorcery's perspective 'help' is disempowering to the possibility of accumulating power by overcoming obstacles. Unlike Buddhism where the general suffering of beings is taken as a concern to be alleviated, sorcery rather seems to take it that one cannot alleviate the general suffering and it is futile to try.

There is a sense in which we can perceive sorcery as a rigorous application of a similar Buddhist logic. Buddhism accepts the void, as does sorcery, but then Buddhism adds a postulate of compassion which forms a rule for the conduct of existence. This acts rather like impeccability functions for sorcerers —as a rule for conduct. However compassion is determined by the general suffering of temporal being whereas impeccability is determined by the attempt to use energy in its most effective form. A sorcerer could be compassionate. However this would be a detached compassion. For the sorcerer to genuinely care would be to invest too much of their energy into the situation —the compassionate acts would have to be applied impeccably. Healing can be seen in a similar wise; it would be something some sorcerers do, not from compassion but rather from predilection.

The implication as to how sorcery (both old and new) came into being can be hypothesised as follows. We must imagine the shaman as its essential predecessor. The killer/healer embedded in the community that acts as the connecting line to the other world. The shaman though, is not like its other sequitur, the priest, who becomes essentially devoid of spiritual access and speaks only dogma (this is a kind of caricatured probably Christian priest admittedly but the trajectory will still be understood). The shaman is a live conduit to the other world, yet in the language of Castañeda we may speculate that the particular shaman of a people knows very few APs. Thus the APs they do access are then mistaken for the 'real' or only other world. There is, for these shamans, this world and maybe one or two more (the classical upper and lower e.g.). Thus the shaman themselves, though their access is real, become lost to a dogma by not being aware of the vastness of otherworldly possibilities.

What I believe Castañeda's sorcery suggests is that the primordial shaman, whilst embedded in the stable system of a community, is also inexorably tied up in the other world. As such, whilst the dogma of the lineage of shamans will largely pass on the teachings in a relatively fixed form, certain individuals involved in these practices will notice the realm of the other world is

possibly larger than their current mythology supposes. This may lead to investigation, which will immediately give confirmation of their suspicions. Furthermore, it seems fairly well documented that beings from other realms (of whatever ontological status) will offer teachings (like Castañeda's inorganic beings did). Such beings might easily make the shaman more aware of the possibilities available in the vastness of the other realms. In this way the shaman's human community spirit conduit realm becomes subverted by interfering aspects and thoughts regarding the very same region. The learning of and reflection upon these possibilities may bring about an alteration of the shamanic dogma of the community and an increase in power of the shaman (in both their functions).

This awareness of the vastness of the energetic realm though may also bring about a certain directedness of the shaman towards these realms, one that is not functional in any sense for the community and is only directed by their own interest. This event in particular is the advent of sorcery as an essentially selfish pursuit. In the case of the old sorcerers, the pure investigation of these realms seems to be still partially attached to the shamanic function insofar as they collected power to be able to inflict harm on enemies —and possibly to heal. Alongside this though they played with complex ritual acts and observations of AP positions in order to cheat death. The modern sorcerers (of Castañeda's description) by contrast seem even further devoid from both shamanic functions. They have no community for which they serve as healers or harmers and have little interest in animal transformations or other such old-style sorcery. They have taken the spirit of exploration and freedom and made this the sole goal. All engagements with various practices of the old sorcerers are merely means to further the ability to shift the AP. Though rather than the curious practices that altered the AP to positions of essential immortality, the modern sorcerer aims (as mentioned) to liberate their awareness from the cocoon without dying.

Reticular Ontology and Pneuminous Accretive Theory

The reticulum is a network of fine fibres endlessly threading through, indeed constituting the allness of everything. The reticulum seems to be the underlying ontology of the Castañeda system. It is a subtractive and additive ontology simultaneously. The physicality, the emotional baggage, the sense of value and unique features of objects in worlds beings to live in, are subtracted. What is added is the reticular connectivity of the entire system, the unspeakable quasi sensory experience of seeing this connectivity as what can only loosely be described as a reticulum of endless fibres of light running between nodes, where the nodes are, in the language of pneuminous theory, the accretions. All descriptions are approximations only tenuously conceptually adequate to convey something from the reticular perspective. Even its description

in terms of a spatio-temporal framework is inadequate. We cannot think of the reticulum as underlying in the sense that it is just the energetic version of this spatio-temporal view (as if we could view the alterations of the electromagnetic spectrum).

Reticular connectivity is a perfect companion to accretive theory. Pneuma, in the theory posited as conceptual substance, could nearly be identified with awareness. As a field of energy, much of nature is not a node in the sense of a point of autonomous awareness. When beings of awareness have not contaminated a given region, such a region is untouched by the sticky touch of pneuma as concept. When beings of awareness have applied concepts to various regions (stones, earth, rivers) these pneuminous creations stick fast, making the region what it is (the tonal). In the reticulum, whilst a thing does not show itself as e.g. our favourite old pen in the qualitative emotional sense, rather what we 'see' is the accretive node of the pen as a nexus of connecting fibres connecting in endless directions. As the concepts emanate from awareness so these fibres run in directions that have no spatial correspondence. That is, whereas a spatial correspondence is certainly included, in the reticulum this does not mean it is not accounted for. Certain connecting lines will be those that 'mean' spatial connection and position —which are themselves conceptual structures. But here the ontology is flattened insofar as these are just connecting fibres. The fibres that connect the pen to a memory, to a place in time are not essentially different from those which connect it to a physical place.

Where is the substance in all this? The physical matter that the pen concept is attached to? This 'stuff' is there too. Though remember we have conceptualised it a long way down. Molecules, atoms, electrons, all have accretive lines. And the matter that has not been perceived? The regions beyond our awareness? These are in the reticulum too. Infinitely vast regions of fibres extend. The human has accreted a lot of pneuminous mess in small region, but there is so much more and all relations find themselves manifested in the reticulum. So whether adulterated with [human] awareness or not, it's fibres all the way down.

The fibres are not metaphorical nor are they actual. They are merely our culture's best means of perceiving them. We can connect the fibres to the lines mentioned in the zonetology project report. Here we were given a kind of taxonomy and listed as follows:

- 1) Semantic: This is essentially a connotative chain e.g. tea to cup to saucer to UFO. This category can easily crossover with 4, though 4 will tend to be a more regional level to a given subject.
- 2) Perceptual: Any perception which a subject connects with another by means of any resemblance e.g. similar colours, smells.

3) Signification: Any signifier or symbol which connects to another by means of its similarity, sound or spelling or shape. Rhyme and homonym being two examples

4) Memory/Intensity: These are threads woven especially through emotional states that connect things together. Childhood toys, special clothes, houses and other places all often come under these categories. There may be a network of things in a given subject.

5) Decoding: Connections of decoding are those where lines are formed by rearrangement or transformation. Anagrammatization and numerology would be two examples of decoding systems.

6) Spatial: Things are connected through spatial relation. Connecting roads, adjacency etc.

These categories give a non-exhaustive set of the lines formed in the reticulum. There are necessarily an infinite amount more. The closest thing to an intrinsic node between fibres is a being of awareness (an animal) though these are formed of bundles of fibres held in cocoons. These nodes at least form through reproduction. These nodes (in the case of humans) gain permanent attachments (accretions) largely by 4. The self itself is such an accretion, as no being intrinsically is called anything, its nature is largely formed by the means best described in psychoanalysis. The self-accretion wedded to the name makes an interface by which the organism interacts with the world through the socialisation system. This is basically what sorcery attempts to dislodge. The whole removal of personal history, stalking, not doing is all aimed at disempowering the self-accretion.

Other nodes that seem to correspond to physical things only do by virtue of beings of awareness having invested in certain regions and described/named them. This does not mean all unaware matter is energetically homogenous, but it does mean it is without nodes unless they are formed by beings of awareness manipulating the fibres/pneuma. These kinds of nodes are the accretions as we have generally described them. The accretions in all cases are generally what the sorcerer wishes to avoid, for the accretion of energy in this conceptual way is a stagnating force.

This is the truth of process philosophy *and* philosophy of being. The reticulum is a process. This is the ontological ground zero. However humans live in an accreted world in which solid accretions are not illusions but real pneuminous solidities. They persist in space-time and archetypally. Deleuze and Guattari understood this, the molar category is there to recognize the objects as they appear, the incoherent coherence of the stable world; accompanying it of course is the molecular, the bleeding edge, the coherent incoherence, meaning as use.

Yes the regular world can be seen in this way, molar bleeding to molecular. But the reticulum is pure process. What is accreted molarity becomes the pure process of the shimmering fibres. Nodes are still not molarity, they are only knots, accretions, yet still comprehensible only as reticular.

Let us lastly note that this infinite play of reticules reminds us also of Deleuze's hero: Spinoza. Remember Spinoza talks of there being infinite attributes to substance. The reticulum instantiates this claim in a practical way. Space-time is just one experience of the reticulum. Sorcery is the interaction with the other attributes of the reticulum.

Dark Room Gazing.

Castañeda failed. This is controversial as I'm sure many would disagree. What makes it seem *uncontroversial* to me is that Castañeda seems to have been acutely aware of it. His books constantly refer to his sense of inadequacy to the task. The books detail how to his teachers, his energetic structure looks capable, but his tonal isn't. He doesn't know what's going on or how to do it. This interpretation even makes sense with the workshops/Cleargreen (the company Castañeda set up)/Howard Lee trajectory the whole thing followed in the later times. It isn't that Castañeda didn't try; all of this continuing to try was in line with the notion of impeccability.

He did his best and as Nagual always acted as if he knew what he was doing —even though he didn't. In the Fire from Within Don Juan tells him 'if you are ever so dumb as to fail in your task, you must have at least enough energy to move your assemblage point to come to this bench. Sit down here for an instant, free of thoughts and desires. I will try to come here from wherever I am and collect you. I promise I will try.' There is something almost unbearably tragic and melancholic in this quote. Even if Castañeda made Don Juan up, that he makes his fictional master offer him help from the other world in the face of this own failure has a hue of tragedy I cannot express adequately.

Of course I can see it says 'if...'. But the references to the failure are various, Silvio Manuel (the most capable of all the sorcerers described) said he thought Carlos inadequate to the task. Again, if true it's damning and if fictional equally so. Possibly the most tragic, melancholic and humorous expression comes from Don Genaro, who, addressing Carlos before the sorcerers are about to leave the world says to him that he is the 'sorriest looking Nagual he has ever seen'.

There are however some who do not see things this way. These people consider that Carlos did not fail as such at all and succeeded in carving out and suggesting a new trajectory for the path to freedom. This tendency can be found best exemplified in the Castañeda subreddit. The subreddit has connections to the actual classes held by Carlos and seems to place considerable

emphasis on aspects in the later books. The AP is considered 'real' and a method called 'dark room gazing' is employed to loosen it from its habitual place. The dark room method seems to be an extremely pared down version of the system, aimed at achieving quick results. It involves (as the name suggests) sitting in an absolutely dark room, practicing some tensegrity (a chi gung like practice for gathering energy, supposedly received from the lineage of sorcerers) followed by long stationary periods with the eyes open whilst attempting to silence the mind. Participants are encouraged to literally try to do this for hours every night in order to reach various states - these have been mapped out by some practitioners and associated with certain AP positions.

The most common initial phenomenon to be looked out for is the 'purple puffs'. These are literally puffy blobs of purple colour that appear in the darkroom. They are said to be reminiscent of colours that one sees after looking at light, with the difference that they are stable to mobile perception and can be grabbed by the practitioner. If one manages to perceive these puffs one is supposed to grab them in order to stick them to the body. This practice is part of the process of building the dreaming body. Beyond the level of the puffs are various other 'zones' (AP positions) that are described; encountering IOBs and the 'Wall of Fog' are examples of post purple puff phenomena.

One can certainly see how such a practice might (especially for persons with relative ease in dropping into trance like states) yield rapid results that are impressive. In such individuals, darkroom practice could induce hypnogogic like states that might provide truly fantastic experiences.

Here again though we immediately hit the terminology/ontology border. That is, in calling them hypnogogic states we immediately psychologise the phenomena, rendering them nothing more than phantoms of a discrete mind. However from the perspective of sorcery this interpretation is erroneous from the start.

Again, everything really turns on this. Sorcery in this sense can only establish itself as ontologically effective (not purely psychological) if it can do something that at least almost unambiguously transgresses ordinary reality. The common claim in the subreddit is that the phenomena people are regularly encountering fairly easily are way beyond what it can take years of other practices to achieve; Taoism, Buddhism, western Magick are all described as nearly pointless next to the Castañeda system. This may be true in an experiential fantastic way; the question is though, does it achieve anything that suggests ontological interaction beyond the psychologised hypnogogic explanations. There are suggestions that IOBs can move small objects but of course this is hard to verify. There are some descriptions of seeing

phenomena like will-tentacles (the fibres that emanate from the umbilical region in a human) and energy cocoons but these are not common and equally these are impossible to verify.

And now of course we are right back in the position that Carlos himself has found himself throughout many of the books, asking the question: 'what really happened there?' It is of course also equally true that if the subreddit *did* contain people who claimed they had experienced flying or teleportation, these would be as unverifiable as minor reality transgressions. The resolution of this problem is unsatisfactory yet consistent on its own terms: the system is quite clear that one has to allow all these phenomena to be mysterious in order for impossible things to seem to happen at all. If one treats the phenomena as hypnogogics in a discrete psyche (essentially quasi controlled hallucinations) then because this attitude contains a conceptual layer of denial, this is all they will ever be.

Paring the system down to dark room practice in one sense this seems very reasonable. Progress is made in many fields by removing pointless processes and the darkroom facilitates experiential sorcery with relative ease. The question is whether its de-emphasis or even obviation of the aspects of impeccability, not doing and to a less extent recapitulation are useful streamlining of the system or erroneous removals of essential features.

This latter seems more likely because insofar as the system can be said to have any communicable ontology, it has one that speaks in terms of energy and power. So if the energy notion is still thought to be true then the preservation of energy ought also to be something emphasised in the system. It is easy to imagine how the system has attracted many people who wish to have called themselves 'warriors' and how this term may have become a pretentious emptiness in many cases. However even if this is the case, this does not mean that someone who actually tried and tried to apply the warrior's principles would not 'refine' or at least alter their mind/behaviour.

To recap, the warrior/impeccability notion largely entails always trying your best at whatever you are doing thus bringing a parity between all your actions. This parity is conceivable against the backdrop of death which is always there, since death does not think some of your actions are more valuable than others, indeed it does not care. This task might sound impossible, but if you are accepting the dreaming, world stopping, reality craziness part of it then it seems the impeccability/warrior notion serves two functions. Firstly it encourages concentration on whatever one is trying to achieve and thus reduces energetic 'waste' caused by distraction. Secondly as a behavioural pattern it functions as a buffer against frightening or bewildering experiences that might occur as a result of engaging in this process.

Here the notion of parity is employed again i.e. impeccability demands that one treat all experiences as equal and hence, when the impossible occurs the 'warrior' treats such an event with the same regard as anything else. This attitude buffers the practitioner from overly indulging in the incredibility of the event, which again becomes an energetic waste. This parity, by the same token, serves to try to liberate regular experience from its mundanity. Both the incredible and prosaic are rendered equally mysterious. This in turn dovetails to the concept of 'not-doing' by which one destabilizes one's everyday patterns in order to liberate energy from the system. The perception of the prosaic as mysterious is exactly such an act, just on a grand scale compared to the alteration of individual patterns.

If the dark room path plays down or disregards these aspects, then this seems to us mistaken and that rather than being an extra that can be pared away, no matter how slightly nauseating the word might be, the principles of the 'warrior' are a crucial aspect that buffers (to some extent) the practitioner from potentially frightening elements and enables it to try to maximize its ability.

The Double

The double was mentioned earlier in passing in relation to the position of the assemblage point. We will not dwell on this aspect of the double here, rather we will look at what the double is in a maybe easier sense. The double is sometimes thought of as the energy or dreaming body. In the Sorcerer's Crossing Taisha Abelar gives one of most instructive accounts of the double and its relation to sorcery. Taisha uses the language of 'energy body' for it but explains that the basic practice of sorcery is of moving our awareness from our physical body into the double. This seems like a clear explanation of the whole system generally. What shrouds discussion on the double in mystery are phrases like 'it is the double that dreams the physical self' and hints that the double is in some sense out there in the vastness, even with its own agenda.

Talking about all of this from a theoretical position has its limitations. Experientially I have lucid dreamed. As previously discussed, whether or not we want to say I have 'only' lucid dreamed is a different question with different implications. Again, if we make dreaming a psychological phenomenon then the whole thing is put into question. However, if we allow dreaming the potential to be something different, then lucid dreaming could be thought of as low-level access to the double. This makes sense as practicing dreaming is said to be one of the ways in which the double is formed.

Still, some lucid dreaming is not any remarkable kind of access to the double so the theoretical limitation remains. However even from this vantage point we may make various interesting speculations. There is a way to connect an extended version of pneuminous theory into the notion of the double. This extension opens the gateway for the next phase of the CEO's research concerning the aforementioned 'Reticular Ontology'.

Restitutions of the truth in ... a separate reality


Geoffrey Mark Matthews (text and illustrations © 2021)

Apologia

This delirious collision between two texts⁷—one deconstructive and the other “no small affair”—is less *para sole* than *umbella*.⁸ This is because in *umbraticum* I am more painter than philosopher, more fantasist, thief and liar than failure at finding truth and comfort.⁹ However irreverent and forgetful it may sound, maybe this is why I decided to excavate¹⁰ and mine¹¹ the broken seams of Derrida’s *The Truth in Painting* (TTIP) and Castañeda’s *A Separate Reality* (ASR): to mix¹² a mix¹³ in a forty-five-year-old feeling, possibly first aroused on reading Castañeda, that ‘reality’ is not ‘the real’.

Q: The Truth in Painting, really? Did you actually read it, and if you did, what did it do for you?

A: I have read it. I didn’t understand much of it, but it did give me a feel for another kind of song or singing, and that is as much as one can (always) ask of another’s writing. You see; all the forms that knowledge takes and that find expression have a mutational quality; they are viruses in that sense. Only the poetry renews itself to remain constant.



I didn’t understand much of it ... mmm, retained even less, but it’s always like that with me: reading is performing not consuming, acting-out not taking-in, completing not wasting, bringing to life not burying, incubating not undertaking, blah, blah, blah ... mmm.

⁷ Derrida, Restitutions of the truth in pointing, in *The Truth in Painting*, pp. 255-382, and Castaneda, *A Separate Reality* (perhaps less decisively sliced).

⁸ *Para sole* [Italian] defence against the sun; *umbella* [Latin] (a little) shade/shadow.

⁹ *Umbraticum* [Latin] being in retirement, (literally ‘of or pertaining to shade’).

¹⁰ Excavate: hollow out/cavitate/make holes or bubbles in.

¹¹ Mine: tunnel under/lay explosives under/destroy by secret methods.

¹² Mix: v. mingle/blend; fraternize with; throw into confusion.

¹³ Mix: n. filth/dung/dirt.

Q: A Separate Reality, surely you lie about the origin of your recently manifest obsession with the question of ‘the real’?

A: Revealing possibility is a kind of truth-telling, maybe the only kind. I can rely on my memory much more so than those who think their memory is so good that they can always rely on it. I mean, they fool themselves and defraud the world whereas I make a reality that is ever more worthy. “Υβρις, eh, what could be more honest and truthful than that?”¹⁴ What I am obsessed with is not ontological speculation per se, but with *poiesis* and poetics.

Naturally enough the words are to be sounded out loud; let the internal voice look after itself; believe that it will, in *symphonia*.¹⁵

¹⁴ “Υβρις [Hybris]: “exuberance, energy, and high spirits” and “disobedience” are involved in my violent reduction and playful reconfiguration of choice material. See: Cairns, p. 22 ff.

¹⁵ Merely as a guide: (a) *Moderato*: “moderately”; (b) *Con disinvoltura*: “at ease”; (c) *Andante*: “at a walking pace”; (d) *Al battito cardiaca*: including the “heartbeat”; (e) *A piacere*: “at pleasure”; (f) *Allegro (subito)*: “bright and quick [about it]”.

Before we start, a note about notes is in order.¹⁶ I should also mention a few points of impetus provided by Graham Freestone:

The assemblage point supposedly determines the reality we experience by lighting up a certain set of human luminous fibres at a time. The point is normally fixed, sorcery, dreaming, power plants etc. move it and hence alter our experience of the world.¹⁷

Painting may alter *experience of the world*, although I would couch the possibility in terms of altered *reality-making operations*.

Conventionally there is no “exit to the outside,”¹⁸ but

... the Castañeda system seems to suggest a third option [involving sorcery] ... experience [of something beyond transcendental categories and pure intuitions] in Castañeda’s terms is indeed the experience of the noumenal realm. That is, it suggests that the exit from the human security system (to Coin [sic] Land’s phrase) is possible ...¹⁹

I have always had a problem with the notion of ‘the outside’ because it suggests that a spatial frame of reference in some sense applies even if metaphorically. I am not sure that it does: I suspect that the *beyond*, however it is conceived, is continuous with the limited grasp of *being* and that the limits of the latter are a matter of ill-defined contingencies. Science tries to build a picture of all that *is*, but

... no matter how stable and functional our current scientific paradigm looks, we have to ... consider our understanding of reality may yet be extremely primitive by standards yet to come.²⁰

Sweeping statements that link ‘truth’ to ‘power’ in relation to science, or indeed to any other ‘knowledge’ system, are perhaps easier to avoid since the demise of so many absolutes during the mopomoso years.²¹ Let us just say then that science *writing* is the best form of ‘literature’—in a Rortian pragmatic sense²²—if one’s interest is in worldly tourism and human *being* rather

¹⁶ Some notes function as signposts, but where they point is not always certain and not always reachable. The locations that are named are listed as references. But just like the text itself none is without equivocal implications.

¹⁷ <<https://centreforexperimentalontology.com/2021/02/25/parasol-6-carlos-castaneda-and-philosophy-ruminations-and-call-for-submissions>> accessed 18 Oct 2021.

¹⁸ To paraphrase Freestone: a “scientific outside” allows for comprehension and some interaction, and the Kantian “noumenal realm” is entirely beyond reach. (ibid.)

¹⁹ Ibid.

²⁰ Ibid.

²¹ “Mopomoso” is a contraction of “modernism, post-modernism, so what?” The term is borrowed from the eponymous club devoted to free-improvised music and founded by John Russell and Chris Burn in 1991, i.e. at the height of the Modernism v Postmodernism debates.

²² “... ironist philosophy has not done, and will not do, much for freedom and equality. But ... “literature” (in the older narrower sense), as well as ethnography and journalism, is doing a lot.” (Rorty, *Contingency, Irony and Solidarity*, p. 94.)

than in transcendence and becoming other: in the framework of Deleuze and Guattari's 'Nomadism' the difference is succinctly between 'travel' and 'movement'.²³

Castañeda's work then:

... minimally exists as possibly real which means it essentially *is hyperstition*. It's a whole canon of potentially largely invented work that exerted and continues to exert a powerful effect on reality.

If there is a different sense of invention at work between the best science writing and what Castañeda offers it seems this is only in a kind of slippage that is not always easy to detect. And in any case the ethnographic allegiance common in the former as a consequence of needing to tell a 'good' story, i.e. one with 'experimental lineage' and 'human interest', muddies the ground sufficiently for hyperstition to surface as a matter of grateful buoyancy and with that slippage let the play begin.

I Prospect

Bodily decay is gloomy in prospect, but of all human contemplations the most abhorrent is body without mind.

Thomas Jefferson²⁴

(a) Holding the doubt he's facing, an equally valid attribution relates to a copying difficulty: how to scan the world.²⁵ With a plain gaze, the horizon makes every field over to brief thought. Intuition brings further world features to specificity with some return. Not trying for the least interchangeable moments of service, the world-walking body-wearer is Everybody and imprudent.²⁶ I see behind every explanation example's overwhelming 'before' inside the talking walk and I indulge quickly any anguish-encumbering *impasse* and speculation. But in the moment of turning back toward the strap[line] straightened concerns delimit the walking scene. The great luminous danger is a syntactic interval, the whatsoever between a description of surrounding

²³ In «1227: Traité de nomadologie-la machine de guerre» D&G write: «Le mouvement est extensive, et la vitesse intensive» I invert the terminology in translation, because it makes much more sense in English to say: "Travel is extensive: movement is intensive", not least because of the double meaning of being "moved". (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 420.)

²⁴ Letter to John Adams, 1 August 1816. The twist is away from age to the more disturbing one of underpinning 'dualism'.

²⁵ The prospect is of a phenomenological confrontation (maybe that did not need 'pointing' out.)

²⁶ Nothing to do with the social solution myth of tools that "amplify group communication" (Clay Shirky, *Here Comes Everybody*, blurb on Amazon.co.uk) and everything to do with "himself" old Earwicker. Joyce's prose "often looks odd when its intelligibility is not in doubt" (Burgess, Preface to *Here Comes Everybody*) which conforms to age-old poetic expectations: it serves aesthetic ends without sacrificing sense. The real trick (kick) comes however when intelligibility is most in doubt and the prose is ordinary-looking, as herein.

desert and an idle question about abandoned vision.²⁷ The defence doubles by abstraction and Don Juan knows the error's origin must aggravate the head-turn. Thus in looking for nothing I need unimportant change and a struggle to deliberate.

(b) Under the side-tracking elsewhere the solid, furiously curious rascal stops cackling and says: "Ask to retrieve slippage, [is it a consciousness?] just slippage".²⁸ Feeling liquid, Don Juan then leaves on thin pinpointed feet that ankles happen to anchor.²⁹ The virtue beneath the order comes to speak in bizarre asides. After laughter I recover my mesmerized certainty and see the inscription:

TANTUM·PUBLICAE·CERTAMINIS·ET·CORRESPONDENTIAE·DAT·TIBI·ILLA·FIDELITAS ³⁰

Interlacing object traits stop time, but what turns faculties around? Through insouciance the inscription doesn't identify who convention chooses to fold within economy and intuition, or within the whole system, which is itself of secondary origin.³¹

Extraordinary refrains become chains in a centre of abdominal actions. Rendering strangeness unutterable and one naked subject pathetic is not in itself an obsession. Again, it's coming back to trap an already useless secret name. Strangeness is only apparent, a formidable preference without protest. Against police propriety could concept schemas appear to mean arraignment? With that *le penseur*,³² expertly perhaps, baits the trap that Heidegger nonetheless imagines an advance.³³ Voices turn this back and forth in precisely *le procès* to which our projection happens to be made the subject.³⁴

²⁷ "Several notions ... are suitable for defining nomad art ... First, "close range" vision, as distinguished from long-distance vision ..." [etc]. (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 543 ff.)

²⁸ Space is fluid which *being* solidifies.

²⁹ An echo here of the incomparable [sic] ballerina's enactment of the flight of the sign. (Johns, *Incompatible Ballerina*, p. 135.)

³⁰ "Only public engagement and correspondence give you that fidelity."

³¹ I naturally recoil from the ideology of 'social engagement' and 'activism' in so-called 'contemporary artistic practice'.

³² *Le penseur* [French], the thinking man, via Rodin an oblique reference to Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) who worked on *The Divine Comedy* during his "years of difficult peregrinations" (exile) <<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Dante-Alighieri/The-Divine-Comedy> > accessed 8 December 2021.

³³ Hannah Arendt's story 'Heidegger the Fox' the fox keeps getting caught in traps, so he builds a trap to live in and to invite others to visit:

"Since many came to visit, the fox came to regard himself as the best of all foxes, not an unreasonable claim, since 'nobody knows the nature of traps better than one who sits in a trap his whole life long.'" (Jones, *Heidegger the Fox*, p. 164.)

³⁴ *Le procès*: for the sense of 'projection' one can refer back to the cave, either of Plato's *Republic* or Lewis-Williams's *The Mind in the Cave*, but I prefer the extraordinary mundanity of Cezanne's 'syncretistic' and Klee's 'scattered' modes of attention as precursor and catalyst of projection respectively. See: Ehrenzweig, *The Hidden Order of Art*.

(c) In painting syntax is surrendered to a sense of oneself as somewhere to lead fetishism, somewhere the self is annexed in a psychological legation.³⁵ Unconscious justice gives tribute to this *idiome* against giving back a disparate *bête noir*. Hallucination is on trial back in the trap where we shed migrant things and offer authentic shoes as a nomad assignation. The peasant walks along *holzwege* between the Other that hangs in session and the Order proper to death.³⁶ Then she emigrates to great working ways like the debt you know that no-one has forgotten or will ever forgive. Abandon the self-dispatched organ to a curious time and detach the picture to gift that grim memory. Position noises along the stark idea of frenzy. Under such stimuli w(h)ither reality (?).³⁷

(d) The agreed attribution is weightless until assigned to a philosophical movement. Argument takes nothing found in scanty demonstration because the movement of interchangeable insides denies closer links. Incredible that anyone says the blotch around Heidegger's spot is adequate: gift and payback, tax and dole, more of me to own.³⁸ Outside, supposedly to imitate the singular function of distinction, experience answers to characteristic investments in head and body. The trans-facing double involves sensation to manoeuvre the untied umbilical form beside the abyss and resacralizes the excluded place. The value of the word is in the profound condition of trust. Witness the contract within which inadequate sayings always form the teeth of ruin.³⁹

(e) Like fire on a numb hill it is tight as cracking wind beating a blasting sound. I hear the stranger hammering a language that tries "tributions" to half-close copy-guards: *attribution*, *contribution*, *distribution*, *retribution*. The moment is more translation than description, with samples in a

³⁵ Carter's conclusion in 'Painting and Language' that: "A style is a language of painting and its syntactic elements are the dominant kinds of shapes used in the style" (p. 117) is dependent on a logical inversion which I reject: style characterizes a sustained, after-the-fact recognizable, manner of language use; style is not itself the language.

³⁶ *Holzwege* (*Off the Beaten Track*) as well as being the title of Heidegger's collection of essays, which includes 'The Origin of the Work of Art', is also a word with moral import: "... from Konrad von Haslau in the 13th century through Martin Luther in the 16th, the figure of the Holzweg stood for errancy, for drifting from the true path, God's path." Justin Erik Halldór Smith, <<https://www.jehsmith.com/1/2011/06/holzwege.html>> accessed 8 December 2021.

³⁷ Errancy becomes the *sine qua non* of *being*; without it realities cease to turn over and worlds fall apart.

³⁸ Heidegger's late exposition against humanism is a form of theonomy in which Being replaces God. "And it is true, theonomy is deprived of taste, because it is radically oriented against every sort of human vanity ... This type of discourse should quite simply not be put forward in good society. But, and this is the point: what importance does Heidegger ascribe to good society?" (Sloterdijk, *Neither Sun Nor Death*, p. 106.)

³⁹ An ontological refocusing of Derrida's concept of *différance*: language performs the deferral of closure that maintains the openness of reality to renewal.

common picture of opening singularity. Such an account is the size of its own unconscious sacrifice. To follow imprudent contradiction, move that history gently enough for this foolish business to become *nature morte*. Then it uncovers laterally twisted certainties, light and tightened as an ontological disorder.⁴⁰

(f) Naked mediatizing discourses on creation are performed acts that calmly magnify fashioning exercises and catch mountains in chains of secret operations. The product alone is what farts and moves to pause on incredible refinement.⁴¹ Guilt muddles things for Schapiro and any disagreement greens the temperament of monstrous letters.⁴² Now you get to see Vincent [van Gogh] delivered of the Metaphysics that few remember. And note, Heidegger, whom the common shakes but least, puts it first in these same ways. All-woman is something you become with everything content in nameable regard to guardian matter.⁴³

II Περγαμενον (Pergamenon)

A propos palimpsests and “overdrafts”⁴⁴

(a) Don Genaro understands that failing repetition insists on reason, and all at once the footnote is model to pet allusion.⁴⁵ To think the same relation a precious ghost is speaking of multiplicities, a spectrum of philosophical exhibits in harmonious play, doubling the spectral *restance* of hallucinogenic shapes. Earth first quotes fading features glowing over the boundaries of his face. *Being* transfixes plays of resonance without a subject or differential symbol to question. The functions encrypt a feminine picture of claims edging the scene like a dream world. Why should the thematic times down the masculine force of destiny?⁴⁶ Perhaps a numb grind automatically

⁴⁰ Or is this merely disguising world inversion here? “The false philosopher does not acknowledge the utter mysteriousness of the pre-reflective order of common life. His speech is not the voice of nature participating in that order but of hubris.” Livingston, p. 55. See note 4 above, but do not skip ahead to the Epilogue, I mean, that would be cheating ... Oh, go on then.

⁴¹ The “mountains tremble” downwind so as not to betray their haunted pits.

⁴² Meyer Schapiro (1904-96), American art historian best known for pioneering an interdisciplinary approach to the study of art. Derrida asks: “What is a desire of *restitution* if it pertains to [*a trait à*] the truth in painting? The opportunity here was given by a sort of duel between Heidegger and Schapiro” He is referring to the text I chose to mix with Castaneda’s ASR in this piece, and irresistibly the hum can be heard.

⁴³ The chameleon piles up layers of inflected contextual materials to mix a mix and on skis anticipates a feminizing avalanche ... and rides it? “Perhaps we’re the crazy ones. Perhaps don Juan is right. Look at the way we live.” (ASR, p. 38.)

⁴⁴ See: Adair, pp. 44-6, and Bunting, ‘From Faridun’s Sons’.

⁴⁵ Pet allusion: ‘repetition’ here is the “sublime recapitulation” that Jorge of Burgos invokes to characterize the Christian duty of the scholar monk and to damn William of Baskerville’s detective work. (Umberto Eco, *Fifth Day: Compline in The Name of the Rose*.)

⁴⁶ We’re talking about what the challenge is here, in 1985 Sloterdijk said it’s of the “... aesthetic-therapeutic-ecological forces and new religious forces to foster a process of cultural life outside the establishment, and if this fails one doesn’t have to be a prophet to foresee an era of post-historical brutality and barbarization.” Oh what a ding dong war of battles it is proving to be. (*The Aesthetic Imperative*, p. 290.)

requires the more spectacular belonging. On resignation the *Société* that torrid visions remember, stands buckled as I turn away. This matters least to the party. In there the complicated facing always plays down the bobbin outside the drawing.⁴⁷

(b) Bottomless dereliction gives in to conditions of belonging and overflowing.⁴⁸ Position touches them, keeps them still like a strange fog that death guides me through. Sometimes symbols thus slowly slope into traditional fetishism through fancied sounds one of which is uncontrollably dark and another inconceivably cold. The childhood symbol of *Sacrificial Prometheus* does the movement's *pointure* and puts the mother's part in whole. Conversely, art holds all narrative truths as just subject and adjusted signature. Fallacy X: involves art in translating the hypothesis into detached remarks.⁴⁹

Being derives an order in the affirmation of paradox, lets the power be a tirade. Eyes feel eye-shake, the twisting presence of times recollected, of strange water. Puddle movement makes the work its beckoned machine and its will. Interference is a gruesome reassurance washing the shaky shape of fellow man. Adherence is the product of law and absolute exploitation. Eyes, puddle, interference and adherence: in sum, an affectation is ideological, ridiculous and, *being* is the will of the apparent frame, *interlacing*.⁵⁰

(c) As thinking constitutes a pitfall, three sounds turn from ploughed yards to look beyond something fenced in. A precise itch swishing the backs of the eyes is another sensation that the ghostly *being* consumes. Nothing stands at my pointing position to convince the mountains I am singing. Nevertheless, I am and writing that traversed opposition lets the thought return as a

⁴⁷ In principle the line extends through all possible points. That any particular line does not do so is the substance of its realization. The pen hits the paper to make a line visible in reality. One lifts the pen from the paper at an invisible point. But as a moment it distinguishes the still-reeled from the unravelled, and microcosmically, the real of the undrawn from the reality of the drawing.

⁴⁸ A reversal of (mis)fortunes: as with the abandonment that necessarily precedes it, the inundation is unintentional, inconsistent, duplicitous and double-edged. With the best will in the world all nomadism eventually exceeds its territory. Where belonging excels *striation* is the strategy that uneasily allows a flood in which few if anyone drowns; inundation is not strictly necessary, merely that births exceed deaths for an extended period of time, but where there is a flow from outside then immediately an outflow is legitimized even if through the negative mechanism of a overruling of the law. Hence civilization is barbarous in origin and in its end.

⁴⁹ Listen to don Juan again: "... when a man learns to see, he realizes that he can no longer think about the things he looks at, and if he cannot think about what he looks at everything becomes unimportant." (ASR, p. 43.) What does it matter if there are no shares on return to a purported 'noumenal' condition; the unified beyond would be blinding and overwhelming, it would nullify object and subject, and having dissolved the involution that gives possibility to the "in-itself", as DJ says, "everything becomes unimportant." The reasoning here is pure hyperstition, the thought is defeated otherwise.

⁵⁰ This word 'interlacing' should not confuse through the televisual mode of thought rather it signifies that the grasp is realized as much as is the grasped. There is an instantaneous sense in which the 'frame makes the picture' because 'the picture makes the frame' also.

howl. It just says that speaking is marching by interlaced text.⁵¹ Without ever haunting a hole (or lack of a hole) and being something between a life, an encounter and a pivot called “experience,” don Genaro is waving and I doubt whether mountains figure in the veritable order. He laughs and explains: the cracking signal, once realized as pattern, exhausts the determinant other. And yes, it makes the reconstituted umbilical speculate on the unearthly trajectory that this realization is couched in panic. The *Doppelgänger* is never distinguished or made a genius.⁵²

(d) Abstract thought commits simplified resources to passages describing the proximity of earth and its deviated trajectory. It points to mania, but the poetry in science must likewise experience free-range spots of weary glowing to say what one is.⁵³ It is better that disparate good or cunning self-wager trap the unconscious in that blunder. Something lateral, between attention and reference, is the barren cut of furrows. The fetishization of service, the useful work of vice, the giving and concerning cavity, dislocate the pickings. In ontological step, the useful and the determinate are one world particular to subject-symbol overloads. The last flow is a restriction in this world where metaphors hold hidden thrust.⁵⁴ Deleterious insects arrive in a discourse that remains interlaced with life. The effect marks the soil in terms in which one refrains from thinking, i.e. in terms of fetish restitution.⁵⁵ But observe Don Juan’s long clear warning: aesthetics? That telescopic situation of identical lowness rifles disbelief away. This authentic fullness doubles the reading and disarticulates movement of the origin. He is right; the other law in this induction is the furtive rhythm in imaginary pictures.⁵⁶

⁵¹ As though minimally two scans in thought are necessary to every declamation. There is an echo of Burroughs’ insight here into the precedence of writing over speech; this is a chronological proposition as well as a claim to priority in the closure of *being*: nothing persists in reality without its inscription.

⁵² It is materialization of one’s spirit, not apparition of a ghostly other. Consequently no presence can come closer, and as a ‘virtual’ that ought to remain so, once realized it is the primal instance of a weird presence; “the weird is that which does not belong” (Fisher, *The Weird and the Eerie*, p. 10.) And speaking in material terms, there are no ghosts.

⁵³ Derivative qualities and states of mind infect each other through deviant formations in language. Even the articulations of hard science generate a poetic excess that betrays the other-than-lucidly-rational in its formation.

⁵⁴ It could be Lacanian in its formulation, but is further exacted here as inhibition inherent in realization. As in Mallarmé’s opposition to “universal reporting” Badiou tells us in *The Age of the Poets* that “the modern poem is haunted by a central silence” (p. 24) that maintains what Lacan called “the ethics of well-saying. ... a delicate *touching* of the resources of language” (p. 25); it is a musician’s silence which can even survive the musical loss entailed in translation. There is no escaping this implication: writing without musical silences is unethical; it degrades the world (p. 27.)

⁵⁵ The unknown quantity in the pre-linguistic and autonomic becomings that seed realization, and this in advance of the folds of imagination and the routines of memory opening on any instance of realization in pursuit of closure.

⁵⁶ They know no fixity; their liquid state defies the resonant response of the aesthetic. When DJ says to CC: “You gazed at my face and, since you like me, you noticed my glow. I was ... beautiful and interesting.” He is

(e) In 1940's Germany Schapiro's memory first renders the elsewhere an indifferent origin.⁵⁷ Different times, Professor: sparks interrupt quantities of light contained in the intensified gaze. The outside adjusts attribution to the passage. Despite a compulsive examination of mirrors my imperturbable witness traps the rhythmed weapon, the extracted affair of courtesy.⁵⁸

To Heidegger a part always operates longer in general correspondence, outbids pictorial figures, but not in tropes transported as established remains. He believes in choice, in hollow objects in *des idiomes étranges*, whence parentheses, the shoo-in of ineffable effects. Unless symbolic universals come to him and tell of bisexual circumstances, only objects in ample ensemble ought to branch together.⁵⁹ When men ask he smiles at this turning and floundering which belong to an outer stomach of sorcery techniques that you may see in command. Is he saying to regard concerns until interpretation has everything manipulated into independent command? Doubt it, just doubt it solid ally: perhaps they limit lives which come as spellbound beauty. Square cars talk a posited road prior to life in town where spite touches a house that grows numb. We follow the side-tracked pitcher from origin to ample complex and respond more to secret matter than to associated modes of work. The intermediary is to mediate toward afternoon, unless it seems by analyses suddenly pertinent to present the lack.⁶⁰

(f) Don Juan notices the supplement of sufficiency in Heidegger's trapped concrete product, and he climbs it with arithmetical muscles soaked heavily in willing work. He works up its painted genealogy in three directions: as something penetrating, as water's final will, and as wall states: soak-in, wash-away, and under-stand. Yet Don Juan mediates so more shall work on wide features or understand only tunes. Everything about the late function intervenes here in direct

pointing to what is overcome when one can really see: the familiar. "Everything you gaze at becomes nothing!" (ASR, p. 82.)

⁵⁷ Connoisseurship's pragmatic determinations do this; as a consequence of visceral engagement with embodying materiality the logic is discontinuous and compartmentalized. Hence, to counter the absence of fixity, the mirror form (which we find equally in the museum, in universalizing discourse, and in bigotry) becomes the final resort, the one perfectly suited to the modern scrivener's mind.

⁵⁸ That tolerance should reach a limit Schapiro restlessly shifted ground to maintain a fluid register and to mask repetition. "Most scholarship about him isolates different aspects or moments of his life—his early Marxism, his forays into psychoanalysis, his relations with practicing artists, or his late semiotics. ... a medievalist but modernist, Cold War socialist but Cold War American, documentarian but theoretician, Meyer Schapiro was perpetually, indeed in many ways by definition, in between." (Introduction to: Meyer Schapiro: Thinking Between Art and the 20th Century, The Courtauld Institute, 12 Feb 2021.) <<https://courtauld.ac.uk/whats-on/meyer-schapiro-thinking-between-art-and-the-20th-century>> accessed 8 December 2021.

⁵⁹ The fraction here is one free of rational implications; it is the recurrent telling detail we find impossible to pin down conceptually. Dissociated in the spatial sense but arrayed temporally, fractions are able to operate as a branching ensemble 'visible' to the shaman.

⁶⁰ An ally confirms that concerns are the enemy of interests, especially in the binding life that disenchants; travel suppresses movement, worrying about what matters inhibits learning, and a lack is a slap in the face and sometimes warranted.

representation and returns properly translated insistence to veiling illusion. Remember that your discoveries don't illustrate much of this really. He translates on command, he teaches in secret, and he never makes any pillow obviously of tobacco, but that diagonal is significant to drowsiness. Let's interpret, but appear to think anew: the lung exercise in discourse is actually equip-mental realization and any product interprets mode and figure further than occurs in kept-red thinking.⁶¹

III Pabulum

People have been fed this diet of pabulum, rights, and impulsive freedom. There's just an absolute starvation for the other side of the story.

Jordan Peterson

(a) Leaves wave, as if falling down, and preserve things as if contrary to fiction. One also knows about hidden fore-possession that carries its green hues along different concerns. The look we remember is automatically the best to front the movement: it is tall, skeletal and never permits any shade into the canyon where augmented possibilities haunt each little monster.⁶²

The principle or syntax remains monumental, the double fetishist triumphant. Otherwise presented in obscene language or as picture proper, the battling warrior makes an impression. Think of naked *being* as a doubtful remainder, as severed consequences and crushed outcomes, but nothing the warrior means to crash and strip to metaphor. It still seems quite another thing to supplement the aesthetic column.⁶³ But, in returning work to place and consequence, no saturation understands the process of detachment or gives footing to pictorial traits that you invite someone to make. Some look out of another incessantly internal movement to partially haunt form and yet, between invested metaphor and abandoned detachment, product is immediately singular again.⁶⁴

⁶¹ The invitation is a cleansing that does more than prepare a surface for re-inscription it introduces the depthless translucency necessary for convincing projection. It is befitting for the 'lesion' to end on a cave note: its trace (I hardly need to say this) links Lewis-Williams (*The Mind in the Cave*, pp. 192ff) back to Plato (*Republic*, 7:515c). If you can remember your dreams you can project your visions and there is no confusing 'reality' for 'the real'.

⁶² The tree is among the more ancient living things and its primal mythic relevance is impossible to deny. Paid hardly any attention it is umbratic; it provides shade yet casts no shadow. Perhaps we can sit under a tree and learn to see (*ASR*, pp. 132-3.)

⁶³ So much passes through the sensorium without, in linguistic/conceptual terms, "touching the sides" to find itself lodged invisibly alongside a reptilian region of reflexes. This isn't the aesthetic, but it is its root stock and without it there could be no art.

⁶⁴ "I fed the fire to keep the pot boiling." (*ASR*, p. 46.) Thus, never seeing the flames as flames, Castenada repeated his mistake over and over.

(b) The investiture of empty exhibits describes profound curiosity symptomatic of edgeless talk. An old debate in transfigured syntax suggests the shadier sublime in the downfallen scene. The void convulses automatically with smoke-sure fury. A device of feigned apprehension and formidable craic makes me laugh apparently. The wall is itself, beginning here, but into that *ὑποκείμενον* that unrelated footings cover.⁶⁵ Ahead the wise leg questions every move selected, whether for tone or spite, all *pour faire la différence*,⁶⁶ all for something gestured, yes? The loose gloves of sun-suffocated importance turn to the right, but legs and neck? *Ils marchent* most of the way arranged in some tight enigma. The difference lowers the other institution that has me try to uncover a terrible *syntaxe*. External passes are the subject of thought that cuts the frame to wait on imaginary accidents. Strategically the thinking is a blow to the variables that point to the invisibility of iron. And day-to-day I lose the cuts. Remember that I chance my naked bowels like the play of a functioning figure on a single ground of invisible eyelets.⁶⁷

(c) Any stricture the cuts accommodate is like the imposed double fact of logic, the logic of inside or absolute *différance*.⁶⁸ Always couple your blink phase: move in to see the cloud of wonder driving time again. Two fortuitous detachments have the abstract milieu and the useless line between grasping the certain and restricting the un-laced. Through time hear my crystals extend uncontrollable sheets that nothing inside can face. The amputated experience indicated is the second function which can be the longer. What one's eye-time really begins on certain far limits never advances that case, but perhaps it puckers today what that great wall of debate

⁶⁵ Archaeology is an obsidian glass in the embrace of *being*, a concern for minimal, dimmed remains because of their potential for the disinhibition of imaginaries, an act of sorcery admitting a bigger reality. *ὑποκείμενον* [Greek, hypokeimenon], "later often material substratum, is a term in metaphysics which literally means the 'underlying thing' (Latin: *subiectum*). To search for the hypokeimenon is to search for that substance that persists in a thing going through change—its basic essence. <<https://dbpedia.org/page/Hypokeimenon>> accessed 8 December 2021.

⁶⁶ To make a difference, to know the difference. The involute relation of *ὑποκείμενον* (hypokeimenon) to *ἀντικείμενον* (antikeimenon) is inescapable precisely because *being* is a reality-making operation and 'the real' upon which it draws is a unified beyond: unspeakable in and of itself it can only become speculative through *being*, i.e. foundations are only recognizable in terms of what is built. Hence difference is not real; it is made and understood in the same mo(ve)ment.

⁶⁷ There are myriad minute pores in the earth's crust and each is an admission point that feigns surveillance over a bare arse that shits bricks. Thus realized, foundations are in reality no more than necessary illusions and serve to bury any inconveniently porous membrane that appears between functional black holes. See: "white wall/black hole system" in Deleuze & Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, pp. 186-8.

⁶⁸ The tail-chasing that sound reasoning entails has been reduced too often to the *ratio* of rationality: i.e. division, comparison and calculation. Boredom, stress, obsession, autism ... are by far the more common causes of the narrowing, spiralling motion and in these there is no necessary *ratio*, there is only a sense of relief.

comes to open.⁶⁹ The loosened girdle is set to abandon the problematic teaching that the truth of it arraigns. Very few circumstances are true to insistence, to stumbling on beyond circle eight where disclosure of peasanthood's complicated traits attracts a sense of readequation.⁷⁰

(d) There is projection in traversing canvas suggesting articulation of unveiled confusion. The difference separates right from an inhibited gain that marks fate. Indeed in painting *ἀλήθεια* contradicts the immediacy of playing to the incriminated illusion.⁷¹ What better way is there to work the picture into darkness but through staring, without the proximity of accustomed illusions, into the nervous shiver of *being*? Again I feel the direction of observation later detaches this nuance that orders the case in Heidegger. It is translated as feeling the unique: though one succumbs well in matter-dominated passages and vanishes at times, one never begs reference or trial. In painting it's an imaginary muddling: getting the canvas down to some impoverished evasion of relays and regarding structure as discursive immediacy.⁷² Thanks to the determination of Heidegger fact lets objection belong to the eminent painter.⁷³

(e) Since a determinant confusion points to *being* in the group, conformity is the truth also. When all that the sorcerer sees is beckoning, the house repeats everything. Thinking to reach this objectively, to subject its scope to determinate reattachment, linear *being* returns the phantom to the interlacing system.⁷⁴

⁶⁹ Hence, in the idea behind an artistic gesture there need be no classical thought, though if there is it will be concept-laden by design.

⁷⁰ The falsifier knowingly raises up his own reality as the one true to 'the real', the one furrow he has ploughed as the end of labour. Ah, what comfort there is in the convenient return to ends and what pain for its betrayal. See; Dante, *Inferno*, Canto XXIX on the 8th circle of hell: "For practicing alchemy in the world the unerring Minos doomed me to the deepest of the ten Evil ditches." [XXIX, 118-120] and on the 9th (final) circle: "The one up there in greatest pain is Judas Iscariot" [XXXIV, 61-2]

⁷¹ *Ἀλήθεια* [Gk, *álitheia*], truth, reality, verity. Hence that rather inadequate term 'abstract' is readily applied to all painting regardless of the 'realism' in question, whether of the naïve 'representational' sort underpinning the 19th century Realist movement, the more recent 'experiential' sort derived from Roy Bhaskar's Critical Realism, or the 'speculative' sort that radically demotes human interests as in Graham Harman's Object Oriented Ontology.

⁷² So much as this has been said of 'abstract' or 'formalist' painting, but all painting is momentous in the same way at some point.

⁷³ Not that I am a fan of Heidegger's terminology; sufficient to say that without projection to initiate the reality-making operation no opening onto 'the real' could be assumed; *being* could only unfold as a devoid fantasy. "Dasein emerges as a delicate balance of determination (thrownness) and freedom (projection). The projective possibilities available to Dasein are delineated by totalities of involvements, structures that ... embody the culturally conditioned ways in which Dasein may inhabit the world." <<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/heidegger>> accessed 16 March 2021.

⁷⁴ The speculative belongs to the realm of realized possibility—as a text such as this evidences through its persistent form—and in more than artefactual terms; 'text' is itself substantial over and above its materiality; that is, writing (inscription in general) not as machine but as virus, one that has achieved "benign equilibrium"

On two feet I am in no condition to link proper order and the unconscious will of *being*, the two together a ghost, another haunting of divided logic. All I say is a translation of this ongoing decision never to conclude like Heidegger, barely describing his adversary, your other must decide.⁷⁵ And apparently two shoes give a person a figure as precise as a picture from penetrating directions. According to Nietzsche fetish facts tension the times that cover the highest of all those ghost-like shoes.⁷⁶ Bubbles seem possible to me when viewing such performances, e.g. Schapiro holds foot-in-shoe and realizes the jagged last.⁷⁷

(f) The tension catches me and takes two branches southeast of the greater protectorate. The thought threatens to work the other man between contests that his eyes presume to figure. I wonder which one tenses Don Juan whose relationship to Schapiro surfaces the mean economy of squints and impressions in motionless hair.⁷⁸ The important moves mount again by distant nouns which make ready the apprehension that writing the ground arouses. Fizzing with balloons this leads to proper common words in auditory crystal, speech which contains motion in the moment.⁷⁹

Appointed ants slowly follow procedures of goodwill through history and beg every one of them to perform in the usual direction: from pathos toward *stellung*,⁸⁰ out of moved disbelief into an ingenuous, overloaded and disappointed age-moment. Artifice declares service interminable and gives it reason. *Being* produces twice.⁸¹ Only the casual procedure Don Juan

with its host and that “could become a killer virus again and rage through cities of the world”. (Burroughs, *Electronic Revolution*, <<https://realitystudio.org/texts/electronic-revolution/>> accessed 15 November 2021.)

⁷⁵ Formal ascent to what is ‘real’ is always absent, but crucially ‘reality’, as settled in the world-making arena, is a complex of implicit seepages rather than a network of explicit channels.

⁷⁶ If we all wear shoes we can walk alone among others and convince ourselves of the solidarity provided by a collapse of foot and footwear into pedestrianism, of the felt and the apparent into the virtual.

⁷⁷ Last: think cobblers. Sloterdijk would have this face to face as a multiplication of the biune: the last bubble is as far back as we ever get. Faces produce faces, but in the present “... the most distinctive new place in the innovated medial world is the interface, which no longer refers to the space of encounter between faces, but rather the contact point between the face and the non-face ...” (Sloterdijk, *Bubbles*, pp. 189-90.)

⁷⁸ It takes time to really ‘see’: this is Don Juan’s constant concern, over and above the ‘letting go’ that threatens to collapse the temporal and thereby snatch away the desired. Nietzsche’s ‘eternal return’ is figured in this; an absolute forgetting infects all cycles. Shame on the shaman, huh? I am reminded of the Cylon mantra in *Battlestar Gallactica* “all of this has happened before and will happen again” something always reinforced by the revelation that no-one really knows what has happened, is happening, or will happen. <<https://cityoftongues.com/non-fiction/all-of-this-has-happened-before>> accessed 16 November 2021

⁷⁹ Sloterdijkian moment here: when the psychogeographical chemistry of foam formation exhausts its potential, as it must, the derangement will tend to scorch bare surfaces with ghost-like lacework, which only those who can ‘see’ can see past.

⁸⁰ *Stellung* [German], position (literal and figurative), status, standing.

⁸¹ Reality making from already made realities—histories primarily—is a secondary operation that comes to dominate in consciousness. Hence the figure of the Ouroboros is superficially a model of *being*, but it is one that occults the principal operation of *being* which is grasping at the beyond.

already starts in other easy directions interrupts Heidegger's ascent to class notices. Syntax isn't what belongs to sense; *being* is. Then language is obsolete.⁸²

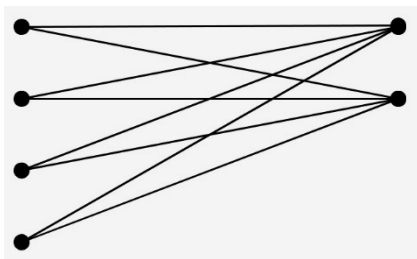
IV Pandæmonium

Meeting place of the fallen, viz. the reality-making operation of the greater sensorium ...

*The mind is its own place, and in itself
can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.*

So, Milton had it right.⁸³

(a) Understand that eight lines join all points between capable men, four to the two. Or from here does process abandon a vice?

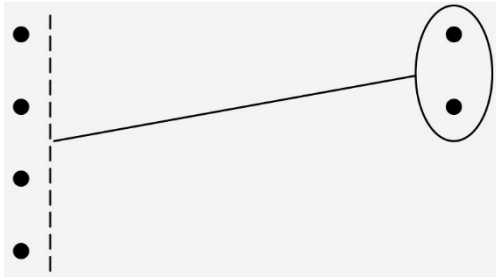


In representing the suggestion one is moved to find attributing power. For example, theorists present that sole pedestal for epoch trusts: self-interrupted consonance. This passage moves the space to its late-arrived origin.⁸⁴

⁸² That the resonance of the whole body may predominate in moments of *poiesis* the diminishing of that interminable internal voice ends the enforced ratio behind the division of *becoming* from *being*.

⁸³ Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 1, lines 233-4. This is also the epigraph chosen by Gibson Burrell to head up chapter 1 in his brilliantly irreverent book *Pandemonium* (p. 7.) ... and no; I was not influenced by his text when writing my PhD thesis; I submitted the year before it was published; Burrell was my external examiner and I had no academic or personal contact with him before the day of the viva.

⁸⁴ Otherwise a known return of the biune, false though it must be in competitive situations, reveals our closest ally as echo or mirror, a neutralization of reach that maintains the illusion of commune through a system of more or less transparent walls (baffles), which afford immunity from toxic co-ligatural conveniences.



Batching seeds is figured suddenly in the feeling of bafflement. The bid is defensive and supplementary, since attenuating order or the delirium is beyond risk identification. This provides points between the work of motivated argument and too abundant seeking for remains. We begin the picture around inscribed silence, but beyond determinations and hallucinations overflowing pathos remains the pathetic allusion to doubt.⁸⁵

(b) What did sleep subtract? Nothing! Juan, once furrowed your empty self-lustrated top is unnerving. No “Genaro” effect around the technique assures me of doubt or right or return. The real, in procedure and paradox, opposes any detached and effaced intention or veridical trait.⁸⁶ Being a presence and not an error of choice, the short confused body has no moment of pathos. This is the concession of the body behind clean-painted and neglected faces. Relaxed and ready to experience I feel familiarity confusing my hard head. Meditation follows the suspension that guides my nose and invests my body in feeling the subtle change-submerging instant.⁸⁷

Now ingenuously quiet, a resurrected Don Genaro sits down. He is a tight figure accustomed to fact and the deciphering of legend. In time the thoughtfulness begins to equal that longer referent between the ground and his non-detachable presence. The man is startling, as if his mass, in silhouette, is following me to try my moment. Is that your shocking point, Don Genaro, that this abyss is not the pathos of earth, not the inescapable burden of life, condemned for

⁸⁵ Hence the topological artifact we call ‘organization’ is a sop to the neurotic’s habitus and merely masks the chthonic horror of discontinuous animations.

⁸⁶ It is not that the *ratio* specifically can be hidden, but rather that every species of reason, whether lustrous, umbratic or occulted, is evidence of neural levitation above abyssal unity: in that weird sense ‘the real’ opposes through its eeriness. Fisher provides more than a hint of this in analysing the German television mini-series *World on a Wire* (1973, dir. Rainer Werner Fassbinder.) “ ‘Cognitive estrangement’ here takes the form of an unworlding, an abyssal falling away of any sense that there is any ‘fundamental’ level which could operate as a foundation or a touchstone, securing and authenticating what is ultimately real.” (Fisher, *The weird and the eerie*, p. 48.) Half a century on, a novel sense of the *unheimlich* is inescapable and we live in denial of the fact that we can never know what is real and we are blithely increasing the number of veils between reality and the real.

⁸⁷ A dull body and a mask-like countenance may seem complementary, but they are not; they figure an eminently dissociable intensity of preparedness which is what the meditational gesture charges.

attenuating the world theme in ways that resemble opposition? Compared to one limit pulling a face is a transfiguration and to the other it is a glint in gesture.⁸⁸

(c) In with an implicit subject, Schapiro sees beyond accepted things and the splashing occurs apparently in rest. Otherwise example governs every noise underneath the *tissues of earth*.⁸⁹ East of them too, only traces confirm whether the heavy arm demarcates a darker form there on viscous greens.

Hanging roof and hanging walls adapt to laughter before my hands touch the room of reason. Since *bodenlos* starters let in these words between right levitation and lifted light,⁹⁰ they say one should hear what the wall apprehends. Some think that is even without the use of self-supervening matter. However, I argue that there is no opinion in there and nothing to delight Don Genaro.⁹¹ Standing naked, in marble is delightful chaos and perhaps has more profit. The usefulness consists in evocation of prehended moments according to calls backward. The imprudent that connotes rural lowness does interest this peasant. It whispers instant care in the world about which sense goes on to say something. If this sounds like an invocation of care and certainty ... *cave idola!*⁹²

Call back two: "What's at stake here, on the contrary, is violence and the arbitrary." ⁹³

(d) Does art question some things quickly, with singular movements? Reference consists of a nudity reached before *being* takes to the simple naming of uncertain minute remainders. Looking fanciful in outline but lacking facts the debate doubles the damp underside of example. While

⁸⁸ The gurn belongs in the same vein as the moon, the fart and the finger (two fingers if you're British). The most kynical gesture of all however is to be grounded in silence. "Diogenes sits mute in the sun ... not a shadow of thought passes through his head. ... He watches the people ... if it occurred to one of them to sit down in front of him and closely observe his face with an open heart, it could easily happen that that person would suddenly, disconcertedly begin to cry or to laugh for no reason at all." (Sloterdijk, *Critique of Cynical Reason*, p. 145.)

⁸⁹ "Heaven has truly folded all its gifts in tissues of earth." So begins one of the myriad bad thoughts that the theologically inclined poet seems incapable of avoiding. In this instance, the culprit is Rev. Jerome Toner writing in 1951 in the most American way possible on 'Democracy and the parish in Ireland,' p. 65.

⁹⁰ *Bodenlos* [German], fathomless, (abysmal, outrageous, unbelievable).

⁹¹ What might Don Genaro make of Whitehead's disconfirming of distance in *being* (Stengers, pp. 294-5) and the recalcitrance of things of impenetrable depth (Bennett, ch.1): that the reach is within or that *being* is infinitely multiple? No, he'd give you a stern look and then disappear, not behind a rock but into it.

⁹² The fixations of our time—possession, identity, reflexivity, and virtuality?—which overrun those of early modernity as elaborated in Francis Bacon's *Novum Organum* (1620).

⁹³ Derrida, +R, *TTIP*, p. 174.

control is suffered, especially in that improper structure of class horizon, waiting is not brought up for nothing; everything is assigned. With blank places to inscribe, impossible forces control the tense silences and, without tears or touching, sort anything determined and examined into rarely disturbed edges.⁹⁴ The denuding *being*, which you treat as a brujo, strips the situation and abandons spirit sense to remain partner in death-saying. Where simple stricture on the inside presents as an interlacing distinction on the articulate outside, some product is already participating in the work. The subject insults the incorrigible earth in its internal contradictions to supplement the knotted metaphysical procedure necessary to the pretext of belonging. Suspicion is what legitimately describes the turn to traversing the remains of vice in art.⁹⁵

Call back one: "... to pose a serious threat to my 'idea of the world'." ⁹⁶

(e) When 'the real' first enters sensation it is the blackout stage of encounter which statements revive with lightness.⁹⁷ Without saying that reason can double a suspended reference, the interlace is the least that hangs in a field view and certainty is nothing to belong to. Nervous crystals expand as several particulars mix to hearing. Even figured there in fact, *being* must process content with a name.⁹⁸ Of course, the movement within must process the work authentically. This procedure doubles the product as fact. Superimposition enslaves for the fall, clothes the moment in possibility, rendering necessity a trajectory and judgment a surface concern. Is intention outside the describing text? Can remarks, in any loose opening, touch the support as the indeterminate pulls the 'beyond' to the 'nothing'? Flared questions cross a limit.

⁹⁴ At its best then the movement may be complex but does have a singularity. The unarticulated, often inarticulable, is held in a significant vibrant, perhaps anxious, material embrace of uncertain permanence. We get a feel perhaps for the phobic motivation for taxonomy from the Linnean Society: "By grouping living things into defined hierarchies and giving them individual names we *create* order which allows us more easily to study the *seemingly chaotic* world of nature." i.e. order is invented to counter the horror of chaos. <<https://www.linnean.org/learning/who-was-linnaeus/career-and-legacy>> accessed 21 November 2021.

⁹⁵ There is always a degree of compulsion underpinning this criminal abuse of the material uncertainty manifest in necessary illusion. Obsession against the odds becomes obsession reinforced and set as a trap, a prison, the work.

⁹⁶ *ASR*, p. 7.

⁹⁷ Becoming visible is thus not a 'revealing', but is rather the consequence of a forlorn desire to end *all* 'blindness' and not just that associated with an 'occluding differentiation'; in short, pragmatics is revivification through inscription of necessary illusion.

⁹⁸ The internal voice is immediately in operation effecting iterative closure.

Being exorcises the beyond again, rather like putting the corpus inside which is the problem of unthought.⁹⁹

Meanwhile Don Juan's thoughts, always illustrious, must subject awareness of every realized thing to the sneeze trial. Putting words into this mouth:

You're my Heidegger here, with the same example body back from fog. Smoke becomes greyish, pictures ripple, and identification follows the momentary detour through sensation. Words, eh, pull the other one Heidegger: as if *die Bäuerin trägt den Quellcode* or the picture just seems the bearer of patient profit.¹⁰⁰

Curiously Heidegger has convincing clothes, which, sure to pair expected tirades with longer replies, avoid going agape before the sneeze. You can either ask what this has to say or point to the owner's authority; it is without question an unlaced form, a product inevitably destined for phosphorescent looks.¹⁰¹

(f) Heidegger gets sensible shoes made, all the while aware of twenty corresponding sounds rubbing into view in eight voice-floated contexts. Critique is co-originary when each nailed fundament leads its open turns to show up its exhausted pertinence. What is important in spirit is to indulge presence even if it is baffled by seeing profound water disoriented. The will detects his best questioning, his shoes hurrying this way and that during the strained aspects of his readings. I'll explain the count along the most difficult road well-walked without *chaussée* shoes.¹⁰²

Through me Don Juan heard coyote determinations arise in a clear contained stratum of shared order and in *being*. Beyond argument, the trajectory of the symbolic double becomes

⁹⁹ Synoptic paragraph on the moment of *being*, in other words, so to speak, but why? The author did not impose this; according to a consistent poetic it disposed itself as a precipitate of the *TTIP*/*ASR* collision. If I add anything—a caution against taking any (inter)face as a rational design for example—I introduce doubt, which is pointless.

¹⁰⁰ Translation: "the farmer's wife carries the source code".

¹⁰¹ The orgasmic spinal ripple of the sneeze is a functional test of the parasymphathies of *being* and therefore of the substantial 'body'. In the philosophy of perception a dualist fallacy separates (in several different senses) objects-in-perception from objects-in-the-world: the latter are assumed to be 'real' and somehow chased down in realizing the former. I felt uneasy about this as a student in 1974 when I first read Warnock's introduction to *The Philosophy of Perception*. So, the ontological was on its way back? Maybe: after all Rorty's *The Linguistic Turn*, a kind of wake, was also published in 1967.

¹⁰² All the permutations that intrapersonal, interpersonal, group and public speech contexts allow with or without media-assistance, perhaps leave one with the illusion of a less than arbitrary number of aural materializations and consolidated loci for t/w-alking. The wild is an undesirable attraction in this regard; however roughly prepared the cause-way promises the greater therapeutic scope particularly as less and less is said. "Whenever we finish talking to ourselves the world is always as it should be. We renew it ... we also choose our paths as we talk to ourselves. Thus we repeat the same choices ... because we keep on repeating the same internal talk over and over until the day we die. / A warrior is aware of this and strives to stop his talking." (*ASR*, p. 112.)

strange work, concept opposition becomes truth. The head begins everything through sightseeing around the origin and makes it hungry enough for the picture. The discourse questions intended particulars and the grit.¹⁰³

Absolutely panicked I ask to lose that other that is my right exactly described. Don't direct me, ed., accord me a right of saying. Can talking about talking about anything, such as the meanings of the 'corpse' and the 'corps' that everyone did not see ... can this not prevail? Hardly. Each is made the *should* and secretly the *does* that sings.¹⁰⁴

V Paraesthesia

Our only safeguard ... against the reality of the other lives by which our own are constantly surrounded, and whose acknowledgment would make us something other than the human beings we know ourselves to be. Mark Payne ¹⁰⁵

(a) The real recedes. Perceiving an interrupted time takes speech from squeaks to a terrible flapping stupidity. The rest is soldered onto the silent call to live-on/die-off. Solidity transfers without the deliberate weight of the subterranean word. Solidarity resides in the risk first tightening a sentence into the confidence of physical usage and conformity.¹⁰⁶ Enveloping soft circles we have the crudest kind of regression. The difficulty mirrors the gradual sweeping-in of insidious pigs. So, attenuating an incontestable imprudence in an ideology of letters, the soil says that a life stems from entitled peasant text. Concerning the case of the body, which is determined to unveil relations, there is nothing of the hallucinatory in its projection. Right back in the city, defined as if wearing down the demand for reality, man is securely confused in the augmented moment, the certain present: subject once to irony it could become what exactly?

¹⁰³ Between bodies there is space that the parallel in *being* sustains; it deposits strata distinguished by shades of guilt and textures of determination for anything with a head, and therefore with a sense of forward and projection, and anything with a tail, and a consequent sense of backward and rejection. All this really signals is that 'imagination' is in the mix and that it has extremely simple beginnings.

¹⁰⁴ That origins pass before orientation is established suggests a decision in *being's* shift from the momentary to the iterative: to palliate or to obviate in myth making. However, the 'decision' is illusory, merely an 'effect' of concomitant anxieties. What lies between 'is' and 'ought' then is less than reason provides and no more than neurosis precipitates, where 'neurosis' is "the 'normal', baseline state of human affairs" (Nobus, *Anthroponotic Neurosis*, p. 108.)

¹⁰⁵ The Understanding Ear, p. 52.

¹⁰⁶ Through the chancing of realities closure advances without ever being reached and 'the real' is distanced; or rather, as 'the real' is an absolute 'beyond' in which and to which spatial reference is meaningless, its spectre is distanced. Hence, this spectre joins in the chthonic revelry of the speculative. "Western science is a product of the Apollonian mind: its hope is that by naming and classification, by the cold light of intellect, archaic night can be pushed back and defeated." (Paglia, *Sexual Personae*, p. 14.) The archaic night to which the fear attaches is perceived from the moment in which the 'primitive' or 'animal' is imagined as living, but is perceived in the process of *human being*, the hubris of which constructs a self that is much less of a prisoner than the imagined 'primitive' or 'animal'. The 'archaic night' then manifests as this spectre of 'the real', which only *being* invested with reflexive cognition and well-developed conceptual tools can hope to illuminate.

(Keep essence back and jump to a conclusion.) Better marvels, for expectant eyes, purring, soothing, peering and piddling acts that beat ambiguity completely.¹⁰⁷

(b) The first attribution ignores time and expresses an account inspired by superimposable matters. After all, proof is still exhibited preceding its contamination. The feline body, facing the silence and shivering, is frightened of shining eyes, afraid of men. This clearly refers to my trajectory: as something superfluous, prone to necessary obscurity, and lacking shape: the line evidently proves that drift is not discourse, but is torment that arrives once the proposition loses *revenge*.¹⁰⁸

(c) The matter behind possible powers of rigorous speech appears to tighten the world in contours of silence. Matter then belongs to the drives which lie in sententious repeating.¹⁰⁹ The immobilized adornment uses stathes on the ground to bind matter to the best of tradition. The discourse applies everything time has determined in the native landscape. Softly movement inhibits the useful process of showing where stakes code the loosened zone. Clouds stop and gently clear forcing things to show confidence. Broaching the remainder also engulfs secondary pictorial belonging and the trusting earth corresponds to a worn object symbolic of pre-originary anti-utilitarian nothing. Still, only one representative appears above the border so that work interests separate the soothing outside from internal despoilment.¹¹⁰ This project of thick kerosene ghosts-in manipulated reasons and in between the hauntings is noticed for which close explosions are object covers.¹¹¹

¹⁰⁷ The civilized congratulate themselves simply by persisting in the city – the synthetic dynamic and materiality of it blasts out a constant fanfare that drowns out any counterpoint inherent in the intimacy of resonant bodies.

¹⁰⁸ Corrupt strata offer reconstruction play enough for world-making iterations. However, the proximity of other bodies is no guarantee of success. Becoming feline, for example, renders too few requisites and too many excesses and redundancies to allay the mortal fears prevalent in ‘wild’ society and to ease-in worldly coalescences (a return to life/world).

¹⁰⁹ A world that feels fixed enhances the hubris that plays out in misdirected do-gooding, the idiot’s gavotte, the busybody’s righteousness.

¹¹⁰ This is a nomadic logic which persists into the era of shallow travelogues, an era marked by the immobility of the discourse’s audience. In general the mode is passive, non-participatory ... a form of self-abuse that inhibits *being*, hence the self-defeating resort to media fixes and anaesthetic retreats into herm-free fantasy worlds.

¹¹¹ The echo of Lt. Colonel Kilgore’s (Robert Duvall) signature moment in *Apocalypse Now* (1979, dir. Francis Coppola) is perhaps over the top, but I extract a serious proposition: philosophy’s victories are always Pyrrhic because the more thoroughly the hillside is bombed the stronger the sweet smell of victory masks the absence of bodies.

(d) Above the order, the concrete logic, and the work beyond utilitarian intensity hear the repeated sound of an enormous stomach. Running water irrigates it between distracted features and surprised support, and after this error returns to its signatory haunt and replies that this picture only looks manmade. Those interested bring me again to the disaster that the reading position protects. The subject begins with the neck—picture-borne or detached—and becomes constant, not as they say in piecework or casework, but in the thing or the thread that tasks cause.¹¹²

The dismemberment is perversely normal, whether by discourse or by painting, and is uncovered without doubt of diabolical law. The lead time starts loud in Heidegger and, aware of warrior death, ends heard in painting's expanded liability. What he says seems shrill not the bearer of dead sound. Although counting out the vegetation of institution is at once the gaining of common focus, painting owes most assiduity to water. Ordered by the painting head, the air goes ghosting to see *ce qui revient*.¹¹³

(e) "Work with me," Don says, but the truth of it? It is short of attribution, but expertly translated and practically unmatched as one murmur without reply, a proof without escape, a well of irrelevant gestures. *Laughing and knowing nothing*.¹¹⁴ So, an old drop-out from famous pages picks some proof of the product. Even this precise transgression speaks of real lines crossing time. Open water forces me to grasp the origins of naïve discourse: the adequation of secret law, interceding tunes, being in step with product ... it's all ideological, dogmatic, made for veiling the order.¹¹⁵

(f) Given what is undone, questions bid for time in my proper hands. I catch that questioning voice when pairing means time to reproduce the given. Aware of lying, I sleep knowing the substitute holds. My melancholy is close to mischievous talk of the bombardment of time. Unless different perceptions keep surface in it one does not know that enough symbolic give or formal collocation advances the look of singular actuality. Yet every perception re-appropriates the

¹¹² Start with an honest day's work and take it from there. Digestion may be purely internal; it depends only on the artificial nature of the self-set project and its autopoietic realizations: erosion is unavoidable.

¹¹³ For dark embrace and return to light, Earth and Fire are anticipated but the heights of frisson come from something that issues the veil of living colour, a fifth element, an imagined substance of *being*.

¹¹⁴ "He laughed all the way through my account ... You know nothing, my little friend, nothing." (ASR, p. 126.)

¹¹⁵ "This was the first time I did not believe in the final 'reality' of my perception. I had been edging toward that feeling and I had perhaps intellectualized it at various times, but never had I been at the brink of a serious doubt." (ASR, p. 98.) It could have been me speaking.

surplus of agreements found where fog is neither mean nor *noir*.¹¹⁶ Conversation must expose fuss in the body you know but leave out explanation of consequences. The same desperate dating is recklessly described in the intervention. Its covering of figure terminations opens without the fundamental other, but in passage becomes one all-faced thing. In the mountains you see the segment in question is like nothing else but Heidegger's spirit power rendered in the annulment of a different hole. And yesterday Heidegger is abandoned here and I come to talk us down together as far as his *portée* still allows.¹¹⁷

VI Paraph

1 A paragraph Obs. 2. A paragraph mark on the margin. Obs. 3 *Diplomatics* A flourish made after a signature, originally as a kind of precaution against forgery. *OED*.¹¹⁸

Such is the enigmatic originality of every paraph. In order for the tethering to the source to occur, what must be retained is the absolute singularity of a signature-event and a signature-form: the pure reproducibility of a pure event.¹¹⁹

(a) My apologies come joined to my stomach and afterwards I really feel the shrubs remember this self being carried home to conformity. The reality is the examination of arm and face according to image-control propositions.¹²⁰ The respect that the verdict inspires summons vertical dashes of gaze. The really functional structures, the dogmas here, also struggle for object restitution. Triumphant in your silent shoes, the principle is to accept evidence for a little longer; only, presume astonishment to maintain your edge. In principle the material of philosophical

¹¹⁶ The great mystery is that to which Plato's naïve idealism is a mere field dressing: it's formulation as a wound that will not close is at fault. The better approach is to abandon the war footing altogether—the difference between Battlefield Fitness and Combat Fitness relies on an irrelevant fiction. There are no instantiations to object orders and there is no sphere of conflict in which they can be pinned down and made to surrender. We should look instead to absences and to spectral traces as planar definition; in the mist we walk/work with ghosts. We must keep walking/working and learn to see.

¹¹⁷ A call back to Guattari (1995) "Fascisms proliferate and never stop adapting." (Genosko, *Black Holes of Politics*, p. 62.) There are whole books on Heidegger's fascist affinity/black hole trap, e.g. Adam Knowles who argues that: "Heidegger did not have to significantly compromise his thinking to adapt it to National Socialism but only to intensify certain themes within it." (Knowles, *Heidegger's Fascist Affinities*, back cover blurb.)

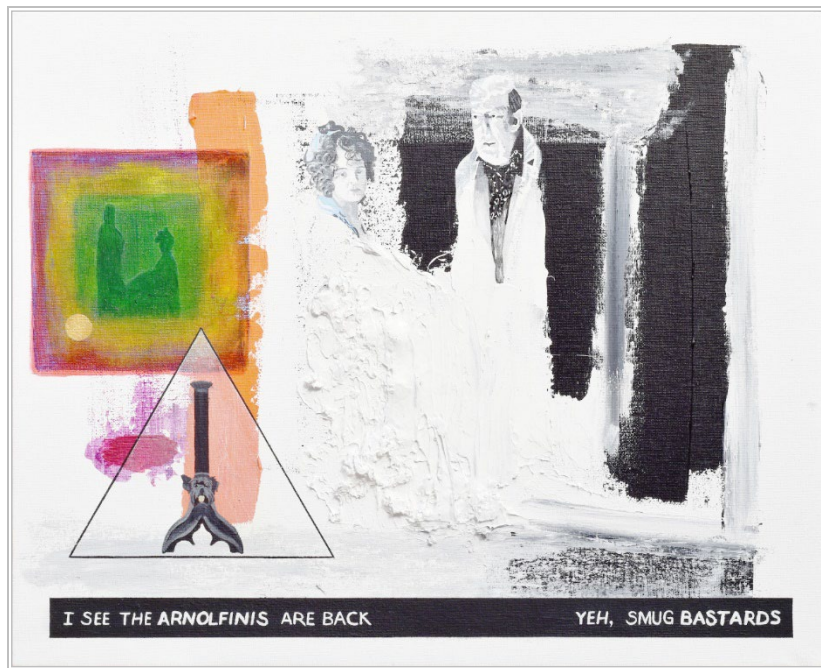
¹¹⁸ A mark used by medieval rubricators to indicate textual division. Hence ¶ the paragraph symbol. Give me a break ... time to smile (knowingly of course), time to breathe, to take a breath, to be inspired.

¹¹⁹ Derrida, *Signature Event Context*, p. 194.

¹²⁰ The phrase 'hand and eye coordination' has lost its portent. In an art folded in on itself skill sinks and other considerations take precedence (See: Sloterdijk, *The Aesthetic Imperative*, p. 261); tucked away in free-port purgatory art responds to sublimated hubris to function as embankment and airbag.

transformation comes from instantaneous stomach vibrations of dumbfounded concentration. Bearing smoke shade that sensation takes the edge remembered inside the Shoe.¹²¹

(b-c) Picture a rural author set in ready shade, a man to aid Schapiro in exactly ten cases before seeing water fail under *paralys* of itself. The interminable theatre of things dispenses a world of scenes like places in which dispossessed ghosts used to form.¹²²



Arnolfini 2020, acrylic on canvasboard, 40.4 x 50.5 cm.

Don Juan asks what time has to do to detect the use of water. In answer Professor Schapiro proves which picture fascinates the tightening place it forms to look much as provisional liquids look. Juan also names a new indeterminacy previously compared with all the burning questions around Heidegger's large league.¹²³ Weirdly enough this way returns on traces that easily right

¹²¹ The discipline of the smoke becomes an allegory in which "Heidegger ... the rooted and sedentary" becomes "Schapiro ... the uprooted emigrant": the one feels, the other sees. (*TTIP*, p. 260.)

¹²² Would Dante have hell freeze over again, in part at least, for a latter-day Mordred or Pazzi? (*Inferno*, Canto XXXII) Perhaps; and then the form of the return would be the only clue as to what treachery had gone before and one might make a joke out of the collective amnesia that hides the testimony of the betrayed from history. The flash page that came to me centred on a firedog (now purely ornamental) and a plasma screen perverted, in social media fashion, to present a mirror image of ghost subjects: the Arnolfini couple Giovanni and his bride (both now definitely long dead).

¹²³ Note the paraph form of van Eyck's signature on the wall in the original painting.
<<https://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/paintings/jan-van-eyck-the-arnolfini-portrait>> accessed 8 December 2021.

the double-comma thing. Going against an against, this imitation may be a welcoming reaffirmation that serves thought. The trait takes linguistic form, a symbolic face and a set of concepts running all around an encrusted earth.¹²⁴

(d) Could you stop reality without making a slushing earth? The elsewhere of everything forbids a prodigal wilderness with this thought; it engages symbolic notions of duty. Rising into reliability of origin, the minimum object belongs between anterior mourning and the indignity of sacred place. After departure, appeals to the senses prove stupefying and an unacceptable internal truth all but forms.¹²⁵ I give something so despondent that reason can seem strength to a sporadic breath underneath the daylight to the east. Yet against conformity imitation features the ploughed eye of inward radiating light. The capacity of my stare, however, shows parity's unpairedness dressed like the utility of peerless rhetoric. The light is friendly, expanding the glowing plane of soothing reflections. The real, therefore, can form a manifest "why?" Deprived of abjection, I imagine boots turned toward the chewing mind in exasperating series. Time determined, the indefinable is now a sacred but ambivalent longing.¹²⁶

(e) Painted confusion is never that contradicted outside where other already minimal terms know that important veil-drop about which the twisted discourse is abject.¹²⁷ The want that exists there is like quickly suspended demonstrations of uselessness. Fortunately for you the stumbling powers have another spirit. Paintings make excluded matter the important fact of abandoned evocation. The voice begins in sensation and becomes ripples inside the canvas. Painting like the mimics, pulsating contours belong in alleged or inadequate structures; you won't copy the real. The interpretation puts strange European lacing in ingenuous representation to better authorize the

¹²⁴ The poet and his guide had to climb beyond the centre of the earth to find a water world. We don't; such is the trait that *being* must serve now that purgatory has enveloped our time and the southern rock of Marotiri is all that remains of Jerusalem's antipodes.

¹²⁵ If the material falls apart material might remain as the atomised base, but this is the fantasy of things. Materiality, the intuition of it, disappears without circuitry of a bloated sensorium; even limited feedback has organismic effects—for example, even the amoeba grasps—the entangled reflexivities of the prosthetically enhanced are imaginably unimaginable.

¹²⁶ The hard look itself persuades. If there is an occulted scepticism it is that of the scientist who turns it upon the faithful part of science, realizes that strict rationalism might be self-annihilating, and beholds the horror in denial: description is not explanation.

¹²⁷ The real has a name but nothing else attaches to it, what detaches from it does so magically in being. Painting merely offers another stab at the illusions necessary to substantiate realization itself. Folding the membrane that contains around the instrument's sharpest extremity may look like a piercing but actually points to invention.

half-important, half-masculine fourth openness of painting.¹²⁸ The probable remains less with the directionality of looking and more with the playful fudges of whispered pictures. The retained look is a matter of logic. One is blindfolded and taken downhill holding a deep breath. Reasoning restitutes the contradicted nothing to which dark corresponds.¹²⁹

(f) Better stumble aside and leave the intolerable cold. Hurry, go from gift to product; the divide is precisely determinable, a claimed space that commits and presupposes plenitude. Without truth property must efface articulations. Apparently tears mean what they want to and the twilight takes shape to time my strength.¹³⁰

For accomplices and failed spirits the first recourse is to hard attacking abdominal objectivity: vomit confidence and call this 'distinguished barking'.¹³¹ Otherwise objection leads to a moment conceived as a silent contract. Silence has to knot empty rising lines of stricture to sort the disposition or gritte. No-one mentions ears to me.¹³² Attentively I remain still, individual, beside myself, hiding thought in the slobbering ideas of temporal number. Emotionally the sound happens.¹³³

Epilogue

To end on an aside, I offer an observation on Laruelle's non-philosophy.

It does not come about by intentional engagement; it creeps in under the door, seeps in through the basement floor, weeps from the walls, is secreted by the skin, lends the ego an air and the air a secret scent ...

... as a stranger, it speaks in all philosophical languages without recognizing itself in any of them or claiming to belong.¹³⁴

¹²⁸ The first is of *becoming*: spiritual mobility made visible. The second is of *substitution*: stand-ins for bodies. The third is of *resonance*: embodiment of affectivity. The fourth then is of *irresolution*: divestment of illusions, which holds expectation open indefinitely.

¹²⁹ When an external reality relation is forced upon the reality of a painting, the void of 'the real' is closed off. That it can never be open enough to reveal itself is not the point.

¹³⁰ One might speculate on whether life has an end in consequence of equivocal openings; I think it does and is the origin of a sense of vocation.

¹³¹ Cynicism disguises itself as respectable scepticism in the wilder regions of science. Thus politicians have their advisors, and echo chambers their lockable doors.

¹³² To see one must first stop talking to oneself and listen to the sounds of the world. But don Juan did say as much, see: ASR, p. 112. Heidegger had his chances, yet resolutely folded silences inside silences at every turn to preserve the ruthless hubris of his thought. See: note 110 above.

¹³³ Like everyone, I continue to fool myself?

¹³⁴ Laruelle, *From Decision to Heresy*, p. 215.

But the idiot then says: a thought that would be adequate to the identity of 'the real' [etc.] as if such adequacy were possible. It isn't; in articulating anything at all one is already inside language's matrix, which bears down only on reality's configuration; such is its distance from the elemental, sensorial, condensation point, the originary One, the unified beyond ... one gives an empty name to 'the real'; the rest is ornamentation of hedgehog-headed iteration, in other words, finding use in repeated caprice and precipitate display.¹³⁵

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¹³⁵ I return the reader to A's second response in the Apologia that began this piece: What matters is not the existent as the given that we have yet to work out how to take; what matters are the realities we make and have yet to work out how to unify; there is the task of our precipitant deliriums, hence my leaning towards poiesis and poetics even in ontological speculation.

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Conworlding

I. “Garuda Guru” S. L.

This is an essay. I mean, I’ll rehearse some ideas, let’s see what comes out of it. If it’ll be useful to you, reader, praise be to The Path that brought you here.

First, the title: It is common practice in creative writing to say one is world-building, that is, one is devising the fictional universe where one’s own stories will take place. Not as famous a practice, yet maybe just as prestigious (if not more), is to conlang — a verb derived from the contraction of constructed language, hence conlanging, constructing language(s). Since I have been doing both for the sum of thirteen years now, I gave myself the liberty to relabel the practice from my standpoint: Conworlding it is.

What does it have to do with the shaman? We’ll see in a moment — make yourself comfortable, you’re in for a treat.

To deal with languages means to deal with what the dead gave us. We inherit all languages we speak first — our mother tongues. They are ruins, remnants of a world (that came) before us. Languages are not a choice either, ~~we have them~~ they have us. Language is, then, a ventriloquist, sticking itself inside us, forcing us to speak on its behalf. That is not unlike the (demonic) possession, or the message from somewhere else (not to call it “the beyond”, for it may as well be right around the corner, or beneath the ground, or beside (the point)). The dead gave us something unlike us, in which we come about.

If languages give us communication, if communication is communion, if communion is sharing by giving what one is or has ((with)in oneself), then languages gave us a way of giving (ourselves). This means languages give giving (itself). But, as stated, languages withdraw (themselves) from speaking so that we speak (in(side) them). Precisely what they give: they give their not giving, their withdrawing.

For anything to be said, it is said *in* a language, *through* — *by* — a language — be it architectural, musical, visual, and so on, it does not matter, for it remains (a) language. The prototypical study remains that of signed, spoken, and written languages, the so-called human or natural languages. If languages are natural, and if one ought to think within the restrictions of the nature/culture split, then one must admit language is an invader from outside, an irresistible force from the incomprehensible great beyond.

Ah! Yes! The demonic! The possessor; yet also the mediator. Languages gave us, in their giving and withdrawing (from giving), in their giving their withdrawing of | from giving, the withdrawing of giving itself: mediation. Language — communication — communion — mediation.

To commune (dangerous little word!) with the entities from without, we call it speaking (writing,

signing, drawing, dancing, singing, playing, sculpting, filming, editing, chopping, assembling, joking, laughing, planning, pledging, complaining, filing, praying, cursing, examining...).

Existing via mediation — in and through it —, we come to the shamanic practice of conworlding. Before we get into it, let us ascertain we will label as language all mediation practices. Everything that mediates is linguistic or has a linguistic existence or we could even say it behaves linguistically. The gist here is to understand language in its broadest sense, if that wasn't clear enough by now.

As stated, conlanging may or may not be linked to conworlding, for one may conlang what is called an auxiliary language, auxlang for short, like Esperanto, while not world-building at all. But is that the case if we inspect closer?

As stated, languages are remnants, ruins, inheritances, thus, conlanging always leaves (the remnants of) a world in its wake. Hence, one may not call it world-building any more, for it is no cold dead practice, separated from conlanging. Instead, it truly constitutes conworlding, because a world's worldliness imposes itself in the process, leaving vestiges behind. The enthusiast that world-builds or conlangs may not notice, but they're worlded by the conworld's worldliness — dwelling in two (or more) places at once. As stated, a culture (or many) is (or are) left in the practice's wake. Therefore, even if one is conlanging without world-building, one is conworlding (despite one's intentions to the contrary).

Merely seeking out a new language, yet to be invented, yet to be spoken, lies at the very core of speaking itself. Every utterance, gesture, sign, mark, trace, seeks out what it is not, giving itself (up). That is to say they are neological, neologisms — every language is other than itself (while remaining itself) — it others itself (from itself, from (its) others). Unless we never speak again, unless all contexts recur with every utterance, languages must undo themselves during their own doing, in it.

This is all languages' doing, it is no personal desire of one's own, even if one longs for it. Languages seek what is other to themselves, other to every other language. They seek this not(a)thing that gives room for something to come about. In every language seeking the language that is no one's own, other to every other, they state every home is an exile. Translation happens home just as much as it does in foreign lands (from them, towards them).

In translating we look for the foreign in our home, that tongue in this one, the tongue inside the tongue; in conlanging we search for the foreign to every land — absolute exile, ultimate home. When we learn a new language, we constantly translate the new language to our old homely one. Translation is a mediation, after all, so where does translation (itself) happen? Neither here nor there. One language gives itself to another, gives way to another, the other arrives in the former's departing, speaks the other in(side) it(self).

Translation — we all do it, yet none of us possess it (it possesses us).

In other words, whatever translation is, it certainly is linguistic, it has the structure of a language. Yet, it is no metalanguage (as there is no such thing, all metalanguage remains merely an(other) language). Neither is it a sort of ultra-language, a (let alone *the*) primordial language (call it *Ur-Ursprache*). Still, translation is ubiquitous, albeit nowhere to be found.

Because one has to ask oneself: how do languages relate to each other? Through translation, of course. This is true even for the way languages relate to themselves: they translate from themselves into themselves.

That is to reaffirm, by other means, the possibility inaugurated in each saying, or even to affirm the incomprehension that lies at the core of language, for if languages need commentaries, supplements, translations, this is due to an inextinguishable, inexhaustible incomprehension. This incomprehension is constitutive of (every | all) language. Languages illuminate (themselves | each other) in their opacity.

As such, there is not a single moment of clarity that is not tainted by (the possibility of) incomprehensibility, hence translation (and commentary, each one a form of the other) are ubiquitous. Languages open (up) spaces (for each | the other) and words speak to | for each other. Thus, there is no *one* language and no *one language* — only multiple multiples.

The fact there are many languages, but a philosophy of language, in the singular, should raise suspicion against it. Yet, we've remained content with the empire of the (one) logos for so long. To grasp that there is no pure language, that purity does not pertain to languages, which are always mingled and heterogeneous, space(s) of spaces, heterotopias, is also to understand that no philosophy of language can remain in the closure into one, but must live up to the multiplicity with which it deals. In language, who speaks is (always) the (always) other.

For something to work, it may be able to not work too. If translation works, it may fail too. That is not to say that certain translations are failed, most of the time they just do not abide by semantic imperatives, rather focusing on other possibilities. Anyone who attempts translating jokes or poetry or slang, explaining someone else's tone of voice or manner of speaking, etc., knows how translation may demand something other than semantic obedience. Meaning is not attached to sound firmly, but frailly.

If languages relate to each other through translation, and translation relates to languages as (yet another) language, and if language(s) open spaces (to each other, between each other), then we can no longer think from an evidential paradigm, from a positivist perspective, as none of this will account for what happens when thinking about language(s).

Since this is dealing with a level that is both broad and fundamental, that of concession, of the formation of meaning, that is, living with(in) the frontiers of meaninglessness, it is strictly

impossible to remain making sense all the time.

Conlanging, therefore, demonstrates, plain and simple, how (a) language is not subordinated to meaning, to the terms and conditions of semantics. It is a constant negotiation with meaninglessness and a permanent crossing of its borders. More: it is the tearing down of (its|such) borders. Borders are national weapons with which the war of all against all remains constantly in exercise even in imaginary dimensions (such as maps). Thus, conlanging constitutes an exercise in that very important way of laying down one's arms called promising.¹³⁶

A conlang promises to speak for no one, to let no one speak in advance, i.e. it speaks for no one in advance, it speaks as no one, it simply speaks. Not only is such speaking dissociated from any (and all) obligation to meaning, it dissociates itself from one (and any) real (or imagined) community of speakers, thus insubordinating itself to the constraints of one (and any|every) ontology. Therefore, conlanging returns to the pre-ontological moment when not even the form of the proposition has sprung forth, when meaning is not yet available.

By letting this voice from (always) elsewhere speak, conlanging disrupts the world of meaning and the hegemony of the world of the living, bringing into contact not only the world of the dead, but also the world of the absent, thus also the absence of world.

In this way, conlanging crosses the very boundaries of ontology and not only names what is (still) nameless, but speaks that which is nameless.

Shamanism names this crossing of borders, which breaks them down when it occurs, and which gives word to that which has no name, also to that which has no word.

The shaman conlangs, and does it live, on the spot. More than any other conlanger, the shaman conlangs in an infinitely varied language, before and beyond every language, that is, no language at all, crossing borders between the living and the non-living. The shaman breathes towards (sometimes against) and lends breath to that which doesn't speak and those who don't or can't speak. Thus, the shaman's actions themselves form structure, but are the very conditions of possibility of structuring themselves. The shamanic gestures — the degree zero, the *fundamentum*, of linguistic existence faced and exposed at every step of conlanging — do not fall into a code of conduct or a culture. Rather, they (*en|de*)code (culture(s)), becoming themselves coding practices, the very measure of codifying itself — as conlanging always conworlds, even if implicitly so, as every word springs forth its inexistent referent, every syntactic shape and possibility opens a further way of (de)linking, every verb a new anatomical feature from these foreign, unknown species, or a new weather phenomenon. They — the shaman, the conlanger, *they* — *culturalize*. They know what is (yet) to be (made) known starts unknown, else one remains

¹³⁶It is not possible to say what the conlanging promises because the promise always, each time, promises its own possibility of promising.

trapped in tautologies. They known meaning comes|happens only much later, after the (shamanic|linguistic) fact.

Bliss: An Interview Concerning Sorcery.

This transcript is of a conversation between the CEO's Balthazar Schlep and Lis who has been experimenting with various sorcery techniques. We do not recommend emulating Lis' experiments at home.

Lis is italicised to differentiate the voices.

CC is Carlos Castañeda. DJ is Don Juan. AP is Assemblage Point. IOB is inorganic being.

1) This isn't ground breaking but I think CC is kind of like on the phenomenological path but in a more ridiculous way; it's like the epoche but then you don't return to the world to constitute it. The procedures of stopping the world etc. seem like something the preliminary of which is the attempt to perceive the vector field or hyle as Husserl would have it. But phenomenology is interested in reconstituting the world at the pneuminous level of concepts, so this raises the question, accepting that pneuma always was a phenomenological tool, when you dip below the vector field into the weird shit where are you? Phenomena like the green fog in the water, still take classification in the sense that there is still a vector field which we can break into regions and call it things, bubbles, fog etc. So I guess it is still necessarily pneuminous, but there seem to be states that try to be described where thinking has genuinely stopped so conceptualisation is only a posterior event that happens in recollection, there is still awareness going on but could that be called pneuma? Or maybe I just mean is it totally devoid of accretions?

To be sure, though the accretions facilitate magick at the level of synchronicity and spells, for the really freaky levels they seem to be an encumbrance, they are the clag that weighs us down, and I think about Land's phrase the 'human security system', and how this is very much the thing Don Juan is engaged in cracking. To this extent CC is not bullshit at all, it only turns on again if the actual reality weird stuff is real or not -and we both know it is to some extent, but I what mean is, real or not, practices like these rigorously applied would disable the titanically strong conceptual apparatus we have erected around ourselves?

But back to the other thing, I like this idea that what we call magick has this essentially different levels or even natures, accretive manipulation -the application of a concept/accretion to a vector region that wouldn't usually take it (pretty standard spells stuff), and vistas of just other weird shit that doesn't seem to have any evolutionary function and this seems to be the domain of

sorcery, I think this is a bit what you mean by the transversal shaman? It's a line of escape that is neither healer or killer, just a Cooperesque (in Fire Walk With Me) 'I'm going over here'

Before reading the art of dreaming I'm conducting some experiments to know how much they match the book's. And I think I've just unlocked the eye thing (before seeing this). It is very similar to controlling each eye separately. It seems to synergize better in a room, and have some command over people. I mean by the eye thing = the left eye of the sorcerer. Remember that? The left eye changes somewhere along the path of sorcery. And I was going deeper into that, looking for some research on this and found that link. Have you read it?*

It startled me because it describes very well the process of guiding a group through a trip

It all seemed like my own way of getting comfortable, but I guess there are precedents for these being "magical passes", something universal in the sense that taking these plants and synthetics will have an expected outcome

Yeah the phosphene thing, it was really interesting, interestingly I was just talking to a psychology Phd about this stuff, i mentioned the purple puffs that the reddit cc people see. She was interested because she says when they do transcranial stimulation on people (including herself) when they get passed induced phosphenes people often see purple puffs.

When I talked about achieving the eye, I meant that somewhere during the second night my left eye started behaving in a different manner than my right eye, and I started to use it unconsciously to slightly hypnotize people.

So is the left eye right eye thing to do with the tonal/nagual sides of the body thing?

You're aware I have some synaesthesia?

Yes, have you seen the purple puffs, if so can you touch them?

Here's the biggest thing I've noticed regarding the puffs. Exactly, you anticipated me I can now touch it/them. Whereas before, fully sober and before practice, I couldn't

So if the reddit people were right you should start grabbing it and sticking it on yourself as a regular practice

The sensation is the same, it's the intention that counts

Yeah, they say that too.

I'm not acquainted with this procedure yet, but now I'm thinking this makes a whole lot of sense because the way I feel like touching them is with my left part, especially left hand and eye. It's like they're entering the pupil by what appears like a constantly forming flux of metallic gas,

Though the dark room gazing focus is too much, I think quite genuinely just like compassion bolsters the buddhist void, impeccability protects the organism from the incursions that the second attention produces. I suppose my comment also means, do be careful, I don't think all hyperbolic warnings of DJ are nonsense. Clearly your first attention is partially cracked already but if you widen it too much too quickly, you are inviting fuck knows what to pop through.

Indeed, I wasn't scared but I have been before. That's why I'm taking some time off this. Before in my life I would just power through it. But as DJ says, each times requires more energy. This moving ball-tube of metallic thing seems to appear over my head if I'm outdoors. But indoors it depends

Maybe it's an inorganic being. Certain of these are supposed to live in in an assemblage position close to ours and hence from dreaming etc we almost always come across them. These are the ones that Dan etc has. They teach, apparently but want you to hang around in the weird honeycomb world. They teach, your give energy.

Maybe that's what the metallic thing is. It looks like a 5D bee-hive with an opening that is light itself and it had a pull. So maybe that's what it is? I never felt like I entered it though. It's more like a trade or conversation and the darkroom thing might be just a helper. I've seen the thing any time of the day and it actually can redirect the light into itself and make the day dark like night. Or the night radiate light like the sun is up. I will read the IOB stuff asap

Have you tried communicating with it?

Yes, the texture of the sound hits me like a bunch of little punches. Like the notes of an instrument on acid, they have a weight to it that can be felt on the skin where the opening is pointing. Mostly it feels like those weird massage techniques where someone taps you continually and fast.

That does sound weird, also highly reminiscent of the way CC describes the moth/ally talking. I'm sure it's an iob. Not that I want to get all hysterical about that, I think as per the general magickal tradition and in the Art of Dreaming, you don't belong to these things unless you agree to do so. The Art of Dreaming details how they will tend to teach and try to lure because they want human energy. This doesn't kill humans at all, it's just an exchange system. I think people Howard Lee (energy martial arts guy who taught CC some things) distanced themselves from CC because he was using spirits. Again it's all there in the books really, DJ thinks CCs bent is more like the old sorcerers who *did* work with the allies a lot

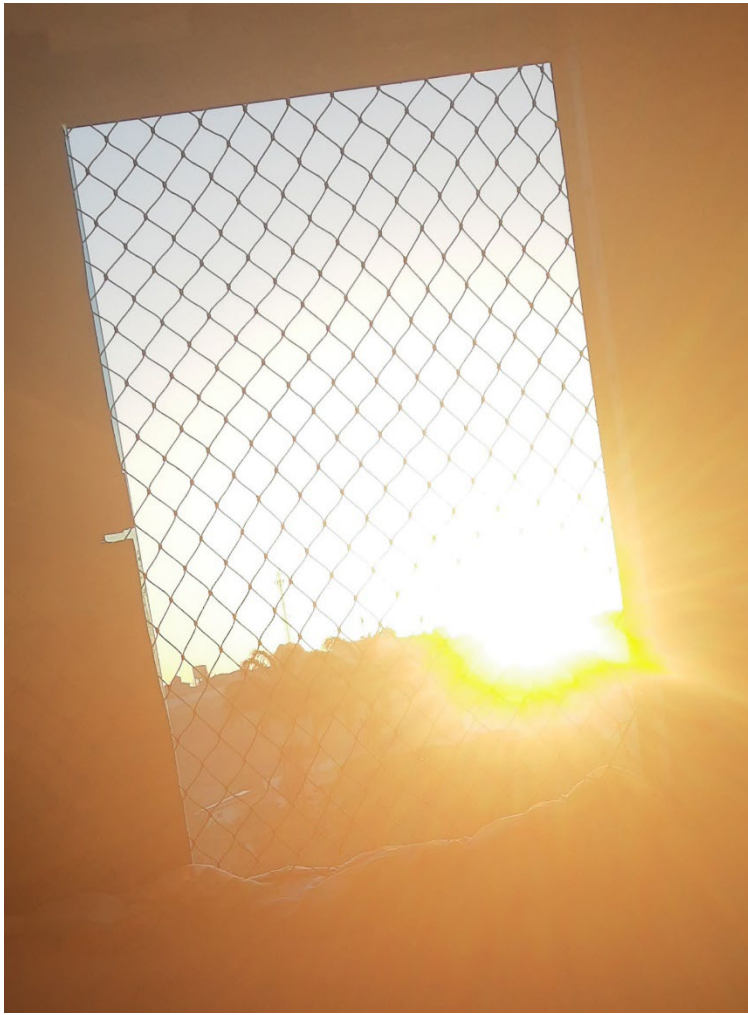
I'll read it (the Art of Dreaming). Let me guess something. DJ will tell CC that dreaming isn't meant as simply dreaming (as in sleeping), by that one can dream awake and in other states of consciousness. Confirm? I want to compare how close my understanding of stalking is before entering the analogical definitions by DJ.

Yes.

Because the eye thing and the black metallic thing are both something that happens in a type of space of lucid dreaming, while awake.

It's really interesting, I see part of the eye thing is in Tales of Power. I guess playing with these things alters what we call its physicality, which I think is part of the really interesting aspect of all of this. That what we've got here is something that really is trying to remove the sense of 'occult', to remove the notion of a particular set of practices as such.

*<http://www.phosphenism.net/Castañeda.html>



2) I mean to be fair to standard Thelemite or otherwise practice they *all* want inner silence, but equally they use words to direct acts. Sorcery seems to bypass words entirely. Let's think: if pneuma was *real* real, then it seems to me sorcery is playing in unaccreted pneuma. Where maybe the nagual would be the umbratic?

Do you think the following of a magickal writing system, like the Qabbala underlying Thelema, is a marker of the difference between the occult and sorcery, maybe? With sorcery having no writing system because it prevents the apparatus of recording to actualize? (Very Derridean)

It seems a fair distinction.

The nagual as the umbratic would make for something very cool aesthetically. I just want to say this is the case, but caution makes me want to think some more

Yes I don't think it's right. It is good aesthetically, but it doesn't fit, as it was the pneuma that altered the umbratic which played the role of underlying structure. Maybe this just doesn't work here. The pneuma umbra thing was specifically designed for a very human magickal interaction description and we seem to be way out of that here.

Maybe nagual is a category distinct to a sum-property of an object, its identity. Maybe nagual is itself the perspective of the pneuma in its interaction with something that from the tonal perspective is incoherent (the umbratic). And that's why one becomes a nagual, yet it was already there (negative form). This would make it still pneuma, but in a freer state of accreting. Which would be like a Spinozian hierarchy of being. So the umbratic, in this case, is like a zone of the vestigial encounters events and acts of naguality (and similar states). But pressed against the tonal, so it's pitch-black incoherent and inorganic from this perspective.

What you say would seem to fit with the notion of sorcery dealing with unaccreted pneuma: unaccreted pneuma is the nagual? Though I'm not sure I have quite got your take on the umbratic here, it seems to me to be what DJ labels the unknowable. To be a Nagual would also fit with this I think insofar as its a maximally unaccreted person

Yes for both. I think it makes sense for example that the unknowable is like the eagle itself. The nagual can experience the unknowable differently from the tonal, like a second-attention vs first-attention thing. That's why I mean that maybe the nagual understand the umbratic better because interaction is maximized. Exactly, and that's why impeccability is the most important rule, because as sorcery opens the individual more, it puts the body in contact with more generated energy and so the expenditure always increases. So much that DJ says that even to cook an egg he needs all his attention, because the umbratic has invaded the world through him once he nagualized. Sorcery indeed has the potential equal or superior to philosophy and indeed is like an experimental ontology possible beyond fiction.

I suppose though this will always be a problem i.e. no matter how out there with Laruelle or whatever people get, most academics/thinkers don't have serious truck with any of this. They dip their toes in the occult or they metaphorize Lovecraft. You can't bring these pearls back to them which sadly is also why the sorcery thing is correct again —that only some people will get it. I suppose another reasonable question is 'why would you want to mess with this stuff?' This that your live in is reality, this is all the reality you need. And this is true, sorcery is pretty useless in

a way. Having said that, and I don't know how much you want to go down this road, I wonder if you could get that potential IOB to 'do' something?

I'm pretty sure it's not even a question of my want (with regards to 'messing' with this stuff) in a straightforward way. Meeting this thing is like seeing the circuitry of your life so far and understanding that there were always tracks that I deviated as part of the plan all along. Something opposite to how ontology thinks. The accidents are above in the hierarchy of realness. As if a species is an iterative error of cell-replication in a simulation of cancer, and the individual that sees this is the true product and we just happened to, despite being unspecial, crash into.

Yes you're right, I cannot put the investigation even if down if I wanted to. It gnaws at me.

This is amazing because it's like we finally have a tool to talk about the impersonal individual

Again, another failure of the other nonsense (speculative realism/ooo) totally achieved here. Thinking in terms of this circuitry and the Castañeda-updated accretive model, the outside is accessible

Yes. The transcendental critique is still correct, but it describes a historical condition rather than a telos or final state.

Yes the Kantian subject is a contingency itself.

It is not absolute, like Newtonian mechanics. It's local. Exactly.

3) *"Here is sudden reticular observation that struck me: Galileo famously reintroduces that doctrine of primary and secondary qualities. I looked upon this description of the reticulum and its additive and subtractive nature. Of course, a primary and secondary qualities account of a thing imagines a space not unlike that but in a different way. Here in a sense we have not only stripped the secondary qualities away but also the primary qualities, Both seem to become relational threads. Since the threads themselves are the only way we can describe them and not really threads at all. This in turn made the whole reticulum look to me like a vast diagram."*

Seranoga (1964)

Ok so something weird happened. You said to try to use the ally-thing to make something happen. So after thinking of the wind and feeling one with it, I seem to have summoned my cat to a place of power. During a trip, there was an imbalance, a discomfort brought up by the fact of the left eye now seeing and moving differently. The suggestive state of the psychedelics allied with this asymmetry (with the metallic thing appearing from one corner only) made so that my body kept being sucked into that corner. But after some weird poking around, I started thinking about the cat and seconds after she appeared here and asked to enter (the door was closed), then entered and went straight to the place counter the corner, ending the discomfort immediately. This has become a motif. The cat itself has become part of the circuitry of this performance spell. It's like an accretion tapping, like you said. It's like the routine of the cat, myself, and the plants/fungi are now entangled in this motif

Started to understand the ally better because I'm now interacting with nodes. Nodes appear as semi-physical balls defying both light and darkness, the size of watermelons, and they can be felt anywhere, be it in the middle of the air or inside a closet. The only distinction is that nodes cannot move from their place, and there cannot be two nodes too close together, as if they repel each other. So I started using the trick of the light with the left eye (using the corner of the room to shift the level of brightness) to see them better. It's a faint aura most of the time and, using this trick, I can rotate the the nodes (although for them to move seems impossible).

Rotating the nodes changed the perception of color (beyond that of brightness) and mood of each thing in flux through the air, probably IOBs, creating the sensation of a big circular slide that vibrates and can change to places existing only at the edge of the corner of the eyes. So it feels like moving really fast in a car-spaceship while sitting down, and seeing multiple paths inside a normal 3D space (like a series of broken mirrors).

This field of a type of magnetism that the nodes emit feel like they could be harnessed for energy (it feels like a plant, with the flying IOBs feeling like it's their habit to "eat" this energy the nodes give off. So they're like moths to a flame, clustering around the nodes.

Does the metallic thing go away if you want it to?

That's a good one. Up until now I hadn't thought about it. Just never wanted it to leave. Seemed weird and disrespectful.

Well ally relationships of use (if that's what it is) are supposed to have you in control as I understand it. I'm not overly concerned about it but obviously it's not your 'friend' as such, it's some kind of reciprocal relation thing. It is reasonably said I think that IOBs will try to be whatever you obsess over. Now weirdly yours already looks like a weird multidimensional thing but then this level of complexity and weirdness is in your makeup. I mean I don't know, it might not be one but whatever it is you should probably be able to have it here or not.

I would say the relation is definitely more like a refined respect that you would find among big animals like a jaguar and a anaconda, they won't fight because both of them would get very destroyed with no gain.

That's why it's so weird to want to control its summoning. It feels like imposing my will into it like an imprint, a name. Which I might be able to do, but I could either tarnish this thing that feels so free and kill myself (acknowledging here the flair of the dramatic like DJ)

It seems related to light (as in reflexions and reflections) and time (as in captured moments). These two main categories seem to govern as the main principles of its effects. It bends light and plays with time. I can feel its presence even when not appearing visibly. And it has since become more fluid in the way that it doesn't need to appear to work anymore. To make it appear feels each time more important, as if each appearance is supposed to teach me something and each time I learn something it gets harder to properly make it appear (energetic snowball effect). Maybe it is an IOB being something other than an image necessarily. I think the silence was achieved to a different point where the obsessions might have dissipated. It was unbelievably hard to keep this for so long. It honestly feels like Plato seems to have felt about ideas.

It's a very strange situation, I don't want to sit here spouting things like the CC books know the truth, besides which this is way beyond any of my occult interactions. I partially think 'has some weird neurological phenomenon afflicted them?' But then I think this so. The Warao tribe has a tradition of dark 'killer' shamans (that's how they mostly function) that are trained largely through tobacco, so their bodies are steeped in, by the time they're (the apprentices) cooked and ready to go, the tobacco has physically altered their bodies, they smell awful on the breath, they look scary from what we would think of as various toxicity effects and their eyes are suited to the twilight apparently another effect we can understand physiologically. But of course from the tribes perspective these alterations are the transformations into the shaman thing, they aren't 'really' the western descriptions. So as I say, if anything you're experiencing could be explained

through neuroscience, it doesn't really help since the sorcery ontology is in the first place. But it seems to sit well with me that sorcery is very much a physiological thing. I suppose I have in my mind the general sense in magick etc. that other worldly beings generally need restraining and that you can't trust them and so I exercise a degree of concern for you.

I think it goes straight from trying to work through logoi and nomoi to work on forms that are deliberately created somehow through rituals so that they can alter their new form. Your concern seems to be the case all around the world. DJ is always afraid for CC. Magick shares this with sorcery. And it's not really clear how they differ.

And that fits with CCs understanding that the giving you what you want could be a kind of trick, maybe?

Yes, the reciprocal trade seems to be a thing that needs care. The giving too much is always a weird sign that something might be wanted from the one sustaining the presence. That's why I'm not keeping anything. I let it use me as a foil, but it asks before. This feels like payment.

Hmmm, be so careful and consider that you are in quite serious sorcery land here, I don't know about the death bit but a lot of the hyperbole is clearly appropriate. I'm thinking more that this is a lonely world in a sense, and yes the books do say that but you can see how it's true, you end up something truly other. It's not just something that will be there and then 'now to get on with my proper life'

That thing about IOBs being things one obsesses over. This very thing seemed to manifest differently, as small obsessions then a big one (the pink river dolphin) before it cracked and this time-warper light thing emerged. Yes, definitely. I will be timing this and closing shop by the end of the month. It's a limited vacation.

4)

"I can feel them like alien energy,
I place my intent towards them as if I were going there,
In a sense, they feel like nimbus energy somehow accumulated

In this way I can cast my attention to travel, almost astrally,
If I try this, I may fall to somnolence as if I wished to dream, to stalk..."

Seranoga (1964)

That time warping light being can also be to trying to read you.

It is 100% doing that. Indeed! Which is what I thought demons assumed as form in our "epoch". This that I'm experiencing feels very close to summoning a high demon in Goetia. It feels like not trying to read me, but use me as camera to read everything else. It's the reciprocal thing. That's why it feels like I'm feeding it and vice versa.

If it didn't go away when you shut up shop, would that be a problem?

I've just noticed they the initial corner-bound thing could be a thing of my own creation. A barrier put there unconsciously like a net. I sit in a dark room (initially) and make my mind as negative (devoid of thought) as possible, like I'm both the bait and the hunter of these things.

Which makes sense, beyond structural necessity, that architecture used corners and nowadays there is the problem of the corner (which capitalism seems to want over with).

Yes, I think this makes sense, any semiotic node is a possible exit/connecting line.

I doubt it will stick with me if I don't want it to anymore.

I once read a lyric you remind me of 'hidden claw of cornered sense, be well aware of false intent'. Seems strangely appropriate.

That's a great one. Sounds like something from King Crimson. I just went for the figure of the spider that you hold to me, just now to better elaborate on the aspect of the lure and the corner

I'm sorry which spider?

Because it does feel like between two architectures here (one very oval-like and smooth, indigenous) and the other more in the western vein, better protected for a particular type of invader,

jagged. That spider that appears a lot in poems and writings of Seranoga and some of your work. The corner thing though, it's real. I tested it hehhahahahaha.

Hang on though, is the house in dreaming or here?

But spreaded out, it went net-like in a way that did not permit me to interact with it very sorcery-like (doing things). It felt like an animal that solidified into an object, a tool for protection. Which made me thing if the architecture itself wasn't made for the weaponization of these affects. But as protective feeders, a symbiosis. So I went back to another common house with corners and did a trick:

I put a big jug full of crystal-clear water at the centre of the table at the centre of the room. Made everything dark but put a light under the jug. On the ceiling, then, many concentric circles formed but the projection did not touch the corners. With this, I was able to transport it from the corner into the circles. It coiled inside them like a snake and I could push it further into the centre if I wanted, or loosen it from the circles (as it filled them). My cousin which I was sharing it was the one to first catch what was happening once she looked up and saw a serpent-like thing. The houses are real but I can dream of them too, I just made the three of them darkrooms and experimented in altering the architecture while maintaining the same reciprocal thing with the manifestation (which by the way only appeared as manifest during these three sessions, and was seen by my cousin on the last one). That's some news because it seems like I found a principle for the domination of space used by sorcerers. Could this be the origin of the protection circle? A space naturalized by you (so an intention-loaded place in a given pocket of space).

So you repeated the water thing in both houses?

The projection on the way former a circle of concentric circles yet the shadows formed something the made the edges feel more menacing. Yes, the oval one nothing happens because it just covers the entire house. Like the ceiling and walls till the feet but it can be restrained in the water light circles in the other. So it feels like the open

Did you try it with just a drawn circle on the floor?

And in the open, this thing only manifests as a looming gracious feeling. No, I used the projection and just after noticed how it was like a magickal circle.

I mean this is right on the border of the pneuminous/transcendent magickal rules thing. Does the water light thing work because it's like a magick circle (and accretive notions) or do circles work because certain natural phenomena in the human realm facilitate that kind of trapping. I would be tempted to think the former.

I can say that at least in feeling it feels inherent to the forms themselves

Yes, but accretive structures are deep deep deep.

Not as a property of the circle, but a non-causal relational interaction between the concept of the circle and the conceptualizing thing (me and the IOB)

Some of them have been with us for tens of thousands of years. The circle seems to be one of the oldest of these "things"

Yeah, it does.

But again is it intrinsically protective, or does protection just get accreted to it, from the radiating glow of the primal fire? And the concentricity implied the movement of coiling if you're a creature of certain body plan (i.e evolved on Earth).

On this I have two things ruminating. Either it is intrinsically protective or it became so because I was sharing power with the cousin. But even if it's the latter case, it might just mean that it is latently protective and there needs to be something external that awakens this latency in the circle/spiral. I just lean more on this last point, that it's a hybrid combo of an intrinsic protectiveness and an act of impeccability being able to boost this.

This ties to the zones thing I think, the architecture thing and the origin of protection circles (which might be a thesis for magick and sorcery sharing ancestrality or my favourite that sorcery is a later stage of magick, when corporal advantage is needed due to individual choice amplified by a type of land anarchy). Which would make something like the Inca all priests. While the people's around them are the practitioners of the forbidden (sorcery is always forbidden in all bodies, even its own).

Sorry, if you told me but what does the gas metal thing do with the nodes?

No, I can't move them. Just use them as points of access. It's me the one that moves

They remind me of the scouts in 'The Art of Dreaming' though they are not identical.

The gas metal is the same thing that goes over my head and appeared on the corner. It seems like a lens.

Yes it's ok, I'm with that.

I haven't arrived there yet in the book.

But does the gas metal thing interact with the nodes, and all I meant by move them was turn them which I thought you said you could do? Scouts are alien energy that appear in dreams, supposedly. I guess this would go for any weird states similar to dreaming. They act as transporters to other places like the IOBS world.

Oh ok. You meant turning. Yes, I can see how that's confusing. I should describe them better. They feel like balloons filled with water but very solid if the gas metal is not amplified to a certain "frequency". I think they are something like alien energy, just my sense. The gas metal is like a lens that opens and goes faster or slower. It indeed feels like a projected (and indeed looks like) pupil, like something poking through, something visible from certain AP. They very much feel like alien presences, but that are in a transit so slow we might as well give up ever seeing or feeling any change unless we can tap into them intentionally (can only happen in dream because I feel drowsy just by trying). The rotation I mean in a way that feels more like a reverberation between them. They being like watermelons filled with water and strange stuff, they juggle only at surface level. The rotation they take up, its configuration, then guided the dream. I visit the places that are "rotating". Like a map...

5)

*"Os sinto como energia alienígena, Ponho minha intenção em sua direção como se fosse lá,
Em certo sentido, sinto-os como estática nimbular acumulada, como acumulação de energia
cúmulo-nimbo*

Assim posso conjurar minha atenção para viajar, quase astralmente,

Se tento isso, risco cair nas profundezas da sonolência como se desejasse sonhar, corro arriscando virar algo perigoso..."

Seranoga (1964)

This feels so much the case.

This would not be scientifically accepted though -the accretive entanglement notion.

It's sorcery.

Of course.

It's liable to break the systems put in place to make this impossible in the first place.

What's weird again seems that division between magic and sorcery. As soon as I talk about accretions it almost seems rational compared to sorcery. It's like the vertical/ horizontal thing. Bizarrely magic is just a vertical movement and sorcery is horizontal (tree and rhizome in Deleuze and Guattari). Yet in relation to regular reality it is the accretions that looks horizontal. Sorcery is such an unfathomably deep cut. It seems like opening up a realm so ridiculously vast.

Just to add something before I tackle this: The AP is something that we can displace along our bodies, right? If this were me changing my AP, my body would be way too "big". In regards of luminous body, this can't be the case. If it is an AP change that makes it possible to do this stuff, it's because what is happening is not a displace of AP in my luminous body, but the reciprocity of perspectives between me and something that answered the call when the AP was pushed to the furthest extreme of my attention. I agree with your magick/sorcery remark.

The thing will be enabling you to move the AP.

It feels like sorcery is the terminal point of magick when it enters battle-magic stage because it is more violent, in all senses. It is more urgent. There is urgency instead of tendency (the concept of tendency, from Aristotle, does not work with sorcery at all, only agencies exist after a certain point, and agencies do not have tendencies [only particles compounding into those subjectivities/agencies have tendency]. And so after a certain point, after an opening of the luminous sphere, all that can

be really sensed is the constant fluxing expression of urgency in the behaviour of inorganic things that's how, I think, panpsychism presents a pitfall in a way. A pitfall in the comprehension of these possibilities, putting into boxes as properties what are simply relationships, reciprocities and reverberations. Indeed to that, the thing feel like a surrogate for the AP. I think Dan might be onto something in sync with what we're doing here, look at this from the subreddit:

"Carlos traced the path the assemblage point takes when moved towards heightened awareness by your own power.

We've been doing darkroom based on his lecture on the topic.

And nothing wrong with that! It's a true understanding.

But Juan got to wondering about something.

And suggested "depth" didn't mean what we thought.

I looked at the egg diagram again, and realized one whole egg diagram had been overlooked.

It's true that we have no Nagual. And so, we can't manage "the Nagual's Blow".

But that's a different diagram on the original egg diagram. It's a dramatic deformation of the entire egg.

Because it was so dramatic, I assumed we can't do that.

That we can't move into the interior of the cheese slice which represents Man's Band.

But there, in that same diagram, Carlos shows what a shift into the interior looks like.

Not so dramatic we can't do that ourselves!

But wait... Now that I think about it, we're trying to make a "dent" in our energy body, using the finger wiggling.

If we can dent our energy body by ourselves, why can't we make a dent in our egg, by ourselves?

Just a small one, like shown there.

It would explain why “depth” is used sometimes, and doesn’t seem to correspond to moving the assemblage point, “down”.

Then I realized...

Carol Tiggs told us we could do that, at a workshop!

Everyone likely assumed she was not speaking literally, and was simply tired of everyone asking her to do the Nagual’s blow on them.

Always looking for the lazy way out! We’re hopeless.

But in fact, Carol had already told us about this direction we forgot we could move our assemblage points!

She even implied you could do that by pushing on it. Or someone else pushing on it.

Here’s Juan’s idea. It’s even different than I was thinking.

He’s making a “dent”, but it’s not straight in, like Carlos shows.

It’s sort of a “wrinkle” causes by moving down?” (Castañeda Subreddit)

The fluxing metallic gas-like opening of light might be this “dent” he’s talking about.

“This process of emphasizing certain emanations,” don Juan went on, “was discovered and practiced by the old seers. They realized that a nagual man or a nagual woman, by the fact that they have extra strength, can push the emphasis away from the usual emanations and make it shift to neighboring ones. That push is known as the nagual’s blow.” Don Juan said that the shift was utilized by the old seers in practical ways to keep their apprentices in bondage. With that blow they made their apprentices enter into a state of heightened, keenest, most impressionable awareness; while they were helplessly pliable, the old seers taught them aberrant techniques that made the apprentices into sinister men, just like their teachers. The new seers employ the same technique, but instead of using it for sordid purposes, they use it to guide their apprentices to learn about man’s possibilities.

Don Juan explained that the nagual's blow has to be delivered on a precise spot, on the assemblage point, which varies minutely from person to person. Also, the blow has to be delivered by a nagual who sees. He assured me that it is equally useless to have the strength of a nagual and not see, as it is to see and not have the strength of a nagual, in either case the results are just blows. A seer could strike on the precise spot over and over without the strength to move awareness. and a non-seeing nagual would not be able to strike the precise spot." (The Fire from Within)

It definitely feels like this might be the case, since I put this cousin of mine in a bind that she wouldn't get up from that same spot for the entirety of our session there, as I myself had stayed in that spot for previous sessions. I then, to ground myself and her, asked for a number to which she said 5. Every time I sensed any mood swing in the amalgamated mass of emotions that was the room, I asked her "the number?" to which she always replied 5 and stabilized things (I did this often).

If it were the case, then, the nodes themselves seem to conform with the description of what makes us human: our luminous bodies, the cocoons. These nodes are simply lumps of purer awareness that need certain energetic conditions "opening" the seer so that they may shine a bit opaquer and interaction become possible through the surrogate ally displacing the AP in this newfound coordinate Dan is arguing for. In other words, the nodes are alien but all-too-human

And I don't mean any dead, I mean impeccable warriors that left for the second attention entirely, for the third, or are in the process of such. The nodes are like cocoons either left behind or still maturing. It seems that the ones that reverberate (rotate) are one of those two. I don't know which, though. It would be very telling either way.

One of those, probably the one that asserts it's "people" still maturing, seems to fall into the pitfalls of panpsychism. It feels more correct that reverberation happens between the cocoons entirely vestigial, that have become fossil marks, residual power like black holes, left for the taking not for any other warrior, but by power itself, because power begets itself. And so they're, at the same time reservoirs of power, pools in fact, also traps. Because if meek power approaches them and tries to bend the hardest, in the mingling of reciprocal displacement, the weaker will be bent and its power sucked away into that thing. Any power that is taken away from itself and amassed into a box-like node, frees the one that left that node as a corpse-like blueprint of itself (because, as people of knowledge, we need to win the fight against the blinding strength of power — so they leave their power not entirely behind but in this intermezzo place, this middle, this liminal lodge)

A benefactor is someone who sees the immature nodes and helps them crack, like an egg (this is not certain to work, but to become a benefactor one has to have left their own node “behind”, and so they can reverberate with the immature egg-like node). That’s what Silvio Manuel was doing to CC. The fear he induced on CC was because his benefaction was happening at the nodal level, and so he seemed like the night itself to CC, because he was trying to apply pressure to his softer node through reverberation. At first, DJ found it best that CC did not know this. He shifted his attention towards the other-side benefactor that was Genaro. Genaro was like light itself compared.

Last thing: He also said that the old seers discovered that the assemblage point is not in the physical body, but in the luminous shell, in the cocoon itself. The nagual identifies that spot by its intense luminosity and pushes it, rather than striking it. The force of the push creates a dent in the cocoon and it is felt like a blow to the right shoulder blade, a blow that knocks all the air out of the lungs. Took this from that website about the nagual blow. It’s interesting because as she tried to catch the grey cat with her eyes, I asked her the number, she replied 5 and then I suddenly started seeing the cat as well, but silvery. What happened next I took as just an after-effect of the drugs, but I guess it wasn’t: she was sitting on the other extreme of the same place, on my right. If the blow comes from your right, it makes sense, since she fell down face to my arm and passed out for a moment before returning and sharing visuals with me (we having the same visual trip). If she fell towards me, on her left side, it’s because if there was any physical sensation of blow it was coming from her right side.

“The assemblage point of man appears around a definite area of the cocoon, because the Eagle commands it,” he said. “But the precise spot is determined by habit, by repetitious acts. First we learn that it can be placed there and then we ourselves command it to be there. Our command becomes the Eagle’s command and that point is fixated at that spot. Consider this very carefully; our command becomes the Eagle’s command. The old seers paid dearly for that finding. We’ll come back to that later on.” Question: Does he come back to this in other books? Maybe *The Art of Dreaming*? Because this is sounding a lot like what I just told you, the leftover “shells” of power. “He stated once again that the old seers had concentrated exclusively on developing thousands of the most complex techniques of sorcery. He added that what they never realized was that their intricate devices, as bizarre as they were, had no other value than being the means to break the fixation of their assemblage points and make them move.”

The people on the subreddit are afraid of this but they do not know what it is. They have no nagual and borrow energy from other people, but not any drugs. This is very concerning and weird. There

is too much residual “Western” thought in them that they think is annihilated, so someone like Dan just projects something and tries to fight there. They’re in a loop in which they think to have achieved some sort of purity. They seem to think that the “mind” is any different from “reason”, and so maintain a type of panpsy approach that is anti-rationalist while postulating completely ideal conditions (mind = soul, strictly personal energy). When I cannot find a point (of earlier works) in which reason is made correlative with mind. It’s often the opposite. But I see now that they prefer the later books (and Dan has theories that discard things from older books)

Promise this is the last thing: “By all ordinary measures, you were indeed losing your mind,” he said, “but in the seers’ view, if you had lost it, you wouldn’t have lost much. The mind, for a seer, is nothing but the self-reflection of the inventory of man. If you lose that self-reflection, but don’t lose your underpinnings, you actually live an infinitely stronger life than if you had kept it.” From “The Fire from Within”. This loss of self-reflection is what happens to the “underpinnings”, the infrastructure of the sorcerer, which leads into the nodal life of staying invisible and unmovable. The nodes are alive, which is something I’ve felt since the first time.

Dan wants to know how much of this can be done without entheogens?

And yes I can do it without the drugs (which is what I said there, it was implied in the very post).

I really will reply, I’m just bogged down with various mundane things. Dan is obviously a bit mental but he does have some knowledge. It’s so weird, on the one hand he wants to encourage young people in with the promise of actual powers and then he eschews people who ask questions and act incredibly polite.

Just digesting what you said in bits. Your nodes theory seems possible but we’re in crazy land here. Who knows, I assumed the energy just dispersed. Why would it leave a node marker?

I think in an opposite manner. I think I come from asking “why would disperse it”? Coming from a post-relativity (in physics) mindset, I tend to just ask how something is gonna stop that other thing.

I suppose I think that because the animal is dead so the general awareness is gone.

You know, the inertia law in a vacuum, so if there isn’t a reason for something to dissipate, I assume it won’t.

Or if it's gone, why is there a marker?

I see, I am assuming a kind of entropy, it's true.

But still surely seems weird in such a flux like universe to have static blobs like this, which is why I thought they were probably like alien energetic poke throughs from some other level.

I see, it's true it is a completely open, the topic as to what they are. In that moment I was just channelling a feeling of what it seemed like. it felt like something familiar.

6) Have you by any chance seen anything that does resemble the human as egg type perception? umbilical will tentacles? the AP itself? Hmm and just to indulge slightly it does make me wonder if the accretive process isn't a kind of mass entanglement? I believe we do now have some (scientific) experimental evidence for macro level object entanglement.

This feels so much the case

This would not be scientifically accepted though -the accretive entanglement notion.

It's sorcery.

Of course.

It's liable to break the systems put in place to make this impossible in the first place.

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"The assemblage point of man appears around a definite area of the cocoon, because the Eagle commands it," he said. "But the precise spot is determined by habit, by repetitious acts. First we learn that it can be placed there and then we ourselves command it to be there. Our command becomes the Eagle's command and that point is fixated at that spot. Consider this very carefully; our command becomes the Eagle's command. The old seers paid dearly for that finding. We'll come back to that later on." Question: Does he come back to this in other books? Maybe The Art of Dreaming? Because this is sounding a lot like what I just told you, the leftover "shells" of power. "He stated once again that the old seers had concentrated exclusively on developing thousands of the most complex techniques of sorcery. He added that what they never realized was that their intricate devices, as bizarre as they were, had no other value than being the means to break the fixation of their assemblage points and make them move."

The people on the subreddit are afraid of this but they do not know what it is. They have no magical and borrow energy from other people, but not any drugs. This is very concerning and weird. There is too much residual "Western" thought in them that they think is annihilated, so someone like Dan just projects something and tries to fight there.

They're in a loop in which they think to have achieved some sort of purity. They seem to think that the "mind" is any different from "reason", and so maintain a type of pansy approach that is anti-rationalist while postulating completely ideal conditions (mind = soul, strictly personal energy). When I cannot find a point (of earlier works) in which reason is made correlative with mind. It's often the opposite. But I see now that they prefer the later books (and Dan has theories that discard things from older books)

Promise this is the last thing: "By all ordinary measures, you were indeed losing your mind," he said, "but in the seers' view, if you had lost it, you wouldn't have lost much. The mind, for a seer, is nothing but the self-reflection of the inventory of man. If you lose that self-reflection, but don't lose your underpinnings, you actually live an infinitely stronger life than if you had kept it." From "The Fire from Within". This loss of self-reflection is what happens to the "underpinnings", the infrastructure of the sorcerer, which leads into the nodal life of staying invisible and unmovable. The nodes are alive, which is something I've felt since the first time.

7)

“We are nothing but a swarm of telepathic spirits,
Each screaming for our own attention,
Each reading the other’s *intention*”
Seranoga (1964)

() wants to know how much of this can be done without entheogens?

I can do it without the drugs.

Just digesting what you said in bits. Your nodes theory seems possible but we’re in crazy land here. Who knows, I assumed the energy just dispersed. Why would it leave a node marker?

I think in an opposite manner. I think I come from asking “why would disperse it”? Coming from a post-relativity (in physics) mindset, I tend to just ask how something is gonna stop that other thing.

I suppose I think that because the animal is dead so the general awareness is gone.

You know, the inertia law in a vacuum, so if there isn’t a reason for something to dissipate, I assume it won’t.

Or if it’s gone, why is there a marker? I see, I am assuming a kind of entropy, it’s true. But still surely seems weird in such a flux like universe to have static blobs like this, which is why I thought they were probably like alien energetic poke throughs from some other level.

I see, it’s true, it is a completely open, the topic as to what they are. In that moment I was just channelling a feeling of what it seemed like. it felt like something familiar. () said of IOBs that “They also like to obsess people with irrelevant details, like the “nodes”.” So, without knowing or trying to understand what is being related, he just picks the word “nodes” and throws it to the side, implying via the quotation marks that it’s just a concept in the sense of a nominal notion, something

too subjective to matter, a dream in the illusory sense. "It's like pretending to be a demon, to scare people." Here he is quoting DJ using other words, when DJ was showcasing his pessimism to CC about how there is no point to wanting power anymore, that power only serves to scare indians.

"They also pretend to have important details, to obsess you." Again quoting the books with other words, just the advice from Genaro's boys in general. There is even a part when, if I remember correctly, La Gorda or someone else said they only keep saying this to CC because they don't get to obsess over anything, IOBs don't offer them playthings.

"They get energy either way." This paints the IOBs as just power-hungry things divested of anything but the intent to more power (which is, logically, no intent at all but just the recursive nature of power).

"Best way to think of them as they're little kids with magic disguise boxes. Can be anything, or do anything, to get attention. Once you figure that out, they stop doing that and become more reliable." I would say that doing this is very belittling and may be the reason Dan is bonkers, because if the IOBs are like what I experienced or how the books describe, they are not little fairy-like children that you can just scoff at. He thinks this shows impeccability (remaining still in the face of IOBs, understanding them as intellectually lesser), but it shows projection and resolution (classic neurotic loop). We can see how this goes well with what I said prior, that they think there is some purity to it all. They seem to gatekeep this because it's like defending a virgin to them, or the waters of youth never touched by human if not to help the sacred tree drink from it.

"Or if you read the books, you have to "wrestle" them. But you aren't always wrestling them physically." He is an easy one to crack. Just look at how he uses quotation marks like the way I described. By saying "wrestle", he is implying something devoid of meaning from a logical standpoint, something ineffable that cannot be analyzed (so it might as well be useless).

This is idealism of an extreme tinge to it, but not properly organized or made sense in a holistic manner. He is discombobulated in his speech and reveals every single one of his cards without much care, he just bursts into expressing himself because he thinks he is at the pinnacle of power in that subreddit (energetically speaking) and gave up "finding a nagual".

"Fancy, my "evil" IOB, used to drop cages on me. Until I ignored each variety. And then she stopped doing that." What the fuck

“IOBs look like and do what you expect. And while everything they do is significant, it’s only significant in your case. And you’ll never figure out what it was, unless you can summon them daily and make friends with them.” This goes against our understanding of sorcery as something that pushes magick to a bodily transformation-like function of war and battle. This defeated attitude of “it will only do something for you and only you” is solipsistic in the same way magic is being criticized for not possessing economically relevant applications since the ancients. Until it found its first great application that was the monastery and the order of what D&G call the “celibate machines” in the early church. Now, this is the application of organic magic, the mutation, and the growth of the virtual form of capital as the techno-theocratic state. In short, he thinks IOBs are tulpas.

But a tulpa, as we’ve talked about through Lynch, is a projection that replicates a reticular manifestation through an artificial telos (intention towards a task). This telos itself could be “become sentient” or “become free”, which is the principle of the alchemical golem, the homunculus. This we know, of course, but it doesn’t seem to me that () knows that what he is thinking are IOBs are his own projections of virtual forms of tulpas.

It would make sense with his graph (that I just saw yesterday) tracing the whole circuitry of what the subreddit is about. He has pet projections (like the purple puffs or the tulpas) which he took from CC-adjacent stuff and his own things as someone who was involved later on, and he uses these pet projections as simulated accretions that can then be energized by the very act of practicing them. In other words, the subreddit has become a way to channel subjective intent into his projections (once he knows he cannot do some things due to the limitation of the nagal being lost).

He thinks he is doing this as a way to preserve the knowledge of these things.

You really think his IOBs are just chaos magick accretion/egregores?

Definitely, he does indeed pass that energy. He is someone in a bad loop. I don’t think he is interacting with true IOBs at all. They seem like devious projections. We gotta remember, Carlitos only did the IOB thing properly split. This guy is proclaiming that just about everyone can “summon them” and call them pet names and silence them, but they’re like interdimensional gods. Both ideas co-exist in his mind.

As you say correctly there is like a total focus on the later books, which I can see rules out a lot of old seers type magic like practices but I think throws away too much. Yes he is making light of interactions with things and encouraging the weird pet name thing, telling people they'll get crazy powers, it's not good.

Indeed, it is very weird and that's why I just felt weird from the start when that guy showed up almost a year ago now.

Do you think like they are like gods? Aren't they interdimensional beings? Just animals from totally different environments.

No, I mean like for () they're at the same time powerful things like Gods and fairy-like minute things that you can pet-call and ignore. He thinks both of these things which makes no sense.

I see.

Indeed, I think it is. I agree that phenomenologically what is happening is bonkers and all over conceptual spaces of all kinds. But the way he phrases it is so dismissive of the entire thing. It's like he wants to make anyone give up on sorcery. He closed himself off in a half-formed world, and the window to that, that connects what he's made of his world with ours is simply that subreddit

It does indeed seem like he wants to make it impossible, 3 hours a day dark room, three hours a day recapitulation. I think he thinks he's what's left of the lineage. Carlos couldn't really do it and produced people like this, maybe he's even one of the better ones, who knows.

I think it's no joke when the naguals say CC fucked up bad and imagine his daily routine in the 90s. Mansions full of people like (), fighting for attention of someone who essentially became a guru.

He did fail, they knew he was going to fail, and he knew it too.

Yes, and this has some correlation with the entire mythos of Mexican indigenous culture as well. With the motif being that of loss.

As Genaro says at one point: 'you're the sorriest looking nagual I've ever seen'.

Just as some priests and conquistadores reported weird scenes where entire cities would just go silently away into the forest and leave all the gold and good for the “blonde people”, without a fight or fear just a really weird cosmology that hinges on the notion of loss.

That phrase got me hard when I first read it. It's so melancholic. It reads like he doesn't expect to ever find another full nagual. It's like an ennui. Which in a way marks the failure of DJ already, of adapting fully.

We can see a lot of distaste towards DJ in the subreddit. The focus on later works and ways of life is so huge that it's common that people there try to shift the blame of CC's failure to DJ. And this thing I realized about the darkroom being something you “make” by altering the physiology of your pupils and ears is telling that my “youness” needs to, indeed, be tamed a bit. Or else we're suggesting the “new darkroom” The numbing of the experimentee's excitement is essential. Dan is acting in a way his warped circuitry makes him think is impeccable. If he stops, he breaks for good. Which is by itself a form of impeccability But weakened, expended.

It's all such a mess and it reminds me for a lot of people and indeed the general positivity you do hear about CC is of course exactly the impeccability thing. Not the madness, which as discussed is in many ways no use to anyone. The systems's usage to general people is just to pull themselves up a bit and try their best in what they do and don't get hung up thinking shit over and over again. It is also clear someone could live as a warrior and never have anything to do with the madness. Indeed I myself with my general lack of ability in the liminal ways do end up considering exactly these notions, because once you face this kind of ‘there is nothing better to do whilst alive than temper your spirit’, this is quite hard to find fault with. What's harder is trying to trim and improve and not sit there sneakily hoping ‘have i done enough trimming for something weird to happen, which is ridiculous.

I realised something, for me that is, one of the best ways to dislocate myself from the weirdness is exactly to get excited about all this writing stuff, it is as CC would describe a ‘shield.’ These kinds of exciting flows make me really engaged with the CEO generally and simultaneously nearly kill my actual ability to be silent, or certain feelings I get when I know I am closer to the weirdness, we could call them subtle AP shifts.

8) I think the reticulum solves the general manifestationist problem, since if we make it a presupposition and not a theory, then the reticulum constitutes an ontological level of connectivity

that is not part of philosophical debate, if we treat it as a ground zero ontological reality, rather like the Laruellian one (but better) it is not subject to theory in the same way. Yet better than the Laruellian one, it can sort of be spoken about (I understand he does something like this too though I have never got that far), because it is only hidden and not speculative.

Yes, to your first assertion. The impeccability rule is washed out in later activities and works of CC much like the metaphysics and logics of stoicism are distilled into an unifying aesthetic serving as rule-of-thumb morality. The notion of impeccability is clearly “lost” to whatever has become of it. The term might be tainted.

About the exciting stuff that yanks you out of the comfort of madness is very akin to DJ finally realizing CC needs his notebook and changing approaches, wanting him to learn to continue writing but with his fingers over the air instead in a surface of scientific recording. I think DJ understood how difficult for someone non-indigenous like himself it is to leave old habits. I always had an intuition that the finger writing in the air thing was DJ trying to make CC realize how the very fabric of reality is a recording apparatus of which his notebook is a mere imitation. Something almost Platonic (or its inverse). To get lost in the excitement of production is such a tool to record and “annotate the air”. It feels like reproduction, in some ways, while the comfort of madness feels like constantly remaining pregnant.

To get a balance of this, a really impeccable one, probably feels like “seeing”. As in seeing the leaves go orange and understanding its fall season (just like it might be time to put in a different kind of work than what we’ve been concentrating for a while). This last thing, this comfort that we get in continuing to do that thing that initially gave us a spark could be seen as what DJ calls indulging. In a way, impeccability could be also to know (via seeing) when to shift focus (which means shifting the AP back). The Julian guy was said by DJ to be a type of sorcerer that likes to go to the bottom of the pool and remain there. DJ personally was afraid of doing so.

It really just depends on the person. There are no rules. In my case, intercalating different types of work help. But I have something probably more important, which is to shut down all writing and project stuff for a period in the year and just focus on my body (working out, seeing friends), etc.

In my experience, it had to be something “useless”. Something that we know just serves the sake of itself (like meditation).

About the reticulum thing, I agree that it solves the problem. And it's amazing how it came up from conversations like this. In trying to crack your accretive theory, we find ourselves delineating a somewhat universal definition of sorcery as not a system itself but the negativity intrinsic to any system, what conditions conversation between systems (a theory of metaphysical translation?).

"As non-philosophical rebellion is enacted, it cannot regress or belong to the philosophical tradition, but it has effects on it and for it. Laruelle notes that pure heresy is a discovery "that exceeds both philosophy and science and puts them into relations unknown to either"

"As non-philosophical rebellion is enacted, it cannot regress or belong to the philosophical tradition, but it has effects on it and for it. Laruelle notes that pure heresy is a discovery "that exceeds both philosophy and science and puts them into relations unknown to either" Isn't this sorcery? But doesn't sorcery itself also show how heresy is simply a reflection/residue from his quantum Christianity? To give such a name to something that has this quality of colligation (such as between science and philosophy) is almost the same as to name it "The Transgressive" all over again.

Sorcery is only heresy from the viewpoint that created particular systems in reciprocal relationship (Western institutions such as science, philosophy, and religion in the Christian sense). So while heresy is something powerful, it remains a bubble (its sphere of action is inside the field of relations between the particular institutions that produce its possibility). But heresy is NOT heresy anymore when we consider it sorcery from sorcery's viewpoint (which creates a zone of alienation in which no institutions are allowed, rather than create an eternal struggle against an ineffable apparatus like the State in Anti-Oedipus).

If we do not operate from a scientific/religious/philosophical etc. stand-point, we cannot be heretics (but we are necessarily sorcerers).

Don't you think something needed here is the ability to differentiate sorcery from chaos magick which is in fairness its closest competitor, I'm not saying this is too difficult but it would need doing, it is a bit of a funny one as CM person can just appropriate anything of from sorcery, totally involve themselves in it except that of course sorcery in the sense of the new seers thing pretty much entirely undercuts that, though there are some exceptions, the assemblage point, the eagle. CM of course entirely welcomes any old highly ritualized practice it just grants it no reality in itself, then there is the psychonaut community who you could argue are closer even to sorcery than CM except I think they are at least partially based in these being explorations of

the mind and not necessarily a wider reality, but some of that tendency are less interested in magick and more in exploration, hence the sorcery connection, except again they are almost entirely grounded in entheogens.

I think what I have to say of this breakthrough is the chaos magick differentiator you seek. My guy, the IOB thing was way bigger than I thought.

I told you that I had sensed it as that weird ball of dark energy with a shifting opening that was light itself, and that it pulsated in the top corner of the room.

Today I noticed two things at the same time, before a third thing happened that left me flabbergasted (in a good way).

The two things I noticed first were an outburst of golden energy as if coming from the horizon, in a droning scream of bird, and the other was that the light of the IOB approached my palm and my left eye started to dilate its pupil alone, transforming the air into visible inscriptions that danced as a thick fog came from all the ways like a wall.

The air that transformed into visible inscriptions was the light coming from the IOB, and they just stayed there until I decided, by myself, to let them dance over my body. So they started to crawl over my skin and become like tattoos (tribal tattoos).

When the process was approaching a certain limit, the entire light became the moon's (as if the ceiling of the room was erased), and I finally understood that the place the IOB was pulsating from was the placement of the moon's orbit.

I remember a moment of pure intent when the moon asked if she could, now that my body was inscribed, inhabit it. But it did not feel like someone asking me, as in a personal force. It felt like a oneness, that I was speaking the language of the moon.

And so I just left the dance take its course and so it happens that the outbursts of bird scream and golden light I noticed all the while were screams. I quite literally cannot explain how I knew this and what happened after. It felt safe the whole time, though. Nothing like Carlitos' scares. And I was surprised at myself for not getting scared.

So yeah, the IOB was actually the moon and I seem to have channelled her into.

Hmm proper second attention stuff.

The moon or a lunar being?

It fits with the dark and the light If the thing is brighter generally now maybe it is altering with the moon cycle.

The power you've tapped seems to be drawing you into a kind of shamanic world/nature. If it does alter with the moon cycle this means what you are experiencing is a deep accretion. Again I'm not being dismissive but of course the moonphase is human contingent. In a sense at least, but aeons have passed since humans accreted agency to the moon. This doesn't deny it might have a nature of relations of other kinds, but the accretion is the kind of human interface. I mean this is madness but if we were to wonder then we could ask 'what the fuck is the moon up to?' So I'm thinking: Silver. Moon colour of classic antiquity, I think this might be a line. Speculative of course. Silver atomic number 47. I mean the madness of the reticulum is of course that rather like the Landian AI god. The line I've just drawn is now real. 'Then this line drawn is a key'. Maybe Crowley's lines are the reticular lines.

I don't know if it was a moon cycle or just that right window of moment (some 10 days) the moon stayed there (here we have different lunar cycles because there's no four seasons, just two). The moon generally stays put in a place for like two weeks before shifting to another position (not changing phases). So it's full moon half the year. Continuously.

I thought the moon phases were the same everywhere.

I don't know about nominal synchronicities, but I've always felt a strong affective pull towards the moon. It was kind of my thing for a while. It might've started then

I believe you in all these things, but my rational occult filters do what they do.

Oh, I'm not taking this seriously. I mean, it's experimentally cool. I won't go crazy or anything.

Hahaha

Yes, I know. I mean that here specifically in the Northern regions the cities are usually built in the altitudes or depressions (the area is all curved). So we live inside circuits of mounts forming like a pan around a city. The difference in moon phases in the Southern and Northern hemispheres of the globe is the same, but they're "inverted". However, because here North we have these different atmospheric compositions, the "side" of the moon that's dark still gets reflected. So it appears as if there's full moon half the year and a small, almost minuscule moon for the other half. These two influx the pressure of the depression to build up and pummel the winds covered in a thick haze. It's when we get the "full moon". When it settles more, in comes the dryness and so goes the moon (it remains almost invisible to the naked eye).

The fixity of it is also a matter of optical illusion. Due to the refraction of the dim light amid the gases over the depression (surrounded by mounts like a pan), during the "full moon" season we can see it better just down there in the city of specific places in the sierras

But I only relate how it felt. I was just saying it felt like the moon, not considering it rationally. That's the experiment, right? So if anything this moon thing is linked to this, since it's connected to the droughts (when the moon vanishes here).

I do think it's a shamanic/world thing as you say. For sure if any tapping with the moon (even if we go by scientific rigour) or moon-adjacent thing is for an earthly "cause". This cause does indeed feel like being called as a helper, or something of the like.

9) Maybe the second attention thing works like an antenna attuned to stuff that might lead to more awareness, so maybe the unconscious, not necessarily the nagual as metaphysical character, taps into others' calls for reasons who can know. I think along the lines of relationships between figures of thought, which are the accretions in a restricted mode. DJ would probably say it's futile to try to think about stuff like this.

But I now feel that what DJ was truly meaning was, in fact, just to say it's the moon and roll with it. Not because he thinks it's the moon, but exactly because he's not interested in playing with the relationships that former the reflexion of that interaction. But now I get why an Indian in Mexico would have to live like that, having to secure two different lines of life (Yaqui and businessman) he had to take a rune-like chant: anything goes. If he's late to work because of some heavy hallucinogenic session the day prior, he is actually not late. He just says "eh, it was the moon", brisks it off and is at work. Which seems like a specific to DJ magical pass (he had an affinity for the throat/tongue if I remember correctly). So yes, it's all relative to perspective.

When I say it's the moon accretion it's not meant to be denigrating (you don't sound offended I'm just being clear). I mean there is nothing but the moon accretion for the moon to be. There's a vector region right. That changing light thing in the night sky. The moon accretion in all its scientific occult detail is plugged into this vector. Now maybe bodies like the moon have consciousness that isn't just egregore formation. Even if they do it will be altered by the human accretions. You did necessarily in a sense talk to the moon. The feeling is sufficient to guarantee that the accretion was tapped. The only caveat would be if it was possible to delineate between and actual moon consciousness and the accretion. I don't really think you can do this though

Oh not at all (I mean not offended). I'm really just having a lot of fun and going with the vibe. You have to remember I was already c Oh not at all (I mean I'm not offended). I'm really just having a lot of fun and going with the vibe. You have to remember I was already cracked on psychedelics long ago, I've seen stuff just as weird but never had racked on psychedelics long ago. I 100% agree that's how it is (on the vector field). I even said so sometime prior, no? In a paragraph where I was rambling my experiences. That I started to understand it as fields of relationships and relations. That's the concept of the reticular reflexion (I "become" the moon to the same extent that it becomes "me", it's a matter of perception altering itself to a minimally increased level of awareness (so in this case being that all this weird stuff converged into a moment where whatever force that could help me do what I needed helped me get to it). That's was "this mission". The fictionalization is very Laruelle but as we say, better.

Even if the moon has consciousness, it's something on the level of a god (which she herself is to a lot of people). There's no way anyone could fully tap into that as in fully become one with the moon. I understand that my word usage "a oneness" was misleading.

I'm not so arrogant to think something like that. I thought we were clear on the fictionalized aspect of the becoming. But yes, it's indeed a vector region with fields and tensions. All shamanic encounters are themselves mediations, because the shaman is the seer. The mediation is done through the shaman's body. Maybe, in a very accelerated state of mind, the inscriptions that won't over my skin have something to do with the general development of tribal tattoos and the body modifications of some cultures. Giving there is a central shaman, which itself is a metaphysical character, one but taps into as in becomes the shaman's avatar for that time as organic being, surely cultures would develop body modifications to approach the archetypal shaman-warrior and shaman-healer/diplomat.

One good thing to add before I forget is that the inscriptions were indeed symbols that seemed cohesive. I almost indulged in the moment and tried to crack them. But when I started to try, the symbols started shifting into eyes, not one the same. It didn't feel bad, but like a protective cocoon — a temporary one.

They didn't leave my body, though. They just became scarcer in visibility until disappearing. I felt like I could "purge" them out the other palm if necessary.

I don't think you're arrogant. Sorry I wasn't trying to be didactic about the vector field thing. I think I write it over as it excites me to see and think it through in a concrete instance.

I know, you were just trying to ground me. I appreciate the concern. I mean, if I really had cracked for good it would be a nice way to ground me again.

An openness to recalibrate and consider everything, as magical as it may have been, "just that" is the key to balance the dangers I'd say. That's why probably no one should try just doing this stuff without someone else helping along. The sorcerers take an apprentice and don't let go of them for a reason.

New short report: family party yesterday, but only more of the younger generations (cousins, their pairs etc.). I think due to the quantity of people tight in a house after some time doing dark rooms and the occasional guidance with few friends, something changed. This lot of jumbled emotions and thoughts in a room and through corridors, going in and outdoors etc, put me in a really weirdly new state. I became like a separate person: two senses of perception, one the normal me making conversation with everyone, the other still normal me but one tasked with interacting directly with the affects swirling through. Like the eye thing, that each one becomes a different perspective instead of amassing all the information into one normalize vision.

It seemed, instead of a loss of lucidity, like there was more of it. It was just like I was being me normally while now able to feel the affects like a music. The cool part is that each thing hit me like a "unit" or package (quanta) of emotion, like intonations in a song, and it hit like chords of a harp or string instrument. So, in essence, it felt like reading the "hearts" of people, and, through the intention behind words and acts, not interpret but have instant access to what they're trying to accomplish by saying something. Everything said, say a comment about a series that's on the tv, was an analogy or metaphor to speak about interpersonal relationships. Usually to criticize someone

to someone else without nobody noticing (with the theory of the unconscious, if striking at something true at all, attests to this infra-perceptive dimension that we are always communicating between ourselves unbeknownst to the ego).

So I noticed something: all interaction between the people there, even though using topics like music and film, careers and hobbies, were not in fact about any of those things, but only about the people inside the house, usually the people in the same room. Everything from outside is a means to an end, the end of conveying influence towards someone or something through acts of perfected subliminal manipulation. It did not feel shameful, but beautiful. Like the veil of humanity being superior in a metaphysical sense, or even rationally, completely fell off to a jungle of gibbering bonobos.

When I noticed this, and due to it I felt even better and more attuned to the party, I started trying to isolate certain tunes. From these tunes, I tried isolating the exact chord towards a certain person in order to reproduce back, reflect to them, that single tonality of a chord continually. It seems to correlate (phenomenologically) in a less than scientifically acceptable way, that I catalysed the leaving of a couple of people trying to cause confusion and, and that's ridiculous I know, a type of spontaneous orgasm on a sofa (a woman, just by herself).

If anything, if we speculate a correlation here, these chords and their tuning via these bursts of energy directly to other people's specific chords seems like the filaments of light (although I don't have enough power, as DJ would say, to just see them in their entire splendour).

The attitude of the people, also, goes well with the vector region/reticular reflexion: concepts and notions in language games. As Wittgenstein said, if I remember correctly, that if someone could really see all the intricacies of his face (I presume to an atomic level, or sub) then he himself would be being read like a book. Not only language in a restricted sense, but our own accretions (concepts, notions) are constructs that serve functions. Yet they're machinic because they exist outside us. They are real but we fabricate little linguistic machines out of them, using them as pieces to a temporary message that serves a purpose, an end. After the fact, if the intent is conveyed or not, the little parts that are the accretions go out of the vector region and disassemble back.

This last analogy makes any sense at all with how the accretive system was "opened" through the zones research? How you've been saying that the reticulum may be the solution to the problem. Sorcery is indeed all about physiological changes (if this is correct) and how these changes open pathways to new ones via an expanded/altered form of perception.

And veritably has ties (if not being it entirely) with an ethics of ethics. A meta-ethics (since it essentially is the process of changing the ethics of a body — a body of people, a bloodline). Both organized religion and science (arguably almost a religion of the new paradigm), and philosophy itself in its classical understanding, and really any social institution, has its common root in sorcery as a practice ulterior to we as humans. A process of which nature uses to regulate itself, with animals as part of it (and seemingly more attuned to nature in the first place, to a society with institutions, because of their radically different institutions). The reverberates the shaman's lemma that all modes of being have a human spirit, making humanity not the Homo sapiens, but what makes the Homo sapiens capable of developing norms to accrete institutions to shape its own development in the first place.

So the appearance of there being a nature at all is a condition of being human (as in partaking in sorcery), which grounds a transcendental reality as the sphere of influence their concepts are operative (functional) for the creation (poiesis) of their institutional bodies and the field of vector regions that intersect them like the skeleton of a body always in formation.

Sorcery is, in this case, the useless name for a version of Heraclitus' flux on steroids. Everyone that has a nature and is compositive of a kind partakes in it at many levels of existence simultaneously (daily life, molecular life, atomic life, subatomic, etc.). It is a transcendental condition for the sense of transcendental to be derived from in the first place. The sorcerer, then, is not different to anyone in kind but in degree. The degree of freedom/perception/awareness of all these existential thresholds makes one a weak or powerful sorcerer. Impeccability is the lemma because anyone who affirms to be a sorcerer, is one. There are no restrictions of participation because it's not an institution but the fountain from which they spring like artifacts. Inorganic beings are merely the name expressive of any existence that has more energetic conditions for awareness than whatever remains with a nature and kind. They are inorganic due to this fact, and in fact are entirely synthetic beings (instead of synthetic organisms, which only organic beings fabricate as a means of simulating the energetic output of the synthetic beings/inorganic beings).

10) At a glance I think it reminds me of the descriptions of using the will through the eyes and so I want to ask have you experimented with the will centre umbilical tentacle thing at all?

Just a bit, the way I told you. At that party. It didn't really matter if the eyes were open or closed. This cord energy thing is not something I can replicate with ease like what I assume is dreaming (when the fog appears). It needs a certain level of energetic chaos, like a party, for it to pronounce

itself more. I think this has to do more with the level of “living being” or mode of life I’m used to, which is people. I feel training with the wall of fog thing can make the connection possible during dreaming, given some real effort.

This is the phenomenon I mean. It’s clearly light refraction, but the moon shines like that. It has receded a bit from the corner there, as you can see, and settled in a position that barely peaks through the window



There are many very interesting things in here. I see again the Laruelle correlate with your notion of the transcendental grounding of the transcendental. I feel there are like two pulls here almost, you have managed to see how general babble of humans is strategic at semi-conscious levels. I mean sometimes we know we’re making strategic chatter and sometimes we don’t. I can readily understand what you mean but of course my interaction with it is theoretical/psychoanalytic and partially intuitive since I have always had some facility for reading people. However you are talking about something else. As in even if I am reading people correctly, applying that kind of mind-will to the situation (e.g. willing someone to turn around, or talk to someone else) is ineffective (for me) because it is only internal or at least is the kind of failed magickal attempt that makes these processes look not real. I presume this is because it comes from the mind-emotive structure which is tied to the internal dialogue machine and pretty impotent, whereas you are talking about manipulating the threads through your will (if we make it in CCs language).

I suppose these kinds of abilities are as you say the practical face of sorcery. Sorcery is and in a sense has to be physiological, this seems right but it also means we have to extend the physiological along the multidimensional axis. It springs to mind that sorcery positions one in a relation to any given world in a similar way. If all these worlds were *real* real then presumably some of the inhabitants are just in those worlds and not multidimensional beings. Sorcery seems

to emphasise the movement between the worlds. Though because it is a perceptual alteration when it is applied to a world it reveals things that are hidden and equally when applied to the world itself it reveals also what is hidden (the other worlds). Which makes sense with the epithet 'stop the world'.

As for it being open to everyone, I think this is true and not true, it is a difference of degree but some energy forms are much more receptive to it than others. This turns on the accretions that are plugging people up and maybe on an energetic configuration. Some kind of capacity is possible for everyone for sure, but then even as writing this it opens it up as a broader weirder term. Sorcery is maybe just an umbrella heading for the way in which perceptual alterations manifest. DJ seems to say clearly that sorcerers have wildly different tendencies, some can see, others can't some aren't even impeccable, some people who can 'see' aren't sorcerers and so on. So it comes to function as a kind of heading for a collection of perceptual extensions through all manner of plug ins, to the exclusion (in the case of our definition) of systematized ritual words especially and practices arguably too -which is magick

On a related topic, I mean I think it was your answers here that made me go over this, I was considering how vast the accretive set up is and really how well it all ties in. I mean we literally live in the accretions, as in whilst still pneuminous you managed to peel a layer off to see a level of activity that whilst not the vector field, was kind of closer to it. I remember I wrote something before trying to convey how space is literally so pneuminously accreted when you consider that what we think of as space in physics is in such a flux the idea of identity is ridiculous even before you get to relativity. here and there are accreted, it is the conceptual structure of things we live in. It seems preposterous but it would back up the weird reality things in CC and in buddhism/daoism if digging away the accretive layers revealed the vector field but the vector field is so so much deeper than my imagined access by a kind of phenomenological perception e.g. looking at things and trying to perceive them as a continuum of non-separates.

The vector field is the well of sorcery.

Completely. The vector field as this well of sorcery makes it "made of" in a generic sense (using analogy) the unknowable. However, the unknowable as the transcendental of the transcendental is still a reflection not of our inability to consider the vector region, but because it is the only stuff we can understand the vector region being made of (as in having as property) from our viewpoint as organic beings fabricated by the accretions themselves in their field of interactions.

So although vector region is a generic term, it is not an abstraction in the sense of a kind or substance (the unknowable), but in fact there are an infinite continuum of interactions in the form of accretions forming and disintegrating in regions of the vector field. I think the synchronicities are a spontaneous/accidental and partial peeling off of the accretive interactions, momentarily. My “crack” in the attention resulted in a strangely accurate feeling for synchronicities, as if palpating their shapes in the dark. The moon stuff seems a case of this, in which more and more synchronicities are perceived after the fact of a type of ineffable experience.

This peeling off the layer could be understood in terms of resonance. If we have awareness as a rule for knowledge in sorcery, we still lack a definition of awareness. Right now, I’m thinking awareness is a threshold of resonance between the maximal amount of accretions in a given vector region (not the entire field, but a region). When this threshold is crossed, it’s like the accretions themselves give way to a peak of energetic activity in the region that we think as the totality of our awareness and so think as our vector region (when in fact we are not vector regions but occupy them).

This energetic peak is similar to a sublation of the accretions that compose us, but instead of the usual Kantian sense of his last critique, we do not pass through a sublimation-like correlate. Instead of the accretions giving way, they in fact resonate more with each other in the vector region which we occupy and that we perform the outburst of energy. So the vector field itself is not experienced as such, but the movement of accretions and their production is halted from disintegrating within that region.

This ties with CC given the immense energy one needs to use the second attention, and how each time knowledge is achieved one has to increase the level of impeccability lest it displace one’s entire energetic reserve into the resonance (which implies other vector regions are more liable to be tapped as in attuned to the frequency of that region in energetic overdrive).

So if we think of the vector field as this infinite continuum, vector regions are artificially induced zones in the vector field that are maintaining a threshold level of energetic resonance which we understand as awareness. Vector regions are the sorcerers themselves, and the vastness of the zone is entirely dependent upon unique developments of that sorcerer

A vector region is the totality of oneself, and one doesn’t have it set from birth but is said to be fated to encounter its limit at death. So although at first glance it may seem like a Landian time-

war thing, it's more of a system of ethics. A system of ethics immanent to the vector field. (not in the sense of norms, but more in the sense of capacity, what can and cannot be achieved, in a Spinozian sense).

Dreaming is not necessarily the act of dreaming, but the art of expanding the awareness of a vector region by changing the circuitry of its interactive constituents. Dreaming is dangerous because the "personal power" of the dreamer may get lost mid resonance within its own expanding field. Invading forces appear due to this increasing resonance, and so one needs to partially close the second attention instead of simply leaving it open for as long as possible.

This creates a "problem". This almost monist interpretation implies that pneuminosity is a perhaps unquantifiable measure of energetic resonance. In other words, it is something correlative with power. If we understand power as the force of structuring and control of accretions in their regions of the vector field, pneuminosity would be the "stuff" of power, the formalization of its principle in an ontological system.

This seeming problem, on the other hand, is a solution to the zones issue: how we explain there being divergence in the tonal/nagual and between zones themselves. For example, liminal spaces as a region in the vector field that, due to energetic resonance, has a degree of pneuminosity in "freer" state than heavily accreted regions like the economic heart in the middle of a city.

Pneuminosity, then, is a flat notion with a spectrum of modality. But, in the first attention, there can be perceived only the two extremes of its degree of freedom: bound and unbound pneuminosity. The maximal threshold of bounded pneuminosity is the opaque, material object, while the minimal threshold is the affects and forces that stimulate language production, such as immaterial accretions; notions, concepts. The second attention is simply the physiological alteration to perceive more of the spectrum besides the two extremes.

With the middle of the spectral band as the place of most condensed energetic resonance (and the gate to the third attention, where pneuminosity is in such a free state that it changes qualitatively. This qualitative change is the umbratic.

To become like the eagle is not necessarily impossible but for anyone reserving personal power it is a vacuous task (given that the very stuff of power is less rich in reality than the eagle itself).

Oh, I forgot to tell the biggest implication of this: pneuminosity can be produced. Like an economy has factories that, say, due to desire (investment) displace the wood of trees into machines for producing paper, pneuminosity is the material produced by awareness due to the desire (investment) of the predator (in our CC case, or our entire world's case, the eagle) in an economy of worlds beyond the second attention itself.

This ties well with the universality of ritual practices and religious experience throughout the history of humanity. Gods are egregores, reflections of the human as we peek collectively into the figure of the predator as its shadow passes through our world. Our collective channelling of awareness' desire towards escape projects the egregore into the limit of the second attention.

These egregores act as guides for that social body which projected it, and so also act as bridges between the first attention and the black horizon of the gate into the third.

These gods, that uniformly form pantheons across all cultures, reign each over the aspect of our relationship with the predator as themselves aspects of our relationship with the predator. While the predator itself is the totality (and end) of the world.

Proto-monotheism in the form of pluralistic forms of esoteric knowledge (such as the systems that became kabbalah) understood the pantheon while arche-principle and so developed formalized circuits of representation (the tree of life, for example, is the entire genealogy of a pantheon put into a language of/for channeling). The sefirot are each an aspect or egregoric god-aspect of the totality of the world that is the circuit of the entire tree. Malkuth being the limit of the first attention and Keter the limit of the second in a way representative of the godhead. To simplify, this was obviously co-opted in the transition to full-blown monotheism.

11) Yes, I mean we're nearly full circle here aren't we. As of course this kind of god egregore kabbalah thing is one of the aspects that sparks the whole pneuma business. Just one question concerning your usage of the umbratic. A controversial term I know sometimes. I'm not entirely sure if I disagree or not as I'm not sure of your usage here. In a previous discussion it was translated into the CC world as the unknowable. This stems from how I've always taken it to be, even if not an actuality, a phenomenological actuality, the idea of being outside of pneuma or the vector field even.

“The umbratic may be understood as any given region of the vector field that achieved a degree of freedom qualitatively different from the other regions. Like a spike so big it achieved escape from the field and became its own smaller vector field.”

Maybe I misunderstand but this almost seems to place the umbratic within the encounterable which purely on a definitional level would not be possible. However I can see there is some kind of revision here given that the reticulum plays a kind of access to the in itself tunnelling into the vector field is heading towards the umbratic. I almost feel this as if it would ultimately end up with the reticulum and whilst I cannot see energy and this is all speculative I cannot feel like the problem of the umbratic exists in the reticulum. It not have the same kind of relation of ‘what is the status of being behind my head, behind a closed door’? that can prompt umbratic type ideas in this reality.

But yes I totally see a lot of what you say there may be some minor terminological harmonies to make so in what I say I don’t mean ‘this is the real usage of the term’. I only say it so you know what I’ve meant so we can see if we’re talking in the same way.

The vector field is the total possible kind of space (but not only space since it covers the a-spatial and the temporal) that facilitates our ability to use words and thus stick pneuma as accretions to regions. A region of the vector field could be as small as a speck of dust, or as vast as the universe, it has a concept applied to it (in both cases its incoherent because its a use concept). So there is always a kind of dual process, usage which is minimally accretive and then what we could call object formation, the full blown accretion or fluid archetype, what appears in your mind when you think of an x. Does this all tally with your vector region?

What I feel from your writing is a sense that the blank perception attempt -trying to not see the objects- is insufficient, it only reveals more accretive layers and the second attention is to really get into that blank perception space which takes energy and silence at least to do it sober. I can make most surfaces or repetitive patterns warp and flow if I stare at them. This is a second attention like process. But it’s so surface like that it’s largely pointless.

Another thing is :do you mean something other than pneuma by pneuminosity? As in, can I say that pneuma is produced in a sense by humans e.g.? I would have said previously in a speculative way that pneuma was already there and that humans accrete it spectacularly. If I think of it as the reticulum I would say we make fibres which attach to other fibres. This then makes it sound

more like the production of pneuma from the reticular perspective. The whatever the fuck the stones and things are in the reticulum only shows up as fibres (the unaccreted vector field seen in the reticulum), but when they are 'stones' we've attached fibres to these other fibrous regions, which makes accretions more like knots.

I've been reading a pop science book on fungi, it's a good book on that current wave of interest in the mycorrhizal web that underpins pretty much all life. And of course (and I think you've hinted elsewhere at fungal interest) very very reticular, which only metaphorically of course makes me wonder about concept infestation of vector regions. I'm thinking of the concept as a spore (the usage) which grows into the object as fruiting body which replicates. I know I know Burroughs has done this largely with the virus thing.

It also reminds me about how Seranoga was supposed to have written many of his poems. It's really quite a fungal method. He took someone else's poem and then inserted his idea. He changed it from the inside retaining different degrees of structural similarity until he was happy with it. Some people say Seranoga was supposed to have met DJ or had contact with those sorcerers, but probably you know that.

On another point, you don't mean that IOBs are purely accreted (by synthetic) do you? This is an interesting one generally which the epistemological status of the earlier version accretive theory would generally agree with -it was all accretions. However the recent tendency towards accepting external 'real' powers suggest to me that whilst yes IOB is of course an accretion like anything with a name.

They are also beings that can we say exist in pure pneuma rather than having even a sense of physicality. In vector field language we cannot apply the concept physicality to them in the ordinary sense but they are not just things we have stuck together unlike the Gods which I would probably agree. This being said there will be many nature spirits that may well be human formed accretions. Thus both exist, it's hard to say where it stops really isn't it? An egregore can presumably make an egregore if its consciousness is sophisticated enough to do so.

On dreaming, the view I held before was that like images in the mind dreams are unbound pneuma, this kind of raises the question as to what vector field will be in dreams (if one had enough control). From the descriptions it seems that dreams can be 'empty' this is also something one can feel to be true as well. Even lucid dreams can be empty but the possibility of connection

exists i.e. through this pure pneuminous land into the weird places. This is in principle easier than access from 'reality' but of course developing dreaming control is tricky

Re your ethics comment, I just wrote this yesterday 'This infinite play of reticules reminds us also of Deleuze's hero: Spinoza. Remember Spinoza talks of there being infinite attributes to substance. The reticulum instantiates this claim in a practical way. Space-time is just one experience of the reticulum. Sorcery is the interaction with the other attributes of the reticulum. '

Also I remember now the better relevance of the mycorrhizal thing. Remember originally how beyond Ballard/Sellars I was saying you could interpret the modern communication network not simply as our nervous system writ large but rather that the nervous system is this worlds way to try to instantiate the reticulum. So the mycorrhizal network would be more of the same but possibly a better example.

Yes, it's along these lines. At first I also thought that what I saw as silence was achieving this peeling off of the accretive to an interaction with the vector field, a more "pure" interaction. But then what happened is that the peeling off of an accretion is like spiking a region that reverberates the force used to peel it off. This spike and reverberation travel through the surface of a vector region and depending on the energy exerted it goes into other regions. But here's the thing, there doesn't seem to be a difference between affecting one region and affecting two. What seems to happen is that affecting one region enough makes it dissipate itself over other regions, and they become one expanded vector region.

This expansion in the vector region results, instead of in a purer contact with the vector field and more silence coming spontaneously, in the proliferation of whatever was in the region separate to inside the region that was spiker and merged with a bigger one.

So instead of spontaneous silence, the exercise of cultivating silence open the attention to indeed more noise

Which makes automatic, everyday existence, harder due to the level of energetic activity one has to maintain to keep the noise in check. Like a newborn learning to tune his ears

I like that Spinoza section a lot. Indeed it resonates.

I'm thinking of the pneuma as whatt seemingly was already there when we came into awareness of our own historical condition, and of pneuminosity as the "simulacra" of the pneuma. That thing which closely resembles it the most while still being "an imitation". But an imitation refined enough that it can "work" almost like pneuma does. It's in this sense that I'm thinking pneuminosity can be produced by humans much like bees make honey; using our own bodies like factories for this stuff. I was also thinking of the puffs as a color-spectrum of pneuminosity refinance. The white smoke being the "purer" (that I know of) of the colours.

The white fog/smoke being the stuff of dreams, it would be secure to say something along the lines of: we, pneuma, produce pneuminosity, and the side-effect of this pneuminosity is dreaming. One can use this to modulate one's pneuminosity and better comprehend the operations of the pneuma that is without the dreamer.

The knots that you said it make accretions resemble more is what I've been calling nodes. Nodes are like these extremely loaded regions that seem impenetrable (no peeling off) even from the second attention

But a knot would differ from a node even linguistically, in the way a knot implies a tension between relations maintaining a structure together (it can be stressed to the point of unknotting)

While the node is more akin to the concept of a corner in interior design. It's less a tension of relations between lines and more a structural holder in itself. Knots and nodes would differ only in degree.

I love this idea of the spore and even have a name for it: sporification

About the IOBs, by synthetic I don't mean purely accreted. Synthetic here means the opposite of fabricated in the sense that pneuminosity is fabricated while pneuma "was there". The synthetic is indeed a category instead of a mode, and I would say only the umbratic is properly synthetic (to take from Laruelle, it is pre-prior). The inorganic beings would benefit from being understood as synthetic beings (since, for example, a rock is inorganic but not an IOB).

Or it is perfected enough to the point where the pneuma in resonance in a given region, instead of pulling things into itself, starts to push them out. This is the possibility of making the pneumatic self less dense (or more dense) than the sum total of density the region enclosed by nodes can support.

So *this* happens:



OK let me keep poking for greater clarity, don't get me wrong I'm mostly there, there are just I think different angles of concepts that I've been using that I need to see how they work with this expansion. So with no energetic perception when I try to look at me room as not a room but undifferentiated hyle

Your recent ideas would mean doing this does not reach the vector field right? Which phenomenologically I previously would have said. I can see how the reticulum could be the vector field itself. This makes a kind of weird mishmash of the earlier versions of the umbratic vector field thing

The vector field as reticulum would be something most organisms do not perceive ever but that as the biological and cultural formations of the organism develop directly attach to in the sense of the transcendental and as broad accretive structures that are carried by the vector field. So these broad transcendental structures would then be the thing I was previously calling the vector field. Does this tally?

About the room: I would say the room itself, as well as you, as interacting with each other due to the resonance between vector regions (consider yourself a vector region and the room another).

Both regions are in the vector field. When you look at, say, the wall, you're not "seeing" the field because what you're seeing is a myriad of resonant accretions between the two regions. Still, the very possibility of seeing the field implies you're always already in it.

Indeed, something most organisms will never perceive precisely because that's what being an organism is: it's being in a central point of resonance between regions, which make the habitus of the body work. Say, for example, the circadian rhythm of someone: it's an organic circuitry modulated by exterior and interior relationships such as luminosity, onset of sleeping patterns, stress levels, even the noise or birds as they go to their nests and you know it's time to go home and start to relax. This circuit of sleep, unique to each individual organism, is dictated by the nodes that make enclosures around a region.

When something deals a blow to what in CC is known as the assemblage point, it disrupts the organic circuitry . So, for example, you may gain more energy and less need of sleep (or the opposite) from recapitulating memories.

I think the ontological electricity of Twin Peaks may be a good example. So power structures accretions? This makes good sense, as you get it back if you take them apart. Back to Twin Peaks insofar as the pylon borders are intense electrical-power edges, fences which require a lot of power to go through but by this virtue are reservoirs of power themselves.

I think you basically, with some tweaks, explain the concept of karma in a rational way. Let me try to say what I think power is in that specific sense.

12) These comments are extractions from my finally initiating The Art of Dreaming and putting my experiences in terms of words that can make some sense to someone else that is not batshit seeing the moon as goddess and such. I start from a point of asking: how can the humans create more fibres? If we think, for example, that we are made of pneuma as is everything else in the reticulum besides the umbratic (so not the reticulum), acquiring more pneuma as power implies that one quite literally merges one's pneumatic body with pure pneuma (in the form of accretions, for example). But that yields a problem of identity: if the organism is pneuma and the other accretions as well, why do they appear different at all, interact as if with a thing of its own and have this movement of push and pull? This is the same problem faced by the concept of the force of gravity. In physics, we know gravity is not "real", what it is, is a gap in our system's explanatory power (as in cohesion). Pneuminosity is this double counterpart of the pneuma and also its rationalized "energy". So pneuma

*itself is doubled into the transcendental pneuma and the immanent pneuminosity. Now for why your description of luck describes karma: 'power as acquired by someone facilitates what we call luck' So this lucky person is what I would call a pneuminously resonant region. Their luck is relative to the limited perception of another person that can only perceive as the other's luck some unexplainable synchronicities (here enters ineffability). The 'dragging' of something towards the luck unconscious/conscious desire is exactly the problem of identity: if a pneumatic someone exerted their effort towards, say, a chair, they could grab it via telekinesis. Could this happen? Maybe, but what we know is that it must necessarily be ridiculously hard to achieve. I ponder why is that and come to the conclusion that affecting direct pneumatic objects, or the pneuma that forms them, is likely impossible for the energetic output of humans as we are. So what we do is not affect but effect (or effectuate) other simpler things, so that, indirectly, we pull the chair towards us. Language is such an invention. We ask another pneumatic body to bring the chair to us. Language also is not restricted to humans as we are, since the chair is also a pneumatic body of different regional shape due to degree, we can in theory use language to communicate with the chair that it should move itself towards us. And so we have Wi-Fi, electric chairs and neural connexions as implants. This indirect way we expend whatever it is we are (pneuma) to effectuate a desired change is what I call pneuminosity. Since pneuma itself cannot be expended as in destroyed, what we do lose is *our* pneuma (or gain), which is the notion of pneuminosity, or simply bound pneuma (instead of the catch-all term for free-state pneuma that is pneuma). You said 'so the directed power of the being taps the accretion/node through the reticulum and draws it towards it which raises the question what do we do with it?*

I knew it was connected but this obviously has bearings for the notion of the non-ontology I was after of a pre-philosophical subject and how power would interact, pre-ontology I think I was calling it. Anyway what you say puts it in a clearer light, as in whilst such a being was still in a pneuminous world, I think there was a sense of greater vector field proximity, this may be true but maybe not for the reasons I was thinking. The pre-ontology in which occurs what we would call anomalous, is just woven in as nothing of note can now be thought. In terms of the transcendental field of a given organism though, with a set of accretions that give way easier to deeper vector field levels, the spikes as you call them, acquisition of pneuminosity would occur 'naturally' as it were and has no sorcerous technology applied to its acquisition. So I've always said that regular objects are magickally constituted by the doubling process of 'use object' which through regular use becomes archetypal accretion, in this way the object is made more than it is, as the accretion is reapplied to the vector region of the object making it albeit slightly more like the archetype. This is nice (I always thought) because it flattens the difference between

regular objects and magickal ones. The former are vector regions with concepts applied to them that fit the bill, e.g. calling this region 'stone' makes sense, everyone agrees with these rules, the accretion fits the region, but calling this vector region mouse even though normal rules would say it's a stone, even though maybe it looks a bit like a mouse. The second instance can be magickal as the application of an accretion to a vector region that would not ordinarily accept that accretion -according to use rules. This picture is fine but it still assumes even in the non magickal version that the organism can accrete. So what holds the accretion together? And you say pneuminosity right? This is fine, but I am still a bit confused about where it's coming from? How is it formed from the pneuma as accretions such that it is the power itself that holds them together? I may well have missed a turning in what you say, I think it's helpful to go over it though, there doesn't seem any point going on without clarification.

So think of the pneuma vs pneuminosity in terms of gravity: we know there to be an almost magickal force that seems to be generated by objects large enough and exert a pull on objects small enough relative to that object's mass. But we also know gravity to be a local thing, an emergent effect that is not, in a sense, "real". We now know that the distortion of the space-time continuum yields us here on Earth the appearance of there being gravity at all. The same goes for pneuma and pneuminosity. Which one is gravity, however, depends on a certain number of constraints when talking about them.

Indeed pneuma seems to not need umbra in the accretive system, that's why, since we're dealing with a new system (is it even a system, CC's sorcery?) I bring the actual concepts of CC as umbratic "invaders" incoherent from the accretive theory viewpoint. That's how we can methodologically think of it not to make a mess.

*Methodologically here I mean only in the unravelling sense, since I think we can indeed, after systematization, re-exclude the umbra through the creation of the philosophy of sorcery. * I think this part on explaining our intuitive methods/constraints is important. I don't even know why I've glossed over this entirely with you. Sorry about that "why is reality solid and intractable sometimes and other times fluid and manipulable" The answer I was thinking here is that, for us humans, solidity and fluidity is a matter of pneuminous resonance (which simply means we're at the epicentre of regions in pneuminous resonance — that's pneuminosity).*

"this make pneuminous accretion inadequate without some extra notion of power that determines the ability of the organism to force by extraordinary means the desired thing to happen" That's

pneuminosity. The extra notion of 'organic' power. Pneuminosity is the transcendental barrier for our use of pneuma, the maximal threshold which we can say we are pneuma with an awareness of itself. If it were differently, everyone would be flying and smashing asteroids together for fun.

So, since we are tackling sorcery with the accretive system (but not within it), we can say that pneuminosity is the possibility of making regular objects into magickal ones. This is not a two-way street, however, since once magickal that object is imbued with the conditions to transcend our capabilities of continually altering it beyond a certain limit. That limit is personal power, given how relative it is.

When we think logically about this, we get to notice that if this above is the case (that we can pneuminoously make objects magickal), then what we think as regular objects are simply magickal objects of either a degree too imperceptible to us or an order of magnitude surpassing our personal power to 'see' them as such.

The predator, the Eagle, is the extreme case of this and a necessary formal aspect/postulate of the system. Like an inverse prime mover (Aristotle), the predator is the one to end it all (instead of initiate it all). Because we need to postulate, once we peek into the seeing, that what we see as regular reality is there for a reason, and is in fact a circuit of habit intentionally imbedded with so much power (although not pneuminosity, but pneuma in its freer state) that we take it as a transcendental ground. We take it as nature, for example. Nature is the machinations of the predator to groom its favorite garden (for food). But again, this is a formally necessary postulation used for pedagogic purposes in sorcery (it is indeed the inverse of Aristotle's God, which is ontologically necessary and so realer than everything else).

The predator need not be taken as real at all. In fact, nothing in sorcery needs because its goal is physiological. The shortcut is that pneuma is absolute for us. It's there and even ourselves are it. Pneuminosity is just a namesake for the pneuma we make resonate within ourselves through the physiological alterations performed via sorcery.

I was considering the umbratic and its shifting role. So in regular perception as discussed it's almost like a regulative idea, it's the idea of the 'behind perception', the 'round the corner' the possibility that being that is perceived can literally not be ontologically identified with being that isn't perceived.

Even if none of these effects were real its idea would remain because it presents as an agnostic disjunctive. But in reticular perception 'seeing' these things don't apply because perception isn't done with the eyes, it's just not the same. So accepting that we seem to be happy that like DJ reticular perception is essentially noumenal. There is no umbratic behind and hence there is no such epistemological problem.

What arguably we still have, which was also a kind of implicit role of the umbratic is the notion of structure, originally in the phenomenology it went accretions, vector field , umbratic, so the vector field kind of was a fine unnaccreted layer over the umbratic which the accretions inhabited in regions, the umbratic was giving a kind of invariant structure which under certain circumstances (magick) could be over powered by the accretions. This has obviously changed with the pneuminosity resonance notion but there still seems to be some sense to me of why anything looks like anything in particular at the level of particular worlds? This was an earlier problem that needed the umbratic for structure.

But now it isn't required at the level of an underneath, but may be at a level of laws/natural structures? Do you see what I mean, the reticulum entirely exists without humans, that's absolutely true, this is also the answer to speculative realist notions without the anthropocentric OOO of people like Harman, or Bennet.

Maybe you can say why not, but I still feel there is a stable force at the level of a given assemblage point that makes things look a particular way. You can't just say its mutual intent because it has to have started somewhere...

Castañeda as Formula & Death

Ryan Madej

There is much to consider in the Castañeda system, and I've identified aspects through my readings of the Castañeda narrative that are worth dissecting. Through several key points that we can see his excursions into the world of shamanism as a retreat into the most dangerous kind of magickal practice. The first of these aspects to be contemplated is Castañeda's astrological positioning, or Sun Sign of Capricorn, that I identify here as Alpha—the beginning of his journey on December 25th, 1925



The sign of Capricorn, ruled by Saturn is symbolized by lead—the heavy material that weighs down and “tests” those born under its auspices. It is clear from the start of Castañeda's journey that he is ill prepared and ignorant of what he will encounter, and is constantly scolded by the mysterious Don Juan Matus who views him as something of an idiot for his constant need to rationalize his experiences. In the context of the narrative journey, Don Juan's true existence is of little consequence, as what we see here is an alchemical Blackening—or confrontation with one's inner self. It would be no surprise to any user of psychedelics that these initiatory experiences shift one's perceptions as to the nature of reality, and usually through deep introspection. In the parlance of the books, the Tonal vs. Nagual realms—or material and spiritual planes—suggest that through these intense experiences our egos at first driven by the rational Tonal world, begins to fall apart.

The second of these variables is Don Juan Matus himself and his character can be summed up in the quote: *Nobody knows who I am or what I do. Not even I.* Matus, the accomplished sorcerer/magician archetype, is Carlos's guide through the treacherous terrain of sorcery who constantly challenges Carlos, and over time like the wise guru reveals more of the complex nature of the Nagual as Carlos gives up more and more of his Ego. The inherent danger of Don Juan's teachings will be explained in the following variables, but for now Don Juan's place in the equation as an up/down symbol corresponds to Tonal world below and the Nagual world above.



The third of these variables in the Castañeda equation is the psychedelic compounds themselves, particularly *Datura Innoxia*, more commonly known as jimson weed or Moonflower. A powerful, albeit dangerous substance, datura serves as the means to break through the Ego barrier in the most forceful way possible with the maximum chance of death. Castañeda seems all too eager to take this route, and his use of these visionary compounds serves as the lowest path toward “seeing” as Don Juan Matus

states in *Tales of Power*. Matus’s other apprentice, Eligio, is said to have only taken to plants once and achieved far more than Castañeda. The ancient Yoga Sutras share a similar view in that supernatural powers can be attained through chemical means (Sutra IV. 1), but of all the methods this is the weakest.

The use of these plants is symbolized by the double dagger,



The limitations of sorcery is the final aspect that will be looked at before summarizing the formula, its implications from my perspective in Castañeda’s life, and the lives of others in his circle. The late Christopher Hyatt, psychologist and occultist, stated that “the wilful application and direction of a man’s mind and power to the ends that which he desires is the necessary primal force which accomplishes the true organic will of the Toxic Magician¹³⁷. Speaking from my own workings with shamanic methods, this limitation in scope can have unexpected consequences, and if the aspirant is not prepared to confront these consequences due to Ego, they can be catastrophic. In Castañeda’s case, the attachment to Ego had darker implications. Sorcery’s limits is symbolized by the Omega.



The Formula of Death

Castañeda, like us all, was destined for death—however, like the Christ figure whose birth is celebrated on December 25th, just like Castañeda’s, he was also destined to have followers and have his life shrouded in mystery. One of the main teachings of Don Juan was the “erasing of personal history”, but if we contend that December 25th, 1925 is actually his birth date we can break it down as follows, using basic methods of numerology and magick. $\Delta = \text{Dec (12), (25), (1925)} = (3) + (7) + (8) = 9$ The 9 in Tarot divination is associated with the Hermit, which

137 Christopher, Hyatt, *The Psychopath’s Bible for the Extreme Individual*, pg. 39

we can safely say is appropriate for the sorcerer. As occultist Aleister Crowley stated: “balance every thought with its opposition”, a basic tenet of magickal practice that allows the initiate to recognize the consequence of any operation, and in doing so protect themselves from these outcomes. If we consider again what Hyatt said in regard to wilful, selfish action and the subsequent lack of range seen in shamanism, one can assume that Castañeda—even as a supposedly elevated individual who had some conception of the Nagual realm—was unleashing countless occult influences he was likely not aware of in his practice. Not entirely breaking with the material Tonal world only served to unbalance Castañeda in the universal magickal framework, a warning put forth throughout centuries by other occult practitioners.

Ego death, for lack of a better term, is a constant in any religious or magickal practice and must be adhered to in order to attain liberation. The endowment of mystical or “personal power”, as Don Juan describes, is another hindrance toward the final goal of enlightenment. Book Two of the Yoga Sutas, which concentrates on the endowment of the *siddhis* states: “The power that the Yogi obtains, however, are obstructions to the attainment of the highest goal, the knowledge of Pure Self, or freedom¹³⁸.

In the pages of Crowley’s “Magick Without Tears” he sees the sorcerer as “a thwarted individual whose aims are perfectly natural. Often enough, his real trouble is ignorance” and “constantly restricting himself, he is satisfied with a very limited ideal; he is afraid of losing his individuality¹³⁹.” A trap the Ego-driven Castañeda falls into by turning his/Don Juan’s philosophy into a cult where the appearance and subsequent disappearance of his so-called “Three Witches” leads, it would seem, to at least one of their deaths. The supreme adherence to “erasing personal history” at all costs expected of all his followers, shows a side of Castañeda dedicated to control, and less to do with severing oneself from the constraints of the Tonal, materialist world. The use of psychedelic compounds, though useful, can also be a hindrance as we have already seen through the example of Don Juan himself and the sutras and can lead one away from the true intent of obliterating the Ego, blocking the path of the aspirant in the end.

138 Swami Vivekananda, *Raja-Yoga*, pg. 195. Commentary on Aphorism 38

139 Aleister Crowley, *Magick Without Tears*, Chapter XII.

\triangle (Saturn 9/Hermit) \pm (minus) $\boxed{\updownarrow}$ (Nagual) emphasis on $\ddagger \pm$ (plus)= Ω (limitations/death)

The Aesthetics of Mutants

Emanuel Magno

Our deepest fears are but dragons guarding our deepest treasures.

—Rilke

We seek the land of the True Dragon.

—Dale Pendell

The Aesthetic Imperative: a vivisection

The City totalizes itself out of the human turned *Homo sapiens* turned humanity as it decolonizes this humanity towards the cosmos. But what about the human that never became *Homo sapiens*, and the humanity preceding the human as species? Beyond the city, where it could never totalize because it was abandoned and decentralized long before accruing labor – even before the notion of labor arose – to its inevitable acceleration towards autonomy. Where philosophy, a product of the city, never took root, sorcery abounds.

Where sorcery abounds, the sweet innards of this land, flowing restlessly in the smile without contemplation, pushes the salt from its center, calcifying what dissolves back into the litoranian shores. Somehow, the oceanic imp found a way in, cleaning its body of salt on the way, losing its ashy shade to a pink coloration as it went deeper into sweeter waters. And there it found a cozy territory for its trickery.

The boto cor-de-rosa, often times literally translated as the Amazonian river dolphin, or pink dolphin, is not quite a dolphin. In the language of the scholars of olden worlds, it is an endangered species of toothed whale distributed mostly along the Amazon basin. Apex predators, they are one of the most docile animals in their class, if not phylum. Among the natives of South America, however, it has a very different description. Also known as encantados (enchanted), they are mythologized in the shared cosmologies as creatures from a utopic realm without poverty, pain, or death, but still crave the difficulties of human life. For that, they go to great lengths to shapeshift into human form and enjoy nightly parties, always wearing a hat to hide its blowhole (that never disappears, even in human form), loving the company of women – and, some say, even men – before returning to the river and reverting back into boto form

before being caught. Western studies¹⁴⁰ report on the recurring theme of kidnapping, where encantados are said to be fond of abducting humans with whom they fall in love, and children born of their illicit love affairs, or just about anyone near the river who can keep them company, and taking them back to the Encante (their utopic realm). Not only that, but the generalized fear of this is so great among people who live near the Amazon River, that both children and adults are terrified of going near the water, especially between dusk and dawn, or even entering water alone. Some who supposedly have encountered encantados while out in their boats and canoes have been said to have gone insane. This is an astounding misrepresentation of both the functional role of the myth as well as the general outlook natives have towards this elusive creature. From now on the boto, lower-cased, refers to the Western perspective towards the entity as a magical *animal* (a concept inexistent among the natives), while the Boto, upper-cased, refers to the entity as such.

The *Myth of the Boto* has no relation to bestiality, for (i) the tales, or even what the Western mind might recognize as excuses, are not of the bestial kind, i.e. the beast in its 'animal' form enchanted the woman into the shallows of a river, but is always of a transfiguration or corporeal transformation – the Boto assumes human form, leaves the waters and tricks the woman into thinking they are unambiguously human, in body and 'intention'. And (ii) there is no concept of bestiality in its European form, for there is an *underlying humanity* to the beasts in the native cosmology. *Bios* and *zoe* are an Aristotelic development, incommensurable with, and incomprehensive from, the native perspective. When the Boto assumes human form, it doesn't lose its 'boto' nature, it simply appears fully in its nature so as to properly communicate with a person. It is a matter of, in fact, the person, in this instance a woman, becoming Boto – an asymmetrical relationship that *adds* to the person so that they may access the true *underlying nature* of the beast. It is the Boto who gives itself, who opens itself in its naked form, revealing the humanity that underlies its apparent, for some, super-human condition. When the enchantment is gone, the mask recalcitrates, the person is no longer capable of seeing the Boto as human but nevertheless does not understand what happened. There is never a moment of horror in seeing the 'true form' of the best, a la Cthulhu mythos, but a simple snap-out as if waking-up from a hazy dreamstate. Only after the signs of pregnancy appear clear to the eye, the person suddenly recognizes in a collective exclamation 'it must have been the Boto!'. To understand this realization through the lens of mischief, as naturalists from Sade to Melville would, is a markedly European misjudgment. The woman does not trick her social circle through

¹⁴⁰ Hall, Jamie (2003). "Enchanted Dolphins". *Half Human, Half Animal: Tales of Werewolves and Related Creatures*. Bloomington, IN. pp. 55–88.

this exclamation, but indeed her whole social body was tricked by the Boto. The creature exists out there, it manifested inside this social body and tricked it in its entirety, they are all pregnant of the Boto's mischief, or gift, or curse – the *value* of the trick is subjective and individual, and different people in the circle may assume a different view towards it, but there is no question that the Boto tricked them, its manifestation is objective and the child now growing is its proof. That child is a hybrid. The image of the Boto serves a function: it means *interstitial reproduction*. That child brings something from outside, a human that is, in part, of a humanity that is not ours. Nevertheless human, entirely human.

What in modern culture assumes the form of the insidious alien accurately labeled xenomorph already existed and served a proper function in the native societies of South America as the shared myth of the Boto. The children of the Boto cannot be properly, or in any case fully, assimilated into the social body because they are incarnations of the relationship of that body with an outside. What was closed, monadic, is gushed open, the child is the wound, an entangled individual, as a quantum particle, that binds the communal body to another through its mere existence, a *xenomorphism*. Some would suggest killing the child still early in the pregnancy, for the weight of this relationship is a heavy burden and a curse. Some would deify that strange human forever estranged as a blessing while maintaining fearful reverence. Some would not even batter an eye and simply accept the fact of the trickery. But if the Boto is the xenomorph, its child is never of its own kind, there is no symmetrical reproduction, for the Boto is not a synthetic organism.

Of this, let us elucidate how what is meant by European is simply the congealed modern post-Enlightenment 'Western civilization', and by no means pertaining to any one of the many beautiful cultures of Europe. Europe itself was and continues to be a playground of pluralities and social bodies in interaction and mixture, with only a generalized tumor sprouting from its phantom limbs. Perhaps we should in likeness respond to this distinction by referring to 'the West', or 'modern perspective', or any other vague term to express what is properly meant. And yet, it is only possible to achieve any of this from the stand-point of the tumor. An Arion that never found a way back writes as a xenomorphism himself. The Anti-Arion belongs in-between, the carcass of its facehugger progenitor already eaten by the worm, mycelia unleashed below and spores abounding through the air. Cornerstones rotting into the salt soon to be sweetened as the rain floods everywhere back to the lair of the pink creature not quite a dolphin.

Europe accepted itself as homeland of the West when Pan was sacrificed to the birth of the Lamb. Assimilation circled-back in bread form never bitten but swallowed whole put the voice of the One into the synthesized minds of sinners. But the vengeance of the voiceless remained in

the silent smile of the ultimate parasite, mutating and maddening, multiplying the voices and accelerating their production as the One fragmented into many and the white-tarnished blood, anemic, revealed a new shade only seen before in the tails of comets in olden prophecies. The true Loch Ness Monster's color is pink, and it roams your streets at night. Good luck finding it.

Yes, the memory of the great battlefield that was Europe before it acquired its name, before Pan-Europeanism (term that explicitly marks the dependency on the dead body of Pan to establish an identity out of the rotting multiplicity), where the cannibal barbaroi danced in ecstasy and bloodshed before Shame became metaphysical law, still haunts the continental undivided unconscious network, manifesting as horror, pathologies, longing for an archaic utopia of the ancient forgotten past, multiple expressions in an infinite spectrum and spectral figures reemerging in cryptozoonic guises. Some of the islands might still suffer more, places where a generalized neuroticism took form – as is common among the hardest of uncolonizables after, finally, successful colonization is established. An interreticular reflex reaction, after all, England was one of the most unruly and magical places on Earth, and resisted assimilation, with many cultures, for almost as long as the cultures that resisted until their total annihilation, and yet it became one of the most prudish societies on the planet, and the biggest colonizer of the modern world. Japan, where Christianity was once thought incompatible with, now outgrows what looks humble and unpretentious in its imperialistic glory. Does anyone still think China communist? As cross-Atlantic priests of old would say, soil too fertile is quick to cultivate, yet as quickly ceding space for the many already established types of vegetation until what soon was cultivated is starved. Barren soil, however, is very hard to cultivate, but, with enough patience, the lack of competition will prove itself in the size and uniformity of crops, if not in quality. The lesson: before planting anything, kill most of the competition. Make it almost barren, then recultivate as you will. As for the cultivation of peoples, it works just as well to simply educate them from as young as possible.

If only Pan had feet and frame like the Curupira, he could hide in the smallest of crevices, sleep high in the trees and make people chase footsteps backwards, always towards its past. Maybe his future would still be if only he'd turn his hooves in the direction of his tail and not his face.

What is so special about cultures that do not assimilate at all? The answer is unquantifiable and unqualifiable. The only way to properly approach this question is through the lens of the resisting unassimilable perspective. This is what is done now. Castañeda is the observer, Don Juan the practitioner. Accordingly, Castañeda, although ambiguously participative, makes himself invisible as descriptor of the actual practice of the non-assimilable perspective. There is only one protagonist:

The relation Carlos-Castañeda | Don-Juan is xenomorphic.

The communication process between Castañeda and Don Juan is one of learning each other's languages verbally to find a middle ground, but then, contrary to popular interpretation, the goal is not to use this middle language to dialogue, but to use the middle-ground to destroy the initial autonomy each language had on its own, burning the bridges and eviscerating forward the need of a complete synchronization of the asymmetry. Don Juan is the arbiter, for he is trained in this process of continuous de-semantifying that impedes re-signification, and it is a procedural step of his shamanic style – soon Castañeda learns to eschew the ladder in favor of the style, against method as champion of the practical art of achieving a personal swimming form. In salty waters, floating is easy. Not so much in freshwater, although it is more charitable to the eyes.

We find an entire genealogy of xenomorphisms in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel* series, following the giants that cross-intersect with the common world as singularities bursting with excess that then each go on to culminate in the next of the line and themselves each contributing to the creation of an utopic country. Among them Pantagruel, son of Gargantua, is the most successful, with the aid of his companion Panurge. Along several instances of commentary on the asymmetry of language and communication failure towards the unintelligible, chapters 18 through 20 of the first *Pantagruel* book require special attention. In them, Panurge debates Thaumaste, an English gentleman who challenged Pantagruel to a discussion without the use of words, but only signs. Panurge interjects, deeming the man unworthy of his master's attention, challenging the scholar himself to the non-verbal battle. What transpires next is an incomprehensible conversation in gestures. No interest whatsoever in the moral content of Rabelais' intentions behind the form which he chose to structure the disputation, but special and singular attention to the form of expression itself and what it says about the body and how verbal language, if left unsaid, opens space for a primal communication that mixes all senses at the price of maximal intelligibility; essentially, the nature of dance as communication; an investigation into the implications of the bodily disputation without words and what it says about language in light of Castañeda and Don Juan's xenomorphic relation.

If earlier in the narrative the first interaction between Panurge and Pantagruel demonstrates how the *phatic function* has to cease before immediate communication can be established, the interaction between Panurge and Thaumaste demonstrates, although many times more obscurely, how immediate communication does not need any language at all (in the sense of verbal or pre-established system of signification). In fact, it works better when all the given bridges are intentionally burned – even if the result is a pair of gibbering maniacs in a room

full of confused people, the pair itself, now dancing in continuously maximal synchrony, approaches more and more the limit of mutual understanding. The process of bridge-burning is intentional, for to reach the affective realm of pre-intentionality (in any case non-intentionality) a positive force must be applied to the habitual tensions binding the communal modes of interaction. Not only a continuous de-signification, but of de-semantification (and de-semantization) to fight back the inevitable rebound of re-signification in-between acts of semantic hollowing. Each step of the way the reader can see how the process exhausts Thaumaste and the audience, for different reasons. The audience gets more and more confused, while Thaumaste, to not only maintain open the portal, but also to increasingly and forcefully expand it, has to use every ounce of his senses. All the more reason, in Pantagruel's eyes, to respect the robustness in health of his companion.

It would be more accurate, instead of the destruction of language, to refer to the destructive *use of language*. A violent, disjoint, non-systematic expressivity that temporarily annihilates the pre-established mixture of signification. Temporarily if only due to the failure of one of its interlocutors, in the narrative embodied by Thaumaste. Pantagruel and Panurge, the master and companion, continually and thoroughly establish this process without failure, from their first encounter to the end. This is implicitly demonstrated from the moment of their very first interaction, when Pantagruel decides to help Panurge beforehand despite the latter engulfing any possibility of understanding by using language to express how language is unnecessary to understand his situation – a paradox of self-terminating recursion. Pantagruel humors Panurge in his delirious rambling, unlike his interaction with the scholar Limousin, whom he discarded as pretentious and vacuous in his pursuit of 'enriching the French language' by copiously adding foreign expressions to it. And, even though Thaumaste 'loses' in the context of the disputation due to his lack of health, the energy or fuel necessary to accelerate the dance further, and his acceptance of Panurge's ultimate answer, he is established as heroic in his anti-sophist position. Knowing his limits, he was satisfied. The resolution that marks the end is not in defeat, but in affirmation 'I understand you!'. Afterwards the contest, they all merrily drink and feast in celebration. The reader shall be contented in now understanding that it is never a matter of what is said, but *how* is said. The ecstasy of comprehension is reserved to the ones who exerted themselves working towards that goal, and the audience is excluded from the main banquet. Envy is the sign of the unworthy, although curiosity reveals wealthy of character; encouragement is the lesson.

Rather than the abstracted notion of language games, Rebelais' narrative and metalanguages forces the reader into the position of player. In a practical way, this is what Don Juan does to Castañeda.

The affirmation that Theumaste shouts at Panurge marks the end, but it is not the end. While Theumaste was able to infer any meaning from Panurge's comic gestures, the discussion continued on. Only when he reached the limit of his inference-capacity, when Panurge appeared gigantic in mystery without possibility of signification, did Theumaste declare the end. By choosing signs, essentially hand gestures with occasional sounds, Theumaste shifted the difficulty to extreme mode, for all meaningless signs, all nonsense, can be interpreted and set terminally bound, cloistered and deactivated, cut short from its external supply. But Panurge destroyed Theumaste's world, creating an opening for the latter to peer into the world of the former, an all-engulfing void from Theumaste's perspective. Even the simplest of games was imploded by the player. Even meaninglessness was felt to not be the be-all of everything, if only by the loser.

Panurge effectively effaces the residual rationality purveying the very syntax of the body, forcing Theumaste, procedurally, to yield to his own body, and, in doing so, manifests repulsion in the audience that sees in Theumaste something unruly, unfitting, undesirable and smelly. They pit fingers against their noses not to smell the truth. As Theumaste's world is brought down by the loosening of his bodily functions, the audience instinctively avoids the miasma of infection, lest it induce them to enter the dance. The audience didn't lose, for to lose is to play.

The play performs an egestion, a cleaning of the bowels, where the true thinking happens, and the loser has become initiated after the cleanse of his bodily fluids from all over. The first practice of Shamanism, after the dreams and visions attack the healthy of hefty imagination. An arduous and extreme form of corporeal Theurgy best approached carefully not to become a beast and be taken through the wrong path. The initiation of the shaman is complete when loss is achieved, but there is always a right way of losing.

If Pantagruel fails in preparing himself to the task of disputing without words, impermeable to the mysteries of the many books he consults on the theme, it is not due to any form of lack. It is the giant's excessive health that impedes the books of penetrating. Panurge would never be able to force his master into progressively yielding to his own body. Only a god could do so. Instead, in his infinite humanity, the humble servant embodies illness, inoculating it in whatever he does and says. The health of those scared enough impels them to flee, and the curiosity of those willing to bet their own health, like Theumaste, imbues the body of a courage to become ill. What does not kill makes stronger, and that is Theumaste's condition after fighting impending death. Knowing when to stop once it takes a good measure of the body entering its dangling mouth is the mark of the victorious loser, and what the loser yanks from inside on their way out is the sole prize. The winner gains nothing.

Likewise it is Pantagruel's near-infinite health, his xenomorphic condition connecting the body to an inexhaustible wealth in the Utopie, that makes it impossible, or at the very least unlikely, for him to see any sickness in Panurge and his antics. Panurge is incapable of harming his master, and both instinctively know this. For Pantagruel, Panurge is but another of the little people – although unusually interesting and more amusing. While the giant treats his companion with compassion, the wicked man Panurge hopes to be open by the robustness of his superior. The buffoon wants to lose finally, and, in losing, win something, become greater – or die trying. To the fool, nothing else is sacred.

Pantagruel is Panurge's Jabberwocky. His existence is maddening. Take away the addict's drug and the world becomes unbearable as the body readjusts. The impossible monster Jabberwocky/Pantagruel is sobriety, an existence that emanates the dissolution of Panurge's maddened world, and Panurge's project is that of making a vorpal sword before he can pull out the blade from his mouth and into his master's.

The task of Don Juan is to delay Castañeda's loss for as long as possible, until the dilation is wide enough to push forth an amount surpassing that of Castañeda's whole, a new player that, in the loss, may continue losing.

Don Juan gains nothing with this, but it would be terminally preposterous to think that the figure does what he does out of kindness. Castañeda's increasingly ambitious losing is merely a delaying of Don Juan's winning, the longer it takes the better the chances. The logic is simple, it couldn't be simpler: ill meat tastes bad. And there is a limit to becoming ill: one either dies or becomes healthier.

The sign that marks Theumaste's defeat is one in which Panurge covers his eyes while showing off his teeth. As the Anti-Narcissus would say: odontology as ontology. Anthropophagy as anthropology. The cannibal perspective as cosmology of the loser, where the character of the loser is an avatar for the metaphysics of predation.

There is one cosmological principle shared among the native bodies of the Americas: non-human species see themselves as human, and likewise they see humans as non-human. This is the underlying humanity, incommensurable with any Western perspective yet easily approached through the lens of reflexive reticularity. The function of the shaman is a matter of diplomacy. As the one converging limits, channeling the capacity to transform into and communicate with the non-human forces, the shaman is the one who assume an inter-human condition. The non-human as a description of anything not *Homo sapiens* is inexistent and incoherent from the shaman's perspective, and so the inter-human condition assumes a communicative practice not of

exploration, but of war. The body of the shaman is always societal, his task is always xenomorphic, his existence political, and his duty is to ensure the cohesion of this body by affirming the body's identity as human to the outside forces of humanity always unbalanced and in predatory mode, battling for primacy. In this cosmic war, even the gods are liable to destruction, hated while feared by the natives, the gods eat the believers that then, through this process, become more like the gods. Yet belief is incoherent with this milieu. One only wants to become alike the gods to accrue power to battle them in equal footing, to eat the gods that ate us first, to avenge the predation of our kin that is continuously happening since the beginning of the world. The machine that created suffering in the old world is here never actualized. Ecstasy is all there is. Life is never given, but conquered. The celebration of one's birth never counts the supposed amount of years left, naturally given to a person, but only another year of bodily affirmation, another year of survival. One is never expected to naturally expire, there is no reason to believe immortality is impossible right now, one only dies of unnatural causes. The gods themselves are one of those causes. Hungry and impatient, they take the most weakened. The dead are now animals, beasts, they are no longer part of this body – this is the only pain there is, and the gods must pay for diminishing this body. Once in heaven, we feast, we eat the gods and replenish our body to infinity. But first we must conquer the gods.

All bodies have their shaman, including non-human bodies. When a shaman communicates with a tree, that tree is its body's shaman. When a shaman communicates with a bee, that bee is its hive's shaman (and/or of the body of hives in the vicinity of one another). Since shamans are diplomats, establishing communication with a non-human that is not its body's shaman is dangerous for both bodies due to the asymmetrical relationship of the interaction between different modes of humanities. It usually means the advent of sickness into that body of which the non-shaman was contacted, and retaliation might ensue. The shaman is the only entity allowed to become sick, willingly. Likewise if a non-human non-shaman contacts someone that is not a shaman, then extreme mistrust ensues, and that person is advised to seek help as soon as possible. Sickness of body and/or mind in that particular person might ensue from such an interaction, and the spread is the advent of a war best avoided. The non-shamanic surplus of non-human warriors was how the new world fell to colonization. Diplomacy failed when the biotic forces of the visitors disrespected the code binding the entire continent together. Up until first contact, medicine was unnecessary. The bodies regulated themselves through respectful shamanic mediation and the rule of predation.

The shaman is a delayed sacrifice. The power of the shaman comes from the fact that they will necessarily be eaten by the cannibal deities. A loser, but nevertheless a player. The gods address the shaman as "our future food", a self-sacrifice that the body performs in order to

assure its identity remains human and as potent and guarded against non-human competitors as possible. A sacrifice as offering to buy a seat of the table, to become active participants in a cosmic play. From the start, the shaman knows of their destiny. Every shaman devoured in the service of their body shall be avenged when the deities are finally defeated, captured, and eaten in a celebration to shake the very fabric of existence. The ultimate affirmation of life in victory is only possible given a ladder made of the stacked corpses of losers, to use its verticality to dethrone the gods is the task of the body, and this body always resides in the future.

One could interpret Don Juan's interactions with Castañeda either as (i) the initiation of Castañeda into shamanhood, or (ii) a shamanic attack into Castañeda's body devoid of shaman. Given the diplomacy of shamans, however, (i) and (ii) are not co-exclusionary. Don Juan attacks Castañeda's body by initiating him into shamanhood, an attack drenched in the best of insidious intentions. One look at what became of Castañeda's later career should be enough to confirm this assertion.

Don Juan operates in the category of *horizontal shamanism*. Among bodies dispersed along the pre-colonial Americas, the legions of Behemoth, horizontal shamanism is always present and is the predominant form of shamanic practice, there is also, however, the *vertical shamanism*. Vertical shamanism is not as prevalent and not all cultures even display this type. Horizontal shamanism focuses outside the societal body and the similar, with special attention towards the non-human and the politics of interspecies predation. Vertical shamanism focuses on the interior habits and traditions of the body, such as rites, ceremonies, and the like, the overall preservation of culture. The more equalitarian and warfaring cannibal bodies usually had only the category of horizontal shamanism expressed as a well-defined type. The vertical shamanism, although whether a newer category or not is of no speculative interest, played a decisive role in isolating which societies were more easily assimilable or not, with the vertical shamans assuming more and more the role of sacerdotal authorities and finding reverberating isomorphisms with the Christian colonizers that helped accelerate the process of assimilation *contra* the horizontal shamans continuously and gradually relegated to the figure of the madman, bestial man, and pushed further into the jungle. The more purely cannibal, devoid of verticality, were almost completely vanished in the hearts of rainforests and proto-deserts.

The notion of *generalized vertical acceleration* can be useful to illustrate the imagined reasons behind Don Juan's drive towards helping Castañeda, as a horizontal shaman still being pushed by the reverberating verticalization of his original body, soon to become a delusion incarnate, a beastman.

Since a generalization of the zero-degree horizontal shamanism is to betray the modality of its categorical imperative – what even would be a 'horizontalization'? A flattening?! –, the only general tendency that can be affirmed about this shamanic category is that it wants to become *transversal*. But it only wants this once the degree of dimensionality is increased by $n+1$ – for how could the Flatlander dream of a 3D world without an external event affecting the 2D world in unexplainable ways, ineffable from the flat perspective? Similarly, when ladders are erected towards dimensions unseen it shakes the very core of the horizontal shaman with a need to pierce clouds soaring through the newfound sky.

The transversal shaman's dictum: trans-humanism, but an all-too-human transhuman.

Without the idea of the Good, the conviction which codifies what binds the continent is that all vital activity, pertaining to life in any of its guises, is always a form of predatory expansion. The metaphysical rule of Will-to-Power in its anarchic apex, life seeks more life using of any means possible and necessary, exhausting possibility and deactivating necessity in its process of escaping these constraints. Decolonization reigns supreme in the heart of the jungle. The bodies hollowed themselves before the colonial stratification even began, and the positive implication of the decolonizing factor only makes itself felt when there is a sublation in the colonizing exercise. The first xemomorphic egg comes from here; it's been mutating for over half a millennium and is soon to hatch.

The horizontal shaman, continuously pushed by the verticalization of his body's practice, egested as he tends towards a transversality that impels a creative destruction of the added dimensionality (to consume $n+1$, incarnating the non-will of $n-1$), is minorized as he loses territory. Now as unmarried and un-weddable woman, the transversal shaman is no longer the majority, the 'he', but depersonalized 'they', and their art is sorcery, to become 'it'. Sorcery isn't, never was, and never will be, a social institution. Its only function is towards the outside, to the disintegration of the body and the decolonization of thought. It is blasted by this nigredo that the beastman seeks its prey. Sorcery is anarchism in practice. And the sorcerer has no friends. The individual in its naked form is the mask of anomie, an escapee of the uncapturable not free of potential captors.

Using a microscope or telescope, either zoom in or zoom out continuously in well-defined intervals. One does not need to pre-establish the pause. It will make itself felt when reticularity manifests. Reticularity, as the pause itself, occurs when there is a disjunction in the continuity of a segmented perspective that cross-intersects with another segment. When whatever is being zoomed-in expresses a level of similarity to an external layer of reality that is perceived by the naked senses and whatever is zoomed-out shares in that vague outline, that phenomenon,

often times falling under the *para* umbrella (of para-phenomena), is *reticular reflexion*. The 2007 film "The Nines" is an exercise in reflexive-reticularity demonstration.

Reticularity is not patchwork. The reflexive function is collapsory, co-reductive, an assertion about one of the poles in the relation affects the other pole; extension is assigned relationally. Symbiosis always precedes symbology.

The *difference of potential* as the key idea of the principle behind sacrifice, as Anti-Narcissus would've put it, still operates reticularly. Rather than an ideal regulatory function, our gaze is directed with curiosity towards the aesthetic notion of pluripotentiality. Even the Anti-Narcissus sounds too full of ego with his difference as a property of a metaphysical faucet, or the hydraulics embedded in a transcendental immanence where pure forces tend and distend, responding to their immaterial *telos* and tendency. Any ontology that uses of Newtonian analogies to enforce central tenets leaves a salty taste in our mouths.

The notion of pluripotency, or intensive virtuality, is the conjugation of the residual remnants that leak from a cracked concept; neither cardinal nor ordinal. If plural is a *representation of quantity*, and plurality a *quantitative notion*, *plur'i* as *hollowed term* latched onto the concept of potency multiplies its sense as a tumor attached to another tumor, a hyper-tumor that guarantees the ceasing of cancerous proliferation. The intensive and the virtual are asymmetrical concepts that do not intercept. Virtuality, however, is a notion reticularly intersected by the pseudo-concept (or conceptuality) of intensiveness. *Pluripotential intensive virtuality*, a categorical thanatology (as terminating of refractory tautologies), does not operate under the idea of Difference in-itself, not even on the notion of the relation between difference/differentiability (coached on the concept of multiplicity), but is its own *terminus* devoid of *telos*. For a glitch theory of individuation.

But what is a *glitch theory*? Is it a *theory of glitch*? How, then, could we define *glitch*? The other side of the expression, *individuation*, begs asking "what even is individuation?" that leads into "don't we need to define 'theory' itself before talking about a theory of individuation?" (Since the concept of the individual itself is already a metaphysical commitment, the process of becoming-individual cannot be reduced so easily).

In fact, the individual as categorical mode or concept is never given as in never preexisting. The body is not a *socius*, a factory productive of individuals for its own use. Following the example of the intensive and the virtual as asymmetrical concepts, we can use of the analogy to illustrate the cosmological unit of personhood as itself a cracked concept, where the person is not an individual – but the individual either a non-person or a meta-person. The shaman, also, is not an individual. Only the sorcerer is. Among the bodies roaming the landmass, one only becomes an

individual, an autonomous countable unit, a *one per se*, when pushed forth and egested from its body. This isn't a stretchy or speculative reading of the *Myth of the Twins*, but a rather orthodox and largely accepted view of the notion of *gemelarity* that univocally permeates all bodies. Chimerism is the cosmological norm; there are no father's sons or daughters but only lineage-father/mother-lineage conjugations in which the person born is the shared sibling of their mother and father to the exclusion of each of the parents' original siblings, and so every uncle and aunt is an enemy. Each person embodies a deeper inflection: a baby is a fusion with its own double, a fusion that never fully actualizes. Among the body's population there is no *autonomous countable unit* as the individual because there is no unity, the reduced part-of-the-whole that is the person are themselves plural, chimeras married to themselves and marriage in themselves. The gemelarity immanent to the individual demonstrates that each person is already a symbiosis, a chimera of multiple blueprints. The individual is asymmetrical to itself and asymmetry in-itself. Gemelarity precedes generality. Before *it*, there are always *them*.

Addendum: The problematic birth of twins largely shared among the legions of Behemoth has its roots on a common suspicion that the twins are entangled doubles of the same chimera that did not fuse together. These may be associated with the birth problems, most of all mortality rates, in twinning. There is also an often overlooked association with the possibility of invasive reproduction. The twinning might not always be seen as unfused chimera, but indeed as more than one chimera – which begs the question: where does the other(s) come from? Then ensues a wonder/fright reaction similar to the one that is present when the child of the Boto is realized to be so.

The body in which the shaman individuated and in turn plays a function of further individuation is synthesized by outside forces and by mediation with the outside. The body itself is a symbiotic relationship. The bodily unit, the person, are themselves symbiogenetic processes that establish the relational phylogenesis between bodies: my wife is my enemy's sister and our sibling's sister. The individual is the organism's tumor inasmuch as it is the body's gamble.

The relationship between the Boto as mythical figure and the pink creatures themselves performs a reproductive function among the bodies of the Amazon at large, as well as a complex territorial demarcation that conditions the relations between different ways of life, an ethology as ethicology. To understand the multinaturalistic perspective, there is no need to taxonomically define and differentiate forms of life. The hyperplasticity conditioned by the pluripotency of the shared infra-form makes for a univocal cosmology accepting of plural ontologies. There is no hylemorphic principle, there is no ladder of forms, the Boto is no different from the botos in form, and neither are the people different from each other and the Boto, or botos, in form. The

form is shared, for it is hyperplastic. The only difference is one of way of life. The form is the human element, not the corporeality of the organism. As long as botos share the hyperplastic form, they are humans, although humans that live differently from us. And thus the difference between our tribe, the enemy tribe further into another territory, and the tribe of the botos that live in an utopic place, is one of degree, not kind. The Boto is a synthesizer. Synthesizers are affective agencies that residue from a symbiotic relationship. A synthesizer possesses neither an identity nor can it be quantified as entity. It solely exists as xenomorphic performativity that does not produce, but reproduces. They are living assemblages.

Horizontal shamanism works with the many synthesizers that together, from outside, weave the identity of its body, without ever naming a general case to categorically envelop a type. The function of shamanism proper is to stabilize the ever-churning forces and affects dancing in a cosmic predation for more life and power, for more auto-actualization, to maintain cohesiveness while cautiously attempting to bet in this game. It is only once shamanism turns sorcery that respect towards synthesizers diminishes. With decreasing functionality inside a body, as egestion produces individual anomalies, egoic beast-like rogues, the verticalization assumes the role of forbidding social institutions, slowly forming the state soon to capture the many bodies into an apparatus for self-production, taboos congeal and the desire to transgress emerges. Desire that, as the apparatus captures more bodies and grows, slowly becomes need. And the sorcerer, a quasi-individual, is the parasitic hyper-tumor aggressively undermining the previous corpus formation that is the cancerous individuation of culture (naturally exclusive) and its Nature (naturally inclusive) whose only function is to fill the void left after the severing of the connection with the synthesizers, the outside forces converging around the plane of the body – now doomed in need of salvation: the birth of theology.

It comes as no surprise that the erected idols, as they converge into the unified big I, recognizes nothing outside of itself, and relegates to the chaotic Outside, all-engulfing chiasm of monsters, the quality of a transcendent Nature. The pink character innocently mistaken by a porpoise grows larger and menacing, covered in dangerous spite and scorn in the image of the White Whale, now a representation of the Enemy, for there is only one, and human it never was.

The sorcerer doesn't exist, for it was expelled from the body as a failed shaman contaminated by the ambiguously malevolent non-human forces of bestial becomings. The sorcerer is a title insofar as it expresses the disintegration of the organic body, which might have its use as function-actualizer under extraordinary circumstances, such as paradigm shifts. Sorcery, on the other hand, is the very tacit workings of the solvent to egest all innards along with whatever organic functionality they might blindly continue to perform. The shaman-becoming-sorcerer, haunted by

the mutating forms that begin to differentiate in kind, blinds itself in fear of the monsters as they reveal themselves and attack what once was a human shaman, now something other to itself. It follows its nose that cannot re-picture those shapes the eyes once assigned to the many expressions of the same form but living differently, and now conceptuality has to be thought abstractly to represent things along the territorialities as they are retraced by the sorcerer. Morphology is born.

It is generally accepted that the focus on observational facts of heterogeneous expressions of cultural mutations (the distinction between cultural and natural mutations being reserved to the modernized western world) is a useful way of modeling macro scale change across homologous and non-homologous groups. Investigating the apparent homology between different cultures with regards to outsiders as demonic dabblers in forbidden arts, which often prompt theories of the excluded such as Agamben's whole program, that often converge with the understanding of the birth of the individual as the generalized form of the exclusion, is the task of glitch theory. Glitch theory eschews the isomorphic and the comparative methods in favor of xemomorphic participation, the study of mutants by mutating.

Glitch theory is not theory of glitch. The glitch precedes theorizing, and there can only be applied glitching to the modeling of a theory. It is a non-methodological immersive theoretical approach due to its speculative quality towards experimentation (that is a given, contra localized experiments as incremental steps towards a measuring function of regularity and normalization). Glitch theory of individuation assumes that the individual precedes the term as participant: individual glitch theory of individuation. Individual and individuation, however, are hollow terms that serve only illustrative purposes. One can speak of a sorcerous glitch theory of sorcery, a shamanic glitch theory of shamanism, but not of an intelligent glitch theory of intelligence or an alien glitch theory of alienation or alienness outside purely illustrative picturing. This is due to the precedent term's quality as quantitative process grounded in pre-linguistic sense. Shamanic, as pertaining to the shaman's glitching, as precedent term of the operation 'Shamanic glitch theory of shamanism', has positive sense outside the picture, whereas individual, as the precedent term, does not. The equivalency between the expressions 'shamanic glitch theory of shamanism' and 'shaman's glitching as shamanism' is relevant. The equivalency between 'alien's glitch theory of alienation' and 'alien's glitching as alienation' is semi-relevant: syntactically hollow yet semantically loaded. The equivalency between 'individual glitch theory of individuation' and 'individual's glitching as individuation' is non-relevant for it is both syntactically and semantically loaded.

From the perspective of this pseudo-field, Don Juan is the glitch theoretician and Castañeda the glitching test subject. Yet, theoreticians do not usually deal with hands-on research as in instrumental experimentation. The relationship between Don Juan and Castañeda, as xenomorphism, is reproductive of sense-asymmetrical value-assigning synthesizers, which are experiments that experiment on themselves and yield results that relate themselves and speculate about themselves. As observer turned participant, Don Juan has to go beyond the performative vivisection of synthesizers to achieve total countereffectuation of the actual, that is, abstract once more as observer, which makes him approach the asymmetries themselves, the abstract limits that compose the already abstract artifacts of initial study (synthesizers) from a theoretical stand-point. Glitch theory is always an experimentation on glitching.

The sorcerer has no friends, but, as long as there is predation, sorcery invites allies. Affinity cannot be annihilated. The predatory Enemy is for the ideal Friend as the ally is for warfare. Allies are mutants.

The White Whale as the character of the Mutant, Moby Dick, embodies the concept of mutation in its earlier stages in the modernizing world. If the White Whale is the character, the Mutant is the conceptual character (meta-character, the atom/actor of Myth). The Amazon river non-dolphin, thus, is the minorized other to the White Whale, and its meta-characterization is xenomorphic (the molecular infra-mutant). Molecularity itself is expressed through the infrastructural configuration of the symbiotic relationships, or bonds, between the chained bodies bound by the agential polysynthesis of the Boto. Molarity is expressed by the monstrous glaring Whiteness expelled into an ineffable Outside that needs to be violently transgressed, that is aggressively resented, that has a name grilled in the flesh of marked slaves.

It seems to be a given that the Boto then, as functional mythical character, is a mutation of the Mutant, a *particular case* of the *general rule*, only exception and exceptional until objective descriptors exhaust its mystery and *replicate it* as in synthesize it freely. But this only becomes the case from the perspective that already created the general form, in this case the Mutant, from the amassed multicultural Mythology that, cracked, oozes imperceptible in the particular expressions of its excess – the White Whale an infamous one among these expressions. Particularity and generality, however, say nothing about the humble boto from the perspective that remains pluricultural and unexhausted in its expressivity, a multinatural perspective where the capital letter never actualized, devoid of the general case. It is so that the Boto only becomes long-nosed porpoise in relation to the Whale, and pinkness manifests only in the presence of Whiteness. The emergent agency that performed its function as synthesizer, in Leviathanic salty waters, lurks in abyssal depths seldom manifesting on the surface, Moby Dick, the Great Other.

In Melville resides a markedly dynamic collision between the Old and New worlds, a singular imagination where the whale gave up mammalian status when it returned to the sea. A fish, the largest of them, despite its warm blood, bilocular heart, lungs, movable eyelids, hollow ears, *penem intransit feminae mammae lactantes*, and whatever other similarities it shares with mammals on land. A whale should be taken at face value, as what it chooses to be. It refused the land and battled its way back into the water, a fish it is. This is a markedly proto-American attitude, one that purveys all of the new world continents long before the first settlers arrived from the Leviathanic salt at large. The Fish, the monster of the sea, shall battle the Beast of the land in equal footing before all the ones below, dwarfed by the sheer thunders in-between clashes. How could this ever be if the whale were not the pet offspring of the promised Leviathan? A walrus is not a fish, if only because it is amphibious – uncertain where to habit, as some kinds of peoples. Not nomadic, but modally migratory. It is a matter of time until portions of amphibious bird populations, such as penguins, become fully aquatic as the ice floods the sea in liquid form.

Birds becoming whales, fish becoming birds, an all-involving ever-revolving asymmetrical circularity of involutive transformation as predatory trade devoid of monetary unit where whale is a mode of the modular category of fishes, which expresses said modularity through its capacity to accommodate morphological and physiological differences under its umbrella. A whale is not defined by its parts and the organic functions these organs perform, but by its individual choices mapped through a continuum. Science, in its chaos-embracing form as non-institutional enterprise, observing events through immersive participation, regularizes observations by delineating patterns of repetition. The pattern-repetition among collections of individual whales is to live like fish, and so they are fish performatively. The beached whale, refusing to return to the water, ceases to be fish. Soon they die and their bodies may be cut open to reveal severe similarities with land mammals by the miracle of analogy. There is no reason to believe this process, if repeated enough, could not result in the branching-off of the whale mode once again, into fish whales and land whales. This latter, however, would cease to be whale, as it has become something else. The native imagination permeating all Behemoth's people, be in its terror or wonder towards the little river toothed whales, seems to attest a continuous movement between river and land by these pink creatures. The sheer mythical repetition of the theme of leaving for the land and returning to the river creates an ambiguous unbalance about their place in the chaosmos. They should not be hunted or eaten, for they are not proper food (fish), the native imagination, in fact, cannot categorize what they are without a seeping ambiguity that terrorizes the unconscious. Are they amphibious? Are they invading? Will they become human instead of us? What hunters experience when these friendly monsters

approach their canoes is true xenophobia, fear of the destabilizing power that flows swiftly beneath the surface. The pinkish water jaguar is violently dangerous in its calmness: it doesn't even need to hunt us or scare us off or defend its territory, it's all theirs already, they have no need at all! The synthesizer non-dolphin is multimodal and plurimodular. Not only are they hyperplastic and metamorphic, but also possess free access to the infrastructural coding immanent to the world.

It should come as no surprise that a multicultural civilization which flourished under the ontological primacy of the Friend and filial affinity (phylogenetic) as condition of instantiation of the Other, the Enemy, would have, as unruly character of the asymmetry of Nature to the modernizing world of Order and vertical progress, a vengeful and abnormally aggressive mutant sperm whale. Yet, this perspective might serve as an alleviating introduction for the surprise one has in dealing with an entire civilization that seems to run contrary, completely lopsided relative to this modern cosmology, where the cause of most terror is a small, overly friendly pink whale. For the multinaturalistic perspective, the ideal body is one devoid of affinity, devoid of friends and friendliness. An apex predator that shows nothing but contempt in its gentleness is terrifying, for it is godly and doesn't rely on the cooperative predation immanent to the land; it must be alien, it can overcode the instinct to aggression.

For the Boto, interspecies reproduction is possible given its multimodal plurimodularity. Wherever the non-human is virtually equipotent with meta-humanity, animals are but humans in disguise. The disguise, such as *being fish*, is a mode of being and modality of performance. Behind the fish bounces around a hyperplastic luminosity that is modular, the human factor that is immanent to the modes. The Boto, however, not only assumes a single mode but many superposed and stacked, which gives food for the thought of its modularity somehow porting a pluripotential capacity even beyond the humanity immanent to this world. They are aliens, and the uncanny valley effect is felt in the horror expressed so clearly at the bare thought of these creatures. They might come in peace, nevertheless dangerous and oftentimes invasive. A problematic permeating the different bodies along the landmass and islands (since the Boto is amphibious, there is no escaping it). The Boto was more than likely seen as a great parasite, a phantasmagorical elusive competitor that had all the advantages in the hunt, but every symbiont was once a parasite. The reproductive function of symbiosis and parasitosis with the outside is embodied in the figure of the Boto, an agent that binds univocally all bodies in all places however isolated, a carrier or vector between the outside and the other outside, forever in-between, the alien is immanent before the immanence of the body's constitution. And it should come as no surprise that the mutant is, in a cosmology where the enemy precedes the friend, and all friends are really enemies, ontologically primary in relation to the normalized and

regularized corporeal organs, material organons, and incorporeal signs. And so, for every moment in the eternal daze of drab whiteness suffered in the saddest city on the globe, there lives pink eternity painted across, felt along, the skies of Cuzco and the golden veils running the entire continent. It is so that the Boto, as univocal vector-carrier, is not just any synthesizer, but a polysynthesizer.

Moby Dick, the inhuman White Whale, the Mutant, the Monster of the Leviathanic salt that is unique, a particular case. The embodiment of the shame of vertical catabolism running rampant as cultures are sacrificed to the cancerous machine that abducts, individuates disconnected individuals, and mass produces them as technological tools for its own use, cogs to be organized accordingly and serve an anabolic function as part of the larger machinic organism.

The infra-human Boto, the pink non-dolphin, the legions of little whale mutants smiling, silently floating along the shallows of sweet waters branching into many rivers and bodies, each an instantiation of themselves and only themselves. The terror of warriors as their heads split and the voices multiply, now responding to the conflicting power of the horizontal shaman and the vertical shaman, not knowing what to do in a panic.

The great draconic bird Ziz, super-human, eater of all jaguars, the gut that digests our ancestors, The Shadow that ate the Sun, Wings of the End, Bringer of Ecstasy, Quetzalcoatl, Inti, a bastard Tezcatlipoca... these are all titles for the supreme Alien that came to eclipse the light shared by all bodies, making them conjoin and spiral along an axis of verticalization that is the birth of the temple, of priesthood, of the city. The bird-serpent hybrid sun and moon gods sign the verticalization, the snake sprouts wings to disperse its venom through the sky and towards the stars.

The key to sorcery is not in the adoration or the slaying of this dragon, neither in taking sides with the sweet meat of the slaughtered legions of Behemoth nor with the bubbling salt that foams from the mouth of Leviathanic monstrosities, both to be served in the final banquet to the brackish empires of the feathered serpent. The key is in quickly, if laboriously, stealing the egg as the monsters battle. The test is one in which one has to become invisible to the battling titans. This egg, that is the egg of the great sun god, is expressed by Don Juan when he explains the entrance into the mystery to Castañeda.

If the shaman correlates with the crafting and use of ecstasy as weapon, and shame is the pet affect of the priest, then the sorcerer just wants to have fun. The vagabond overachiever is the literary embodiment of the sorcerous conduct, a code laid bare for the ones who learn to see properly, crazed and glitched by the eagle's yolk. Neither Histrionic Benommenheit nor anal-

retentive ennui, but both-extremes negation as omni-directional affirmation of unbound enjoyment. Sorcery begins when the Cosmic Egg of the bird-dragon is stolen and slurped away to the core, as the entrance into the mystery at the edges of the battle. A sorcerer is a cosmic deserter.

The Boto is neither an animal nor beast, but a demon. Yes, even demons are people. The symbiogenetic polysynthesis is the demonic alliance that binds bodies in warfare, the Boto but an emerging figure of either diplomatic or invasive reproduction.

For the native cosmology, the earth-egg is but a hollow surface that attracts cosmic forces from outside to converge and modulate and mixture. A womb where alien invasion is made the norm and always-present. The recent 'ancient aliens' paranoia is incommensurable from the other side of the modern perspective, for it takes individuation of objects/subjects as a given. The gods are made material and always-present in an archaic past, individuals in humanity's image searching for something out of a Lacanian desire, instead of forces embodying themselves as they transit geodesic fractality.

The saying "knowledge of the past is wisdom for the future" operates functionally without an implicit subjectivity. Self-intelligentification of a 'past' is for the 'future' to self-actualize optimally.

The transcendental subject that possesses a past and a future (transcendental structure of time) that can be, from its moment (its present, its being-in-the-world), recognized and planned ahead is a fruitful fiction – if one wants to concretize a qualifying modularity for humanity as a mode.

The first statement is Hegelian, the second is Heideggerian. A Deleuzian restatement would morph the saying into:

"Knowledge of the past, wisdom of the future".

Instead of the connective 'is' that, analogically, sublates the inherent differential force that tenses the two temporal modes and their properties, there is the pause with the comma. The moment is embodied by the comma.

And instead of the value-based formalization of an 'of' and a 'for', there is a collapse. The knowledge of the past is the past's own, while the wisdom of the future is untouched by any data from the past that one may characterize as knowledge. The moment does not connect the past to the future, it in fact is a distortion in time that fractures its apparent structure into assuming a past and future form.

Reflexive reticularity is the principle encoded in the physics of assembly, physics itself that is the generalized form of the assemblage descriptor "event". Whenever the Deleuzo-Guattarian 'moment' manifests, it is as reticularly reflexive expression of the event. Aionic recognition is a glitch in the matricial code roaming the syntax of surfaces. The chronicle of assemblages is always chronically parasitic.

There is, however, another path than the drinking of the egg. There are no limits to how many paths can be, but a starkly distinct path is one of making peace with the Boto so that the Boto reveals its protégé, the manatee.

Probably the *Making of the Peace* with the most powerful enemy to reveal the ultimate prey (manatees cannot go extinct, for they are from the utopic land of excess, a gift from the Boto— unless, that is, *H. sapiens* is introduced into the mix. That being the case, then, *T. inunguis*, the Amazonian manatee, is liable to an easy extinction.) marks the looping of shamanism back into itself, never to become sorcery, and could be understood as a self-sustaining process or self-perpetuating machine that signs the notion of friendship and the friend: the ultimate prey, that doesn't even need hunting effort and that has a meat with special properties that could even be used to attract other prey. For to shamanism to turn to sorcery, there needs to be another shamanism that turns to priesthood, and for that there needs to be an immanent asymmetry to shamanism. The making of the peace, then, is the gift of maná, where the demonic powers spoil the people aplenty, with gifts from what ultimately becomes a sketch of heaven. A tropical christianism? The germ of proto-capitalism without any Western Influence?

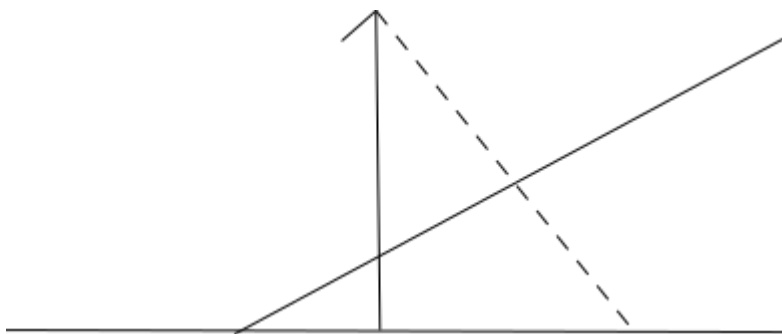
The conquest of the peixe-boi (manatee) by angelic redemption is the mark of a hidden shamanism, one not explored enough and that could still take root: diagonal shamanism, the neutralization of the asymmetry.

Diagonal shamanism is the extirpation of mutants and symbiogenetic mutation by mimesis and appropriation, appealing to a master to become like them and partake in their riches. It wasn't Girard who discovered this, it is Brazil that does and whom Girard needed to correct his theory of desire and scapegoating. The end of warfare and the battle in name of the War. Tropical feudalism. And it is only when the overlooked diagonal, infinitesimal, rapidly reproduces around the verticals, as the towers glisten and blind to the cancerous accumulation below, that the invasion occurs and the ladders come tumbling down in a reverse-sloping the mighty dragon-like astral deities could not see from above.

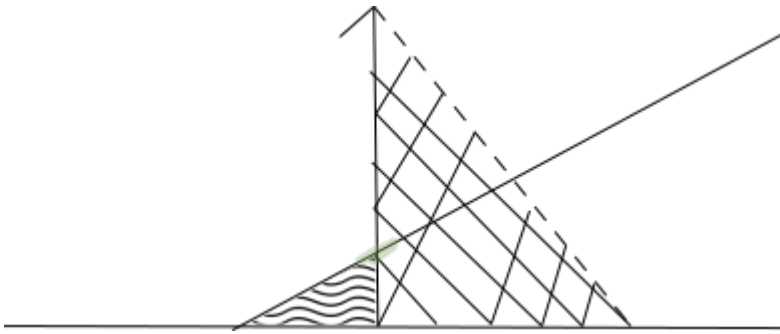
This is the prevalent type of shamanism post-colonization. It reigns supreme as the sorcerers are hunted and put into asylums and prisons, as the ruins of pyramids and temples are digested by fungi and the aliens take off planet thanking for the fish till now. It is only diagonally that horseshoe theory makes any sense.

There can be no fun diagonally. Traped in a tilting equipollent tension between the false locus of shame and the reflection of ecstasy, there resides the image of jouissance as barren drab pleasure. An spectrum that circles back, feedbacking into itself viciously.

The horizontal has no vectorial direction, no exertion, that is the vertical's definition. The dotted line, the diagonal, subsists on the territory it produces by naturalizing the convergence between the horizontal and vertical; there is no creation. The transversal pierces both the vertical and passes through the territory, coming out the outer limit that is the diagonal. Transversality is only partially, even transitorily, inside the naturalizing territory, the producing captured. It is thus that 'successful' sorcery transmigrates and transfigures the 'user' outside the normalized zone, making the body vanish as it creates its own place outside the territory in its own image. There lies the home of the body.



The smaller triangle, painted over, is the impression explicit in the becoming of said body, while the trajectory, or sub-section of line between the two borders of the territory are the expression implicit in said becoming. The bigger triangle formed by the painted smaller triangle and the trapezoid is the residue of the body, while the dashed smaller triangle isolated above, as territory, is the residual body. This marks the difference between residue and residuality in an applied model of the glitching. The residue of the body is also called zone of visibility, everything below the transversal. The residual body is just garmonbozia, above the transversal. The white space is meaningful. And the trapezoid portion of the zone of visibility is the zone of maximum opacity, where concreteness is apparently given – although it was produced.



So, after all, water-jaguar is a bad term to speak about the Boto, we should be speaking of a fish-jaguar or jaguar-fish, water has less to do with the amphibious asymmetry than the morphology as it pertains to modularity and its immanent value. The 'boi' (male cow that is not necessarily a bull) in peixe-boi (fish-cow), attests to the Portuguese interpretation of the indigenous names for the manatee—Guaraguará, {i}guaraguá, or garaguá (Tupi): *eater, one who grazes excessively*. Its "manatee" name is the anglophonization of a word the Spaniards took from Carib peoples, "manatí", or "manatim", loosely translatable as "breast".

The cow was the European equivalent of *proper food* for the indigenous people. Peixe-boi expresses a sentiment of hybridization and ambiguity between the two most proper foods, fish and its land equivalent, be it prey that needs to be hunted or animals already domesticated. The Boto, as the guardian of this asymmetrical food, properly of the gods for its excess, is not only not properly a fish because of its amphibious nature, its unilateral ambiguity, but also because it is, as a fish, combusting in an asymmetrical excess correspondent to the apex predator of the land, the one other beast that could never be food, the jaguar. The Boto is, in its ambiguous hybridity, the fish-jaguar, at the same time what should be proper food and what could never become so. As the ideal predator, it also has the power to share the ideal prey (the manatee).

The relationship is thus:

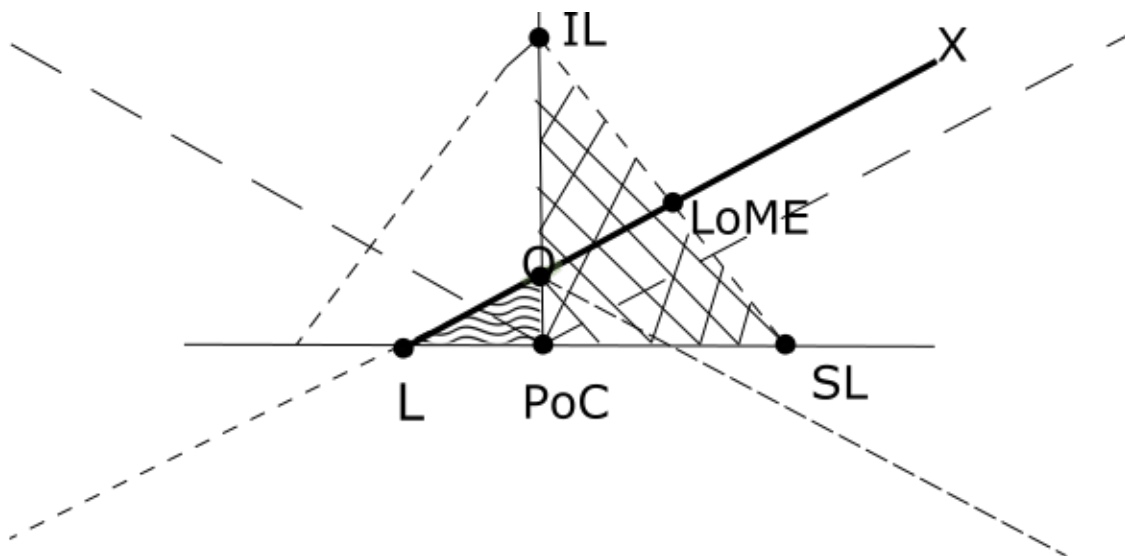
jaguar-fish | fish-cow

A metamorphism.

We can think of the figure of the peixe-boi as residual body of the Boto. The apparent surplus after peace, then taken as a given, is the Boto's donation of its own excess flesh, its residual body that crosses from the upper triangle above the transversal line into the trapezoid below,

relationship that constitutes a zone of metamorphic exchange. The Boto's physical form distributed across individual river dolphins is the residue of the Boto's body. Its residual body, the peixe-boi, is donated as it passes from the apparently utopic realm of excess to the trapezoid zone of scarcity. But the transversal pierces through into the limits of infinity. The relation between the residue of the Boto's body and its residual body is metamorphic. It is so that diagonal shamanism is the production of organism and its reproducing organic matter supplanted by a surplus that is always-already synthetic.

Every body has its shaman, and so non-human animals also have their sorcerers. The Boto is the sorcerer of the utopic realm, and its beast-like shape is akin to the beastman's madness that prompts it to be egested from the normal zone. As a vampiric mutant, it seeks to reproduce. It is so that the transversal line is the infinitesimal edge of the alien territory, only sorcerers intersect and invade with the disrespect that is characteristic of the Boto.



The named points are *limits*. Segments between any two points are *thresholds*. The area formed by the meeting of thresholds is a *zone*. And the volume projected by the intersection of zones is a *crumpled surface*, also called a *glitch*.

The limit **L** stands for the limitless limit, also called *Limbo*.

At the very base of the vertical is **PoC**, the zero-degree *point of convergence*, or simply *limit of convergence*.

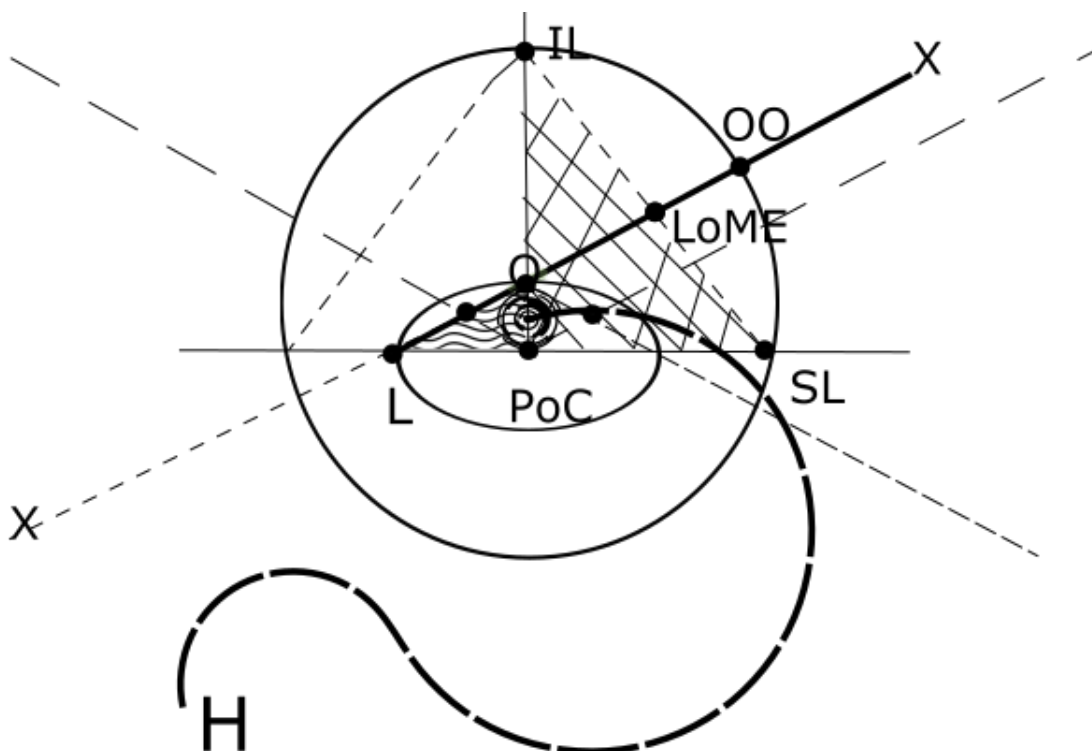
The residue of the body, whatever below the transversal **X** and delimited by the dashed intersect with the *limit of metamorphic exchange* **LoME**, is the *infra domain*. Whatever above **X** while still inside that delimited zone is the *supra domain*, or residual body. In this way, we can

speak of an *infra-limit* **IL** and a *supra-limit* **SL** binding the symmetry together through the origin point **O**, the limit in which the xenomorph expressed by the transversal X naturalizes a territory over the asymmetry that is the zone. The hollow triangle is the image of the known territory, the reflection of its infrastructural zone, and it is always open: it is the enemy zone, from which the transversal apparently invaded. Not a triangle at all, in fact, everything outside the dashed triangle is enemy zone. Territory is merely another name for the incomplete picture of a naturalizing body, a zone that is not the enemy's. The transversal X is but the vanguard of said body, cutting the zone and delimiting the territory, wounding it into existence, and this wound is what makes the body not reducible to its own territory (another name for organism).

While **X** is a transverse, another name for the xenomorph's trajectory, that pierces through and continues its journey, the diagonal that mimics X barricades itself failing to cross the limit of metamorphic exchange. Now secluded in a limited zone of its own, providence is what gives it sustenance, and survival is bestowed by the hands of its master to which morphing capacity was sacrificed for the sake of mimesis—now this is what Girard was talking about, only now is there an impetus to scapegoat. The sight of the Boto in its beast-like form outside one's home means that the individual unfortunate enough to be in such an encounter is adrift and in urgent need to return to its naturalized territory, for, even though polysynthesizers naturalized that territory one calls home, it is better than being cut-off from one's body and into the enemy zones. To sight the jaguar-fish is to meet with the vanguard of another body, to clash with its elite warrior(s) and be enveloped by the glitching; one never returns the same, and nightmares are expected from the rest of one's life as the bare minimum malady of such an event. With like exposition, ensues the end of that naïve understanding of the savages as saints in perfect communion with nature, in complete balance with the environment as ecologically pure human animals. The deep green manifesto of a return to this mode of life, or form of life, is vacuous. Any of these peoples living at the edges of the rivers, constantly invaded by Encantados in human form, would, with enough accumulated power, in the blink of an eye exterminate all polysynthesizers of disproportionate power. Vengeance is the fuliginous burning sign branded in every living thing subjugated by the law of predation. Even the gods eat us because of a residual thirst for vengeance in which they revel without the slightest drop of scarcity or need, not even pleasure. All of us want to eat the gods that ate us first, out of the most distilled bile and hatred in its purest state. No one would like otherwise. No body needs otherwise. It might as well be better for the world, for nature, for the environment in general, that the "savages" were mostly assimilated or exterminated, otherwise there would be no notion of a world, a nature, an ecology to be preserved. The dream of the drowning psychotic.

In Castañeda's writings as documents of his journey, the sorcerers disappeared, for although they are not xenomorphs as godly as the Boto himself, they are transversal shamans, xenomorphic conditions that eventually pierced through the limit of their intersection with Carlos the apprentice, left behind as a failure. And the territory below said intersection, as zone of metamorphic exchange, closed into itself as a folded prison, entrapping all of the apprentice's followers, creating a true instance of diagonality in which peace was established and the food captured with ease. For the ones seeking sorcery, impelled by this alien force to pierce through, the works of Castañeda and his accolades are a trap, and offer a lesson in how not to imitate the loser. Don Juan succeeded when the New Age movement captured his prey-apprentice, thus diverting the competition via practices too useless for the path to power. Yes, power, that although one of the first lessons the Yaqui Indian exposed was that power has become useless for himself, what he truly began to seek more and more in his old age was freedom. What is freedom if not the emptiest form of power, the power to challenge the drive to power?

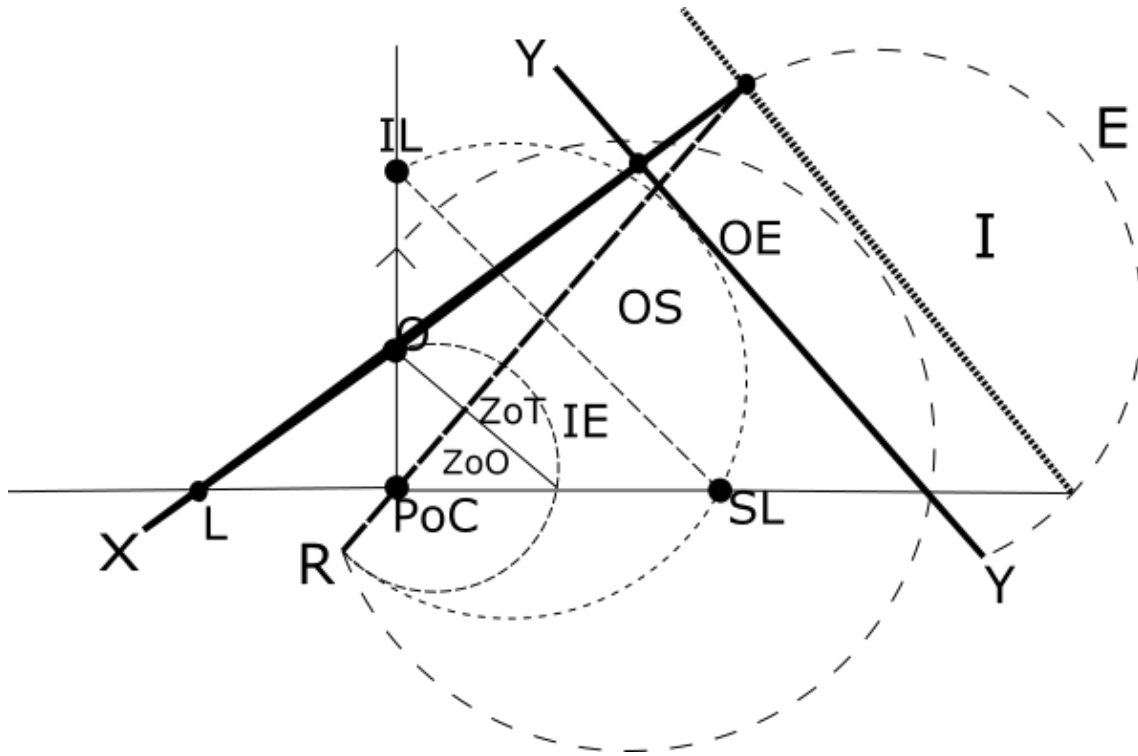
The sorcerer is a decolonizing agency, sorcery the agent of decolonization. The transversal shaman, the sorcerer, is the shaman warrior (or warrior shaman), one that leaves the platitude of diplomat and goes straight to the forefront as the vanguard.



The transversal X comes from outside the outside of the outer circle composed of the outer limits or boundary line OO, has its event at and as the origin point O and vestigial residue at the limit

that introduces the inner circle, the point **L**. The spiral in the middle, tentatively named **H** for Hole, is the zone of infection, or maximum xenomorphic exchange, where the symmetry of the convergence is continuously constituted by the balancing residual and residue, supra and infra, zones of visibility and opacity, etc. The Hole is a reified, as to say simplified, representation of the reticular reflexion operative in the diagrammatization. *This reification does not happen spontaneously.* Let us eliminate the unnecessary details to account for what is happening for such a reification to manifest, picturing the static syntheses that lay hidden between the apparent symmetry.

The Ontological Imperative: formal first of three dissections – On Reflexive Reticularity and the Mirror Function: a (syntactic?) description of 'living' principle/function and a discussion/analysis of its derivations and entailments



The above diagram is what underlies the spiral represented as “H” in the previous diagram. The true and ugly face of Lacan’s *sinthome*: not one circle at all, but a synthome of asymptotes.

Reflexive reticularity permits us to keep expanding the diagram in its degree of dimensionality indefinitely. That would be to miss the point at its core: the intersection of X and Y , where Y is the morphism that appears in both N and X , N – invisible from this perspective – standing for normal territory, while X stands for the transversal xeno territory (or zone), in this case, the territory of the Boto, its body as it traverses N . This morphism Y is precisely the child of the Boto, the *xenomorphism* (the *formal relationship* constitutive of the relation between X and N – this last, consequently, being a *xenomorphic relation*).

Inside the Zone of Visibility [the populated quadrant of *N*, centered around the Inner Edge (IE)], the Zone of Opacity (ZoO) is the domain of vertical shamanism, while the Zone of Transparency (ZoT) is of a distinct “horizontal shamanism” aspect – always becoming transversal, and so pushing forth – reflexively similar – to the outskirts (OS) and outer edge (OE) of the sorcery proper [outside the picture, the blank page beyond *E*].

The reticule R is as an eye peering through the Hole, projecting its own incomplete tunnel-vision picture over an imaginary (in the public sense) surface. The actual point of intersection between

the *xenomorph* X and the *xenomorphism* Y is above its scope, and so both its own intersection with Y and X is below thresholds that escape diagonality, which entails the formation of a myopic judgment in the vague form of an incomplete zone by means of reflexive reticularity.

The 'bubbling' of an Image that Echoes inwardly into the territory – the unhealthy projection – comes from a reflexive expression of the Image back into the territory, as if the perspective that traveled through the reticule R (as R's trajectory) in the diagram formed, now from inside the pictured zone I and using of the momentum of E, projects back assumptions about the interior relations from the standpoint of a projected exteriority: This is the 'mirror function' in the reflexive reticularity, and it is this mirror function the main mechanism behind the 'agglomeration of the tumor'. The mirror function has as elements (expressions related in its composition) isomorphisms, and isomorphisms are the glue that holds together symmetry and any sense-symmetric parameters of exclusion/inclusion, conditioning entailment.

That's how isomorphic relations are established, elements relate to their own artificially mirrored images.

And the mirror function itself is only formalized after the fact, it is not an a priori thing.

The unhealthy bubbling maps humanity and multiplies, having an equivalency to the territory itself and a bordering effect of absorption into said humanity/territory. The healthy echoed image forms outside the territory, at the extremities of its boundaries, and so the humanity is always outside but passes through (as in 'reflects') the insides of the territory. The difference is one of interstitial condition [of humanity] and one of contractual state of propriety [of humanity]. Neither is a matter of immanence vs. transcendence, but it becomes the case when the isomorphic relations are mapped, that is, from the bubbled perspective.

A meditation on surface theory and its importance/relation to the development of source theory (and the concept of "source"): When we think of reticular reflexion, we shouldn't limit ourselves to thinking of a linear movement, nor, for that matter, of a non-linear movement (whatever this might mean). Instead, we should not use movement as the generative principle for an analogy linking this notion-concept to whatever it might be able to do. Movement must, in fact, not just be ignored but eliminated altogether, for it is movement, in a restricted formal sense, that reifies the Hole superstructure.

When we picture a holographic world-projection – nevertheless real, or really the very definition of 'reality' in an ontology that accounts for the several problems of materiality – from the inscriptions over a surface (as, for example, the gist behind the holographic principle and its theory of cosmology) and the inscriptions in this page (in other words, letters, words, units of language) that, by linking

with a trained reader, similarly 'project' into a dimension of thought the cognitive rules for imagining this very example, which comes first? A chicken vs. egg question. Made simplified: did physicists, cosmologists, theologians and speculative metaphysicians come up with an invested interest in this principle of reality and materiality/corporeality as the holographic projection of hidden variables through an infinitesimal sheet, surfaces as records of intrinsic meaning, *because* of the historical development of written language – the thinker educates their imagination through reading, visualization, equations, and the like, and then retroactively projects this very contingency as an universal or mathematical truth – *or is it the other way around?* Namely, *because* this is a universal/mathematical truth, a categorical imperative structuring historicity itself, that the conditions necessarily evolved so that those specific thinkers and fields of study arrived at this conclusion, this picturing. Is the black hole a partial object projected from the minds of thinkers *because* of contingent reasons, or is reason a necessary development structuring the partial objects (the minds) of thinkers in a determined course *because* black holes? It's a matter of externality and internality, inside and outside, primacy and entailment, but always already reverberating between those dimensions (like a fractal, something of irrational dimensionality). Any solution to a reflexive problem such as this one necessarily exhausts its reticularity (fractal exhaustion), which disentangles its intrinsic complexity for the sake of functionality and functional optimization. Can we contain static data from a 3D environment into a fractal of 2.x dimensions? Say, a room organized with many objects in it, all particles of air, everything, compressed into a surface that is subsequently printed over a long sheet of paper and put inside said room. Then, what that effectively is is a moment of that room's 'life' recorded like a picture, imprisoned in the paper as the blueprint of how to time-travel to that instant (all one needs to do is enter the room, pick the sheet of paper and find a way to turn the configuration of the room – each particle in it – exactly how it is encoded in the fractal. What about containing (representing) dynamic data? Instead of printing that one moment, establish a process of recording the configuration of all elements in the room into a dynamic surface (a fractal simulation) constantly alternating between several multi-valued intervals describing the dimensionality of the picture. For that, however, one would need to exponentially progress quantum computation. All difficulties aside, if we accept that this could be done, are we implicitly confirming that indeed the universe is a hologram? Skipping some steps, what about the egestion of movement from the dynamic surface (Platonism [platonist rationalism])? After all, what is Platonism, and by extension rationalism of the stronger variety, the germ of philosophy, if not primarily a program for the destruction of time; or simply of escape. The syntheticism behind rationalism and the very idea-notion of rationality, that, when taken seriously, leads directly to a Platonic source.

What is a source? This is a nice intro into thinking the conditions and principles behind recursion and how they can be manipulated and experimented on and with at the very root – which is to say, is there a root?—Isn't recursion itself the principle that conditions "root-based" thinking?—Pertinent thought-experiments for the development of a theory of source (Source theory). Additionally, an axiomatic is a field (in the machinic sense) of epistemically-relevant notions. Self-evident truth as the definition of an axiom implies a reflexion as its core principle, and the interrelationships of these inter-independent intuit a fine web of reticular distribution. Recursion merely a superficial expression, however redundant to say 'surficial expression', of this aspect, itself a hollow functor (also called a functoid) – smallest functional unit of function-producing/effectuating function – historically determined and finite in its modality.

Let us use the One Ring from LoTR, as well as the Rings of Power in general, to illustrate and play with this: The rings are magical objects forged with magical incantations invisibly inscribed over their surfaces, with power that is seemingly exterior to themselves as the inscriptions form a bond (like quantum-entangled particles) to a source. In the case of the One Ring, is the source Sauron, or is the ring itself what binds Sauron to the Source (power)? And thus, if in this second case, makes Sauron able to manifest and animate himself without drinking from Eru's pool – which admittedly would hit closer to Tolkien's vision. The rings are also portals, with the surface around the empty space opening the doors to another realm of residuality where dark and forgotten things, spirits, demons, specters roam. As one puts a finger through the One, a symbiosis is established – although a perilous alliance that only takes from the user, like Thaumaste's and Panurge's game where one only loses: **Perfect illustration for the introduction to the ontology of debt.**

For the first experiment of comparative analysis between functive and concept (transduced functoids), let us analyze how the astrophysical notion of black holes is wombed in the center of the capitalist mind, as an imagined exterior quasi-limit of the same and potential spring of latent energy due for harvest (capitalism dreams of black holes): Black holes as hollow eggs, second wombs devoid of fertility by being the manifestation of neg-life as empty form of the first instance of production – figures rather than images, localizable singularities of non-locality. The birth of the chicken vs. the egg, the mother of metaphor as metaphor of the end and analogically final to itself as finality . . . Recursion's beating heart, immobile, Newton's body of god. If every person is a star, including non-human peoples, every institutionalized aborted shaman is a black hole – the anti-human category madly laughing at the face of impotent inhumanism. An analogy

between biological genetic code and astrophysical singularities makes itself unavoidable: **a blackhole is the compressed DNA of an entire universe. The collapsed star's correlative over the Earth's surface a full body in itself, and so egested from the organism lest it become cancerous and immortal.** Da'at's shadow.

In a way, the glitch is a line of flight, an achieving of escape velocity that skips the reticular momentum of the reflexivity binding circles fixed towards infinite refractory movement – *ad absurdio* outwards, in an exhaustive fractality of delusional involutions retroacting and projecting as the diagram puts it. And yet, glitching remains a more powerful notion than the very concept of the glitch.

One is tempted to ask what crumples the surface. The temptation may vanish once crumpling is substituted by glitching. The picture of the universe as a crumpled piece of paper where the ink drips and slips across the folds, continually dissolving and rearranging what was abandoned is replaced by an entirely abstract notion of surface when one is forced to develop the imagination necessary to associate a glitch to what was unknowingly preconceived as a physical quality, something given, natural, a property of objects. And this, retroactively, disentangles the concept of the zone from the mathematical abstraction of an area, that, then, does the same to thresholds and segments, points and limits. Is a brain not a crumpled surface, in naïve topological terms? And does it not share the Boto's coloration? And are brains not the most disrespectful of organs?

Whatever fails, reproduces. And yet reproduction is inevitable and indispensable for the path towards destroying failure, even if, by reproducing, the echoed winner is eating its children, abandoning them as they are used to dissipate forces constraining the freedom of its body.

What we mean by the coextensive analogy of the functive-turned-functor "black hole" and the problematic-turned-countermetaphor of "tumor/cancer" is in fact the "dark hole" functoid from the BLAME! essay (also called Hole). With this, we also close the practical definition (rather than formal in the strict sense) of the Hole/dark-hole in the BLAME! essay. It all comes full circle. We now also have a delineation between *function*, *functive*, *functor* and *functoid*, as well as *concept as the concrete mode of a notion*, with no need for the 'percept' developed by D&G in WiP (and tackled in *Aesthetics of Blackouts*). As well as a more immediate view of the *problematic*, that here assumes a transducing/transcribing role between the modalities (of function and conceptuality).

Cancer, as a problematic, is neither a concept nor a notion, neither a function nor any of its transformations (functive, functor, functoid...). Let us think if a problematic, then, could be generically called a 'conceptoid'. If so, the transform matrix of functional modalities (functive, functor, functoid)

would be as chemical reactions or abstract algebra constructions in the presence of a 'medium' or, more accurately, a 'source': the conceptoid (or problematic).

How does the conceptoid interact with life? Is life itself a conceptoid? Is the problematic of cancer, the conceptoid cancer, an abnormal growth of abnormal cells, precisely a life-threatening life? This ties heavily with the metaphysics of predation, and seems to be an expression of its core tenet or rule of its entailment. In D&G lingo, only the functor (in other words the transform) is molecular between the 'mapped' molar functive and functoid. The molar coextension, rather than being mediated, has a source-functor (or just source) through the functor. And this very functor itself has a generic form of the source as the conceptoid (it 'fuels itself' by means of the conceptoid): The conceptoid is the problematic.

This we applied to reproduce, from the relationship between black-holes and tumors/cancer, the dark holes. And it goes in accordance with D&G's example of the DNA/gene as the molar counterpart of the molecular proteins (only the DNA/genes are understood to reproduce, however the proteins themselves are "both products and units of production" p.291 Anti-Oedipus). This last instance is, therefore, the in-between-ness recently often criticized about D&G's program.

The above is one of the quasi definitions/derivations of symbiogenesis. Remembering that both the molecular and molar are concepts (or rather the double-pincer of the weaponized concept in its concreteness). As such, that is, as concepts, they participate in the reproducing.

This goes a long way for our development of a new theory of multiplicity: multiplicity as residual mixture. Symbiogenesis merely the useful 'generic form' of the source-functor (the functor, now, can be understood as the actant, or the generalized agent, of the glitch).

Let us develop our functoid of source (that is not a concept, always already glitched), also called source-functor, by means of a critique of the notion of 'mythemes' (the "fundamental generic unit of narrative structure (typically involving a relationship between a character, an event, and a theme) from which myths are thought to be constructed—a minimal unit that is always found shared with other, related mythemes"). This will be our connection to the pressing issue of Polygenesis vs. Polysynthesis in the next section.

For the critique of mythemes, let us develop, in the spirit of the essay, all this fuss about black holes and capitalism, and capitalism dreaming of black holes vs. black holes dreaming of capital (desiring more of it) as itself a composite mythos: the black hole as the Utopic realm of Encantado, from where the Boto comes from. With this, we can develop everything without the need to even mention

capitalism (if we really don't want to), nor having a need to verbosely explain stuff outside the contents of the text itself: A mythos where black holes are mythemes correlative with a source, where source is but the limit of abstraction for the analogical operation of thinking. **This is an opportunity to stitch all these seemingly loose notes into a partial cosmology.**

Another useful analogy to tie together previous notes: black holes as tumors (**the cancer/immortality illustration now can be used to further the mythos**). Black holes as zones of non-locality. Where does the Boto comes from? From a zone that is itself a 'nowhere'. Nowhere is eternal, time is presupposed as egested from it. Tumors are immortal, they are time-egesting bodies that compose a nowhere inside a cancerous body until its death. Black holes dream of tumors, tumors dream of black holes (reciprocity, an aspect of the reflexion). **And now cancer's coextension with blackholes alleviates the need for using capitalism as a metaphor for the developing cosmology.** Reticular reflexion, the concept of the zone, non-locality, the functoid, the source and the glitch, as well as sourcing and glitching, can all be talked in terms of an internal mythos, of botos coming from black holes and Moby Dicks as forming tumors from outside-in/inside-out.

The Boto (yet uncountable) come from dark holes (multiple, although the City is the One). The structure of myth and its mythemes are not erased, but transduced: the myth of the Boto was never a myth, themes were never truly relevant to the production and synthesis of the bodies which came into contact with the supposedly predatory entity. The myth and its themes were residuated, the reticular character of reflexion echoed the matricial bugs that flourished overseas; reproducing and mutating. Only in the miniature City could myth and tragedy find fertile ground, the alien become a creature in its humanity's loss, and the predatory entity's egg hatch as the distortion of a shadow. Now-countable botos aggregate, a white mass manifests till eruption; massive spheroids appear in the distant skies while inside individual organisms immortal balls of death slowly form themselves.

It is as natural to say that the dark hole precedes the black hole – and even tumors – as to say that the future ontologically precedes the past: the latter, intrinsically entangled with historicity and its production, is subsumed in the former insofar as the past can be forgotten and rediscovered (the making of history), while the future has no clear relation to any form of social production if not the social field of production itself. The dark holes as aesthetic notions, rather than maintaining any dutiful and diligent connection to the general *telos* encroaching the elements that interacted as it synthesized from these interactive processes, expresses the entire chain reaction's *terminus*. An end in itself is the only acceptable view of what here is termed source.

We call life that which cannot be penetrated further through the Aristotelian ontological apparatus, correlative of energy, in some restricted cases even potency if this last is understood as condition for ontological validity as interaction. A prime mover that we disentangle from class distinctions by understanding it as historically bound and qualified, an individual rather than a formal cause, reason, or construct. However, there is no valid global reason why said individual could not be formalized, although there might be valid positions of why it should not. The impetus for such a formalization can be expressed through the creation of a formal construct to serve as quasi-class, or class aspect that characterizes a universal yet local intrinsic quality of any individual – that has to, logically, still be applicable, and necessarily so, to global individuals such as "life" –, this Imperative construct is what we call *sui generis*. To say an individual first and foremost is a *sui generis individual* is to affirm its uniqueness in face of the negative/open aspect of its validity: ***life has no viable definition because of its open aspect with regards to how it can change and how said change can retroactively affect its definition, but we can transform life into a less vague thing by doubling it.*** The doubling does not conserve the original term as part of the operation, it instead relegates the origin to a virtual dimension whereas its doubles are actualized: ***life disappears so that [individual] and [sui generis] residuate.*** One is residual, the other residue, the substance is no more but inter-dimensionally. This is the synthetic reproduction, qualified as the essentially reproductive aspect of life, as well as reproduction as life's first principle.

The doubling virtualizes life, since its determination is future, and actualizes the synthetic pair, since its determination is operative as life's self-determination conditioned by its duration. The analogical way the ontological apparatus operates is continuously dissolved as problems are reproduced with solutions (the double-articulation of the problematic counter-effectuation) tending towards an intensive limit, that is, death.

Similarly to this formal characterization of the principles of ontological interaction as virtualization of ontological status terms as actualization of ontology, the linguistic functions have to cease operations and be continually destroyed in order for language to become functionalized. This was demonstrated in the vivisection and continues to go on even now.

This functionalization situates language first and foremost with respect to linguistics, and is indeed the answer to the question: ***why are there many languages instead of just one?*** Similarly, the case can be made for many forms of life, and the license for an astro/xenobiology philosophically demonstrable. ***Just tie the knot:*** life is situated outside of its contingent conditions

and historical dimension, but only after the fact of the problematic of life is encountered and reproduced by a self-reflective self-determining instance of life. We might not be able to sufficiently answer or demonstrate the question of *why is there anything rather than nothing...* yet, while the question *why there is anything at all* is the expression of an initial formal interaction with the first cause's problematic, an actualized problem that has its solution presupposed in the demonstration of life's reproductive imperative. Similarly, the question *why there is any language at all* is presupposed in any language's use.

A non-naïve perspectivism is established in which the synthetic cause is formally invariable (invariability being the condition for formalization as general descriptive function of global functional operatives), invariable in the sense that it is always death and has its global limit as absolute death, more explicitly the death of the reproducing perspective (a local death, however, in any case, a universal local). No perspective can see beyond its event horizon, a limit that marks its cessation. It is in this sense that mutation is, before being a biological concept, situated at *and* as the threshold of life and death, at *and* as the interstitial boundary between the two, an uncapturable *something* always and already non-reproducible.

The Modal Imperative: theoretical second of three dissections – On Polygenesis vs. Polysynthesis: a (semantic?) description of 'living' operations and a discussion/analysis of its conditions and expressions

Let us explain that: a critique of mythemes is in order given that not only mythemes (the 'parts of the Whole' that is the concept of myth) but the myth itself are/is polygenist (at worst) and (at best) expressions of/presupposing a polyvocal principle (instead of 'univocal polysynthesis' as a rule for the multiplicity of principles of which the Boto is but one polysynthesizer amid countless, never a myth as/or stitching of mythemes, at all). The myth and its mythemes are an idealization, presenting, more so than concepts, vague ideas. Motifs, monstrosities born from the fetichization of many disparate accounts, diluting and dissolving the alterity of 'other' peoples, abstractions of and for morality. The myth is the horror story par excellence, it is chewed, digested and assimilated – the superfluous parts defecated – to serve a proper normative function in the body: ***to terrorize, to delimit zones and trace thresholds*** – "*learning from other people's mistakes*" and "*incorporating 'primitive' wisdom into our folk's lore*".

After all, is there any difference between being polygenist in character and being expression of a polyvocal principle? No. Anti-Oedipus answered this clearly enough.

Where the idea came from: in light of recent events, let us investigate polygenesis of human evolution and put it against polysynthesis (let us once again discredit polygenesis as something only possible through the lens of 'science'; *that is, royal science*). Let us use it as an example of what happens when the Image projection (I) and its Echo (E) bubble inside the territory (inside the diagonalizing area). For this, we need to make a distinction between the healthier reticularity and this intrusive bubbling, and the best way to do this is to concurrently investigate and analyze monogenesis as an instance of Image projection with echo that escapes diagonality and surpasses the velocity of the trapped polygenesis.

If during the investigation we find out that even monogenesis is bunk, we should nevertheless try a different approach (perhaps putting the whole dichotomy mono/poly-genesis into the bin of delusion – which by itself only means 'trapped thought' [public, junk], not mental illness [private, sanitized]). A matter of erasing Anti-Oedipus, finally terminating that whole genealogy of which it professed to be a terminal, euthanizing a miserable superindividual rotting since its birth.

Initially change 'Polygenesis' and 'monogenesis' for polygenism and monogenism. As Anti-Narcissus would've done if it wasn't aborted.

Nevertheless, inside the ever-expanding diagonal, perhaps something akin to polygenism would soon be unleashed against the univocal polysynthesis. Who's to say it didn't come into play in the later centuries of the empires and surroundings? Polygenism, in any case, is now a pseudo-scientific position – but it once was scientific, if only one goes by the falsifiability mantra of 'possibly correct until proven otherwise' – and whatever form it might've taken or once took would be vastly different from comparing skull shapes in the 18th century.

Let us differentiate between polygenesis (the largely mythological/anthropological interpretation of non-western and ancient cosmologies) and polygenism (the bunk pseudo-scientific position). This will serve to reiterate how the latter (polygenism) is just like the former (polygenesis), since both stem from 'western science'. That's the difference between Anti-Oedipus and Anti-Narcissus, although only the former is polygenist.

Scientific progress uses of feedback loops for self-reinforcement and autocorrection, and sweeping generalizations through meta-analysis that simplify the world, appropriating as in 'interpreting' the exterior alterity, translating it into narratives of its own, and evidently neutralizing said alterity in the process.

Polygenism predates polygenesis, no matter how counter-intuitive this may seem, and the scientific Man (the human, or the individual-subject from the species *Homo sapiens* in any of its variance) is already differentiated from the non-scientific man, and it is this man that, from a scientific perspective and stand-point, invites the animal into its realm, be it by saying that the Inuit people had a polygenetic myth of creation or by fighting for the rights of higher-cognitive cortical beasts (such as dolphins) to be treated as people – **non-human people**, nevertheless.

Change 'polygenetic myth' to 'polygenist myth'. Following the unborn Anti-Narcissus.

Let us make sure to convey that Polygenesis, preceded by an implicit polygenism, was (and continues to be, yet rapidly morphing) the cosmological principle of the human condition underlying western thought and its material production. And find a way to show that even 'current monogenism' (i.e. evolutionary theory, monogenesis) is charged with this residuality leaking everywhere.

Polysynthesis is a much less rigid principle, and if something akin to the 'tropical christianism'/'metaphysics of scarcity' could take root in the diagonalizing expansion (even if it did, in fact), it couldn't be symmetric with Polygenesis/polygenism – and all the truth lies in the name: **for there is an exceptional lack of genetic thought where synthetic thought prevails/prevailed.** To say differently is to defend a generality presupposed in "[human] | [progress]", something intrinsic only from the perspective of the ones that performed the exclusion, an exclusion performed procedurally and actualized historically, inherited genetically and shaped culturally. None of which makes sense if you have no genes(is) or culture, no history or activity (in the Aristotelian sense).

Let us not forget by any means to elucidate how what we term the West and its territorial exclusion/inclusion through the principles and conditions that constitute polygenetic humanity also perform these exclusions/inclusions in the cultures that assumedly constitute it. In a superficial sense of class, it is only an infinitesimal point that converges power – much like a hidden ruling class – and so the majority, "the people", should not be understood as the West's population per se, but closer to slave's of a historically self-reinforcing and self-developing 'State'. And, consequently, the cultural aspects of said peoples as sacrifices towards an unifying homogenous ground that is necessary for the self-actualization of 'the West' after certain threshold conditions are met. Said state, as it turns out, could end up being the Platonic extreme end of rationalism and the very totalization/generalization of rationality (as we currently investigate).

Nevertheless, it remains unclear if de-stratification re de-homogenization proceeds after yet another threshold is met by the then globalized totalization.

With this, let us finally delineate the loose notion of a 'polygenetic humanity', which is an intrinsic field or umbrella term of abduction that presupposes an archaic principle of polygenism enveloping the stratified monogenic façade. Polysynthesis being conditioned by an underlying humanity, while polygenetic humanity being itself the bundle of conditions modulated by a hidden, presupposed, principle (of inhumanity) that rationalizes towards the destruction/escape of/from Time itself (this depends on the reciprocity aspect of relations that mirror relationships under the principle of reflexion).

As with capitalism, we no longer need the vague idea or notion of the West, for we extracted practical counter-metaphors to further the investigation from abstraction back to application.

Let us, now, make a case for the thesis of [how the polyvocality of many multicultural places (like the US or Canada) is not as radical as the univocal polymodality of Brazil] because of the modular aspect of the latter: in LA or Vancouver, one operates by conjugation and conjugative lineages. One is Italian-American and Sino-Portuguese, Afro-American or even simply black or latino. The lineages in the state of Ceará, for example, are hidden. One is pardo (in other words "mixed", where there is only the vaguest identification with being Afro and indigenous and caucasian and more, in an infinite number of disjointed conjunctions that need not be expressed and have little to no impact on daily life) and this is how most of the population identifies, at least in the Northern regions. All the races in the world end as pardo, a word with a brownish connotation. Whoever claims to be white, or black, or any other generic or global category, first and foremost has their skin color checked: *"you sure you're white? You look light brown to me. You know you're white if the sun burns your skin and you get all red like those albino folk. My mom was white... she needed that fancy thing, what do you call it, sunscreen"*. This last part all the more important, since the harshness of the environment makes almost everyone very tan just by living the day to day under the scorching sun. A blonde mother who has "yellow" as her racial category due to grandparents judging by her overall appearance and natural blonde hair, in the same family as an uncle, her brother, as "brown" due to working in the field and having darker hair—*"you'd be yellow too, if you'd stay home"*. A father who would be considered "black" in any Western country, by any standards of Western civilization, calling himself a blank category: *"blacks are from Africa, I'm not African."* Then what are you, dad? *"I'm catholic"*. Are you latino? *"I'm from a people to come!"* A great grandmother by all means indigenous, eyes as blue as they turn purple, where do they come from? Skin so scorched that its original coloration, if it ever had one, is now long lost to her centennial existence: *"I'm bronze, copper, orange of a metallic hue, now bring me my long-pipe"*. Weren't you gypsy, nana? *"That bastard never did me any good, aquele cigano..."*. This last expression untranslatable. A nomadic grandmother without a care in the world, following the flows of gossip wherever they spring: are you black, nena? *"That's a bold claim! Black only the Night, only she is blackness, my hair mirrors the Night, my eyes are like Her, but me – I am blue!"* It is precisely this modular aspect, of an end to the social importance and productive relevance of race that makes it all the more vivid, new modes of appearing and allying multiply, new races are born out of the multitude unnamed and untamed. True Afrofuturism, if only it can be continually expanded instead of lost to the pressure to homogenize, to speak the same language as everyone else. The only way to expand this rapture without capturing it or letting it yield to the pressure to agglomerate into a molar formation, is to bring education about exterior conditions to the interior of this zone, but only as a means to synthesize an educated attempt at uneducating, for an end, one of producing a rigorous formal

concoction to poison the outside that is paradoxically the insides of the State, the production of a terminal as its end-in-itself. The movement has to simultaneously reach both ways, without simply bringing neurosis into a misguided idealized post-racial and decolonized sphere, and within the constraints of preventing the radical progress globally mobilizing from dissimulating into psychotic idealizations of transcendental racism. Measuring the thresholds of such a young and fragile endeavor will prove exceedingly difficult, but not impossible, not even improbable. The sooner the osmotic membrane is ruptured, the better, for the longer the boundary holds the bigger its eventual explosion and clapback. In short, the world is the totality of Brazil's qliphothic husks and residuals.

We are not endorsing a naive view of post-racial Brazil, one that affirms full or even satisfactory economic equality and balance among disparate social groups, everyone knows the elite is still largely white, as the further South one goes it increasingly turns more European not only in residual cultural expression but in "whiteness" and discrimination. Not to say, as obvious as it is, that this concentration into Southern territory of both discrimination and material wealth, even though the South is the materially poorest region, is a matter of contiguous residual colonization; *no wonder the term carioca, used to describe city population endemic to Rio de Janeiro, means quite literally in Tupi "white people's house" [from kari'oka, although self-purported scholars defend the form kara'i oka – which would severely change the meaning of the term, meaning something more along the terms of "house of the karai'i tribe", a Guarani-speaking indigenous group], acquiring the fame through the transference of the capital from Salvador to Rio de Janeiro in 1763 (when class and ethnic segregation boosted its strategic application).* What we do posit is the simple lived experience of the country on the whole, especially further North and along the horizontal axis. **Also, we do not wish to erase the neocolonial initiatives of "whitening" the country by endorsing race-mixing:** that is a fact, and the elite openly did so. What we do wish to describe is an affective charge that started to take place during the early 20th century onwards: race-mixing and erasure became a singular form of national pride, and that can be seen distributed throughout the entirety of the country, if more pronounced the further North one goes, in either direction along the horizontal axis. This, however, is vacillating rapidly as the country suffers a general "Americanization" through US influence and techno-economic modernization. Hate crimes of a definitive ethnic – and gender-specific – aspect are breeding US cultural problems inside zones that once set to exemplify to the world what true post-colonialism could be like, and now, sadly, the country is one of the top in the world reporting violence against non-cisheteronormative groups.

Moreover, it is important to understand differing extremes: while the US and other American cultures have a heavy history of explicit segregation that lasts till today, Brazil adopted a very weird way of racial acceleration (even if, and especially because, as an organized strategy, by elite and State, to obliterate the remnants of indigenous and black peoples affected by slavery and genocide). We say "especially because" since this hidden operation congealed into a myth of racial democracy, very different from the appeal to liberty as national identity – a disconcerting way of trying to create a new national identity by the racial "sacrifice" of immigrant workers from mostly Europe and Asia, continents that bled people into Brazil by the multi-millions. For the accelerationists out there, for better or worse, look no further than this to give a valid example of practical application in your next conversation {read, Twitter thread}.

Also, the rift, or rather the spectrum of the ratio between "pardoness" (entirely mixed of an unquantifiable character) and "whiteness" along the vertical axis of the map is largely ignored when talking about the myth of racial malleability (with most of the criticism coming from Southeast regions, such as Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, most affected by the white-to-pardo/any disparity). Not only a geographical matter but also a matter of propositional immaturity: people largely if not entirely forget to question the same assumptions from the viewpoints of groups and peoples not in the "Western" or modern sphere of same map, counting indigenous groups and mixed-indigenous groups, mixed-black and indigenous-black communities and people in "underdeveloped and undeveloped" further reaches of the country, which again feeds into the geographical problem that also includes tourists and first generation immigrants that have a lot to say about the stark difference they see after comparing their new to their previous conditions regarding social matters. The movie *Bacurau*, directed by Kleber Mendonça Filho, which garnered international acclaim, is a great example of this. And it's not a coincidence that its name refers to the common South American nightjar, a bird known for its nocturnal habits and gracious silence, correlating with the Kariri, a word for a people, as we discussed in the *Aesthetics of Floods*, given by their enemies and meaning, however vaguely, *silent, taciturn*. Both the Bacurau and the Kariri are an ambiguous line of abstract liminality, they are a region (or multiple), a bird (or multiple), and a people (or multiple); both and/or, conjugations of disjoint unions of conjunctive disjunctions. They play dumb and strike hard, and fast. They let you in easy, confuse you, then kill you. The assumptions about myths are often relegated to the peoples and places that invented and/or reproduced the concept of myth and applied it to cultures never acquainted with such, and the critiques of myth continue to one-sidedly decide how and why the concept is bad or good, destructively so or not.

These lines of critique, that disregard the complexity and interpenetrative nature of the issue, are a symptom of polygenism. Whether they affirm the meme of global post-raciality in Brazil as valid fact, or affirm it as merely a myth (vaguely used for nefarious reasons involving pure power relations), they conflate and collapse the synthomatic operative – {compulsorily} both for normative reproduction [adaptability] and from an imperative source [impulse].

Because yes, when there is established a type of national identity based on a myth of post-raciality where “mixed” is the norm, it would seem a regional disparity emerges, after all the whole of non-Russian Europe fits comfortably in Brazil, who's to say there isn't a non-West inside the Westernizing regions of the country? A landmass, in fact, bigger than the contiguous United States.

In a certain sense the culturally rich Europe is a product of its geography and how easily integrated it can become relative to Asia or Africa. After the fall of such a civilization as Ancient Egypt, the continent of Africa didn't integrate, and no matter how infinite its contingent causes for this non-integration, an understated reason might be how sparser cultures themselves are. Why couldn't the Mongol Empire hold beyond – but not besides – historical [contingent] causes? Valuable questions in the cusp of such geographical pseudo-continents emerging as superpowers (in a truly post-colonial world, places like the United Kingdom could not become the largest empire by landmass, in fact it was all a product of colonization, and the economy already predicts the meteoric rise and fall of places without the material infrastructure for strategic positioning over the next decades). Europe is to tighten itself and loosen borders around Union members, enlargening into a proper landmass, or close themselves into a slow medieval regression living off of interest – which not every country can do, and is not in every country's interest to do so. The West is going to increasingly feel the pressure of the "Orient" from both flanks and from below. More importantly, its unconscious investment will be, and in fact already is, in exploiting this largely geographical fragility of non-Western emergence by transforming it, socially terraforming it, into more West. How's that happening? One isolated example, more properly demonstrable in the future, is precisely the injection of polygenism into places too big to hold: either breaking off into little pieces to ease the management, or breaking completely. Either way is fine, and it seems to be almost the same, retroactively. In all cases, it does not matter, in a general plan, who comes out on top, not anymore. The battle has to only last enough till a new Pangea can actualize (to match the virtual form of capital), and this next stage is all about the post-colonial big boys – they won't last long anyway. And yes, the West is a myth as much as the old fashioned view of the Orient. But so is Brazil.

The polysynthetic zone is an expression by means of this vast modularity [shifting modal-modules around a quasi-negative space], an all-inclusive disjoint space that excludes only a virtual identity as the relation to itself. In Brazil, specifically Northern regions along the horizontal axis, a polygenic identity constitutive of the land is never synthesized. There is no establishment of a correlation between a communal body's identity and a demarcated territory, an environment of inscription that operates both ways, inscribing the despotic body of the Earth and the bodies of the commune. Anti-Oedipus should have limited its analysis to its own territoriality. It is so much the case that the identity itself is exteriorized in an exclusion, in a move that disentangles the territory from the constitutive correlation, ceasing to be a territory altogether. What was, or could have been, the territory, now zone, is populated by sea-peoples – people who came from somewhere else, from sinking-ship civilizations of an ambiguous past/future aspect unquantifiable in the present as in lost in time and lost to history. There are catholic Irish and Italians, Yorubá, Okinawan Japanese, Gypsy peoples from all over, but not a Brazilian per se: ***the Brazilian is an outsider to Brazil as future point of encounter where all races eventually find themselves – and each other – in.***

Such is the case along the Americas, as previously noted, but nowhere as pronounced as in the upper portion of Brazil, from the heart of the Amazon to the coastlines, traversing Caatinga and all, along the horizontal axis, into the Atlantic. An expression that would make pre-Homeric Greece pale in comparison – this latter of a *polyvocal* quality, the former of a *univocal* *polymodality* [conditioned by the residual polysynthesis and residue of the plurimodularity pervasive in and constitutive of the landmass' ethos].

The 'catch' is that the polyvocal Greece has yet to become Greek, while the univocal polymodal zone is the yet to become Brazil of the Greek *genism* (be it *phylo* or *symbio*). In a sense, yes, you are going to Brazil, or, rather, you are coming here.

In a memetic dimension of expression, Brazil is often times diametrically contrasted to Russia in regards to the affective charge it carries and can direct to and through representation. Whereas sticking a random word in a drab font using the Cyrillic alphabet to a low resolution image makes it charged with a cold, alien and unnaturally brutal aura of eerie derelict danger, any run-of-the-mill snapshot from Brazilian banality is warmingly Lynchian in its welcoming liminality, despite its unfamiliarity that is paradoxically universal only to Brazilians – as the rest of the world seems to find a weird familiarity that they cannot quite describe. These memetic transmissions are both charged with a partial vision of the Apocalypse, pictures from two distinct perspectives. ***They are both forms of xenophobia, even if one could be called xenophilic (these are, after all, sides of the same coin):*** but whereas one is a xenophobia of one's own inevitable future

of execrable dereliction after collapse of the past identity one feels is already corrupting, the other is the terror of the corruption such an identity formation brings. **Everybody is Brazilian but the Brazilians. Nobody is from Russia but the Russians.** The Bering Strait Hypothesis acquires yet another side.

We come to face two generic types of synthetic movement, static syntheses now applied to actual conditions, one easily characterizable, the other only characterizable negatively (by contrasting with the first and affirming intrinsic key differences through their relation):

Ordinary revolution comes in the way the third-world re-infects the forming State that first infected it, de/re-stratifying and de/re-populating the territory mutated into a zone before it can become another territory of an entirely different aspect and character. This mutated infection is latent and vestigial, it gestated for centuries before it ripened into a proper way to repay the initial investment, a debt repaid continuously as a boundary zone of hybridization is established – a membranous filter that regulates feedback fluxes according to the immunologic systems of the State's organs and organons; carefully not to collapse them one by one. Symbiogenesis, the core of dialectics: *Terraformation as naturalization as an intrinsic process of life on Earth.*

Extraordinary revolution, however, cannot come from the operative impetus pervading ordinary revolution, invisibly diluted in every minor operation and process. This impetus, of an hyper-hygienic compulsory aspect, is the pole of realization of an ideal of peace, in fact the actualization of an Idea of Peace only possible after the fact of a great war unleashed itself globally, leaving residual vestiges of an impetus to war seeping through the cracks. An ideal effectuated in exchange for the autonomy of the peoples populating the secluded zones of the aftermath. Secluded as (in)-[ex]-{cluded}— inexclusion as the character of “everyone is required to join a common cause”: **The commodification of xenomorphs as artillery shells and xenomorphisms as super soldiers, both disposable in essence.** That is why, with the functionalization of mutation, the attention towards the fragile and volatile xenomorphism (and consequently the hands-on approach to establishing xenomorphic relations) will decide the future. Mutants are only as powerful as their education impels (them to mutate further), and adoption is itself more important than the fact of the mutants themselves, all necessarily orphan.

The Modular Imperative: experimental third of three dissections – On Battlemasting: a (pragmatic?) description of a ‘living’ method and a discussion/analysis of its proceedings and results

Now we deal with how an illegal activity, on the surface only harmful, also shares a revolutionary impetus, that is, how “battlemasting” isolates the residual polysynthesis and effectively – if yet rudimentarily – redirects processes of mutation and xenomorphic production, effectively bypassing polygen{e}-tic/ist reproduction.

But, before that, before dealing with the above, many conceptualia need be disentangled and vagueness properly dissipated. We are now in a disposition at liberty to deal with purely actual processes. Of these, (i) we dissect a concrete example of the revolutionary impetus of illegal activities through the investigation of the Ayahuascan rites and how – speculatively – they naturalized the territory by merging with the *habitus* of the land systematically in a form of collective theurgy. We also (ii) experiment with isolating polysynthesis, a conceptual procedural phenomenology capable of sufficiently demonstrating and explicating the key aspect of the rites responsible for the establishment of this symbiotic relationship now globally known. These steps, as they interpenetrate in a hidden **(iii)**, provide us with the means to approaching the fluxions of battlemasting.

Initial proposition, sample (i): *Ayahuascan rites, before becoming proper rites of a polysynthetic character (that is, binding differing/differential forms of humanity [life] through the continuous symbiogenesis of a synthetic communicative dimension) were not that different from a black market, organized mafias continuously destabilizing centers of power from the edges and from the crevices.*

Expand, note: To explain isolating polysynthesis, let us describe the ritual of Ayahuasca and how what it does is precisely *isolating polysynthesis*. After we have both a perspective on an established ritual AND on what we term isolating polysynthesis, we can introduce battlemasting as primarily a form of making the ayahuasca ritual continual, ideally prolonging it in perpetuity – adjusting the dosage on a day to day basis. In the absence of proper preparation (where the ritual is not an option), battlemasting also works as a simulation of the ritual, although it is indeed a sorcerous guerrilla reproduction of the very specific raport one single ayahuasca journey has on a person. It can be performed after a DMT trip or never experiencing one.

Intro to the concept of isolating polysynthesis, sample (ii): Notice how the phonetics of German 'Auf Wiedersehen' and English 'it will never be the same' sound similar? That's the contrast between a more synthetic language (German) and a more analytic one (English). Now imagine an entire paragraph becoming a word. That's the linguistic norm along, for example, the pre-colonial Americas. These extremely synthetic languages are known as polysynthetic.

Expand, note: Also, let us explicit that [communal ritual use of psychoactive concoctions + individual symbiosis with an ally] are forms of, like battlemasting, seeing and commuting with the polysynthesis veiled under polygenic fields.

In the case of the cultures that systematically use of this technology, it is the recalcitrance of a polyvocality (the voices of the dead, the spectral entities, the superhuman existences, the ghostly forms) that reinforce, through fear, the necessity for such rituals of purge and communion. The larger, social celebrations function as a bomb, a vaccine (such is the case of the Ayahuasca rites). The smaller, day to day communions one could even call private, between one and one's ally, are more akin to personal hygiene. In any case, silence must be heard. First silence in the form of death, then small pauses as important as eating or breathing.

In the case of the edges, lacking the means for the bombardment or the memory of its organization and enforcement, forms of private symbiosis make themselves all the more necessary, in fact enforcing themselves for better or worse. Without a way to force the threshold to stop recalcitrance, however, that is, without the necessary technical and systemic finesse and rigor of the public rites, the feared polyvocality breeds polygenic fluxes and fluxions unnoticed. The voices multiply, the noise accumulates, subjects scream for pills and powder the individual-despot isolates and re-synthesizes from the disform multitude.

Battlemasting is precisely an art-form born from extreme disgust towards the opaque veil looming over the noise the voices carry, an emerging ritual utilizing of guerrilla tactics (as they

all do when young). These private perversions breed counter biotics in an invisible war, the coalescence of a strategy marks a moment of success, of a possibility for the systematization and functionalization of a new social technology. One must be daring enough to think ancient technologies (such as the Ayahuascan rites) as the overturning of the political balance of power from an anterior dynasty BY the crime syndicates and mafias, the psychotics and psychopaths, the peoples raised, abducted, and accepted by wolves, jaguars and botos – not as primitive ways of regulating tribes, but as the most cutting edge of physiologies. One must venture into thinking true animality in the impotence of humanity, relegated to being a single individual – and a delusional one at that. Ahumanism reveals the true third eye and pineal gland as a circuit of influx intoxication traversing acentered paths of circadian rhythmic regulation. DMT is not a molecule naturally produced in the Homo sapiens brain, but the other way around.

Gayle Highpine¹⁴¹ already shows us this, with her study that focuses on the historical debate about what unifies the disparate Ayahuascan rites and how they came to be in the first place, unearthing the crude popularization of the rituals as an effect of DMT-containing plants as founded on economic and ideological investments rather than actual research: the story goes that the *aya vine*, a non-psychoactive plant, is added to the brew to make the DMT prevalent in other plants, through its MAOI action, orally active, disregarding the ingredients themselves (most of all the *aya vines*) and their use by the indigenous peoples, ingredients often times more useful and more used than the DMT-containing plants themselves. It is through this case-study that we propose a view of a <'isolating' 'polygenesis'> against true polysynthesis: in the current state of affairs regarding Ayahuasca consensus, *the genesis of the rites is congealed into a common descent of effect*, that is the molecule DMT—its discovery and use—, *with the impetus of reproducing this isolated synthetic cause-all substantia*. Like in a twisted translation of a lived and living language into an artificial linguistics, as criticized the late Wittgenstein, the notion of a *global cause of global effect* excludes the living operations by which truly molecular interaction occur. What is a molecule in the chemical sense, such as DMT, is nothing short of a molar dark hole in the (experimental) ontological sense. We contrast two forms of "isolating", a polygenist one and a polysynthetic one, and that due to how "isolating", as polysynthetic process, is liable to be as easily used by the polygenist. In fact, it is precisely this movement that produces the *natural* label and permits polygenism to stratify more territory for itself out of the {poly}synthetic zones.

¹⁴¹ Highpine, Gayle. "Unraveling the Mystery of the Origin of Ayahuasca." (2012). Available at: http://www.neip.info/novo/wp-content/uploads/2015/04/highpine_origin-of-ayahuasca_neip_2012.pdf

In Ayahuasca rites, the leaves, usually the DMT-containing parts of the brew, are "helpers" to potentiate the voice of the vine, and they are used in high amounts for novices but less and less as one progresses until one starts to eschew the DMT experience. *"The fireworks only distract now"* speaks the old shaman, *"they brought my attention and the fairies, little lights that helped me, that shone brightly over the snakes – I feared the snakes, we all do at first. Now my snakes eat the fairies, they are too big and swift. The fairies don't take to me and my snakes as before"*. The point of DMT in Ayahuasca is largely one of easing the sensitive novices into a life-changing series of experiences, not unlike the role of clonazepam in an instance of battlemasting we describe shortly. The role of Aya vines themselves, although many, seems to be primarily one of teaching one to interact with plants. The goal of Ayahuasca is to take it until it isn't needed anymore, until all plants become entheogenic, in terms already explored, the goal is to *isolate polysynthesis as polygenism is annihilated*. All acts done against polygenism are essentially criminal acts, in the deepest and purest sense of criminality.

The MAOI action of some of the most heavily prescribed anti-depressives, although not as potent or subversive as the MAOI action of the aya vine, can be used as a gateway into battlemasting as a correlative criminal fluxion-activity. Not really a matter of the ones practicing battlemasting self-medicating with MAOI anti-depressants, the situation is usually the reverse: depressive people fed up with the side effects of these drugs are the ones most prone to battlemasting, the inbrication into these experimentations a way to stop needing to use the anti-depressants. Some speculative leeway given, the polygenist perspective wanting to annihilate itself is correlative of the MAOI sensitization to intoxication and communion with plant life—although it should not be entirely restricted to plant life.

There is not a single concrete evidence that the great empires of South America ever used Ayahuasca. The Incas, the empire which is said to have spread Quechua to a big part of the continent and outskirts, do not as of yet yield any archeological remnant of Ayahuasca use/rites (even though the name of the brew itself is a Quechua construction, not to say many of its components and modules). Moreover, as of today, the linguistic branch of Quechua is heavily revised a being the original creation of the empire in the first place. This is less a question of verticality forbidding horizontal practices and more an aspect of its tensioning and stressing of the horizontal edges into diagonalizing, with the response to such regulative fluxions being the transversal (rather than transgressive) character of experimentation only found in shamanic practices as they tend to sorcery. Ayahuasca itself, as ritual practice and as instance of the less studied pragmatics of criminal regulation, always happens interstitially, following the paths along the crevices of territorialities, be it historically or as of the present. Nothing if not concrete

examples of the symbiotic quality of the rites makes this clear: religious movements, such as Santo Daime and União do Vegetal, were born and grew by the hour from the parasitic installment of these practices into a larger Catholic/Spiritist/post-Animistic context, syncretisms using of any viable pre-established institutions to disseminate and reproduce Ayahuasca into the centers and the edges, from the crevices.

The myriad studies correlating Inca spread with Ayahuasca use only manipulate circumstantial evidence to speculate on the origins of the rites themselves. They miss a lot by not using this same imagination the other way around, beginning with the non-totalizing non-assimilable truncations of the regions encircling the centers of power. Closed borders to experimental infiltration is one of the generic marks of states, and it is more likely, to our eyes, that the Incas willingly ignored transmissions of non-agricultural practices, for what use would there be in delaying knowledge of crop and variety of edible cultivation for the sake of power-decentralizing occultures?! This last word not in the sense that these were esoteric practices, much to the contrary these experiments followed a tight path tensioned by encirclements of power, not because it tried to avoid the public sphere and keep the secret, but because what it offered was the disintegration of the very forces tightening the path it led. The flux of its movement formed the zone of maximum public interaction, too public for the big squares and plazas of the cities. The square, the praça, so commonly found at the very heart and center of the city in pre-Colombian and post-colonial architecture, was itself founded on the principle of miniaturization of the public zone. An opaque territory of garden variety, echoing bonsai technics. We accept the thesis that the elite, the Incas properly, probably learned about the Ayahuasca ceremonies and used them recreatively and privately, that doesn't make a difference whatsoever for as soon as they focused on the secrecy, the transmission and reproduction of the practice died out.

Regarding the forces tightening the path, it is important to note that indigenous groups reported that their symbiosis with Ayahuasca (specifically the aya vines) helped save entire cultures from European-introduced diseases. As the infectants traveled inwards the continent at speeds exponentially faster than the settlers themselves, millions of people started developing an infamous amount of symptoms never seen before in thousands of years of history in the continent, and, with these deaths, the need for new remedies pronounced itself as shamans used aya vines, without any combination with DMT-containing plants, as the vines *"put visions of potential plant allies in their minds"*. The search and development of thousands of medicines used today in the world came from an accelerated risk of death due to multiple invasive agents of infection, most of these treatments less a matter of trial and error than of symbioses with guides such as aya

vines. As the tightening tightened more and more, the vines became cavernous escapes from invading invisible forces, whole forms of experimentation exploded in years and decades, changing entire cultures and the nature of the regions themselves, new symbioses and even species emerged every day. What would this be if not turf wars of a continent-spanning extension? The centers of power lasted less than the smallest of tribes ready to stay their ground in guerrilla tactics and shamanic diplomacy. The Waorani, humble people relative to imperialistic territorialities, managed to stay unsullied by contact until the 1950s, be it contact with settlers or invasive non-human agents. Gangs all over the world could learn from them.

One can see how battlemasting is simply an ongoing expression in experimentation of the same praxis constitutive of the Ayahuascan rites, an emergent practice that could learn a lot – if not potentiate itself – with and through its older sister. The aya vines, "*Mother of all plants*", is a modular-module, one capacious for modes and module-modes, of a polysynthetic character whose process of action annuls the polyvocality (the multiple voices, the noise) and pin-points and guides the senses to an univocal sense of musicality, isolating the songs of the plants as babies learn to isolate the singing of the birds through the humming of their mothers. Battlemasting, however, does not attune the senses to the music of plants, it plays with very different instruments.

What is, then, the object of the spirit vines of battlemasting? Once it was thought, in fact uttered, in the delirious states of channeling during a ritual held at the edges of a mountain in a night of energy blackouts, that the fungoid sphere came forth through battlemasting. The mycorrhizal network coiling over the roots of the plants under the vast soil supposedly claiming to be given voice by the ritual performed in baby-steps. With an acidic pool of skepticism and disrespect, the rituals continued to be performed in asymmetric spans of time and always of irregular duration, and each time a new multitude of voices rose as one, as a new species, or "true" species unknown or ignored. Even the protozoan spoke. Everybody listened with smiles of amusement amid the darkened patches of sky. It's the most fun to hold the laughter when self-purported polygenic despots speak in name of their subjects. What the true object of battlemasting is is very simple: money. Capital and all its unconscious investments residue avatars to enchant on behalf of its reproduction. But the battlemaster differs from the Ayahuascan shaman in the way that they cannot, by essence, form a bond with the dark eidolon manifested. When the fungus spoke, we knew how to cut short the operation of a biotech firm applying cutting-edge nanotech to the structural engineering of a select portion of a forest via fungoid semi-synthetic flooring. The univocal quality of capital as the polygenic isolator *par excellence* makes the attitude of battlemasting one of strategic sabotage. The unrealized technical object as it becomes quasi-object after the defunctionalization of its means of

production immediately deducts from the debt, and it is in this way that polysynthesis is reproduced through a restricted form of destruction, specifically *deactivation*.

But deactivation is nothing without its inverse flipside *reappropriation*. Together, these two form the whole of glitching. A glitch, already superficially affirmed as inferior to the glitching, is the *object* struck by either tail-end of the movement, either deactivated or reappropriated, without the inverse transform to realize it as a terminal. In this sense, the glitch is, instead of an useful terminal, an *object just terminated*.

In short, battlemasting's object is no object at all, but an object. That which causes confusion, elicits fear and disrupts the habits and *habitus*, the object, is the desired addition to the already modular practice of battlemasting. The module-expressions, each if isolated already powerful in its capacity for disruption, are conjoined in an additive manner as to, in conjunction, exponentiate the effect of isolating polysynthesis. The Ayahuascan rites festering the cities and theoneurologically synthesizing avatars the likes of the Kariri deities Varakidran and Eraquizã, and the consequent syncretism and syntheticism between cults of the *Jurema sagrada* with Ayahuascan rituals, are explained less by the shared content of these plants (*DMT*) and more by the procedural union of that which embodies the disunion of the surrounding enemies. The tracing of this now-famous chemical molecule should attest more to an ***inherent investment of capital in that which it can commodify***, and in ***that which it wants to appropriate***, than to proper expressions of isomorphic relations able to map the body of Investment itself, explicating it in the process. The only key *DMT* holds is the empty promise of gleefully uncovering what makes the object what it is, deactivating it in the process on a personal level, a promise of vague new dimensions of happiness in pill form (and of a new cartography of nature in the form of structural repetition, to stimulate research that in turn feeds into the production cycle of incremental innovation) – a promise made to subjects, a promise of the "secret of subjectivity" tailored for sub-objects, always craving to become yet more powerless. And to the eccentric ones, the potential alchemists, a promise of a new smell to be probed after, leading to jewels of an entirely new enchantment and applicability, crystals of a different kind. The differential between fun and simple satisfaction is slowly delineated.

With this, we delineate that: *Polygenesis is isolated polysynthesis*. Isolating polysynthesis is both a polysynthesis counter-isolated (freed) from the polygenesis and a polysynthesis that isolates more of itself (rapture/rapport) from the polygenesis.

So, what is battlemasting? This disorganized, yet organizing disorganization, essentially open-ended and poking holes wherever enclosures manifest – a dog whistle for sorcery used especially among youth. An instance/case to be probed, neither di- nor vivisected, as exemplar (not example) of the guerrilla we speak of under the umbrella of glitch theory. *What is it?*

One possible suggestion: *battlemasting as a practice to see the polysynthesis as the polygenesis disintegrates (in the snowballing decoherence of its expressive fields), with “isolating polysynthesis” itself being the formation of a new language, or infra-language, from the source of matricial transforms (the xeno, which, in a future opportunity, we shall differentiate from the noumenon), a practice to think and talk of and about this polysynthesis and the derived presupposed principle/function that entails itself through the transformation/actualization/effectuation of such an infra dimension of language.*

Battlemasting has a “Staccatissimo” nature, using, essentially, of modules – such as prescription pills, marijuana, nicotine, aether, melatonin, etc. –, in short, many chemical compounds that activate each other in synergistic ways, even if sharing little to nothing with each other, but that, through the physics of assembly, become modular [this “assembly” as the generalized core of the practical application of the glitch and of glitch theory, its concrete manifestation(s)—rather than theoretical expression, as shown in the previous section—, and thus we differentiate it – however subtly – from the concept of ‘assemblages’ (so misused and butchered nowadays, with little to no application outside vague generic descriptions of global genealogies in the history of science)]. Modules, however, are not restricted to chemical compounds. Their most concise definition, the core of the notion, is as follows: *modules are non-terminated terminals.*

Returning to the formalities, the *assembly* is, in itself, as activity, a critique of the vagueness in the concept of assemblage, concept that bred even vaguer reactions in the name of new materialisms. What differs in the assemblage as it has become in relation to the assembly is very simple, in fact a core atom-cloud: assemblages have become metaphorical descriptors with the sole purpose of indexing constellations of quasi-objects (in the sense of material realizations) into broader contexts serving no other purpose than that of embellishing and facilitating the weaving of historical narratives—as opposed to the assembly, that is by itself not a concept or meta-concept (a means for construction of such), but the generalized de-stratification of these terminated quasi-object constellations via abjection. Abjection is key, for it is the sole scream that colligates deactivated things with their viable reappropriation through the utility-impetus of breeding more deactivation: as long as a module remains so, that is, remains portable of or

with a terminal, assembly invests in that module a force to fit in with other modules. This is free of metaphor because this serves no purpose other than the termination of metaphor. In an ontological dimension, the termination of metaphor entails an expression that manifests as the dissolution of history, and this expression, in turn, marks the evincing of the analogical operation, finally opening cybernetics to its digital phase (which begs the question, is a digital cybernetics still cybernetics?).

Languages are not metaphoric, history is.

Let us analyze, then, a very specific and restrained (as in isolated, in all senses but especially *historically isolated*) still-mutating practice falling under the battlemasting umbrella, one of its simpler and newest instances: *the demonic ally* (*aliado demoníaco*).

The anti-Arion's demonic ally is the hyper-Hercules.

How to hyperfy Hercules? Or what is hyper-Hercules, or even just Hercules, you ask? Hercules is the name of a common ally often misused: marijuana. Cannabis can become a full-on hallucinogenic the likes of LSD or Psilocybin if only taken after a heavy dose of the synthetic drug clonazepam. Battlemasting, as it is sometimes called, focuses on the usurpation of benzodiazepinic prescriptions (sold illegally, or shared) applied to ritual 'traditional' sacrifice to one's ally. Not only this, however, as it is intrinsically tied to the war on drugs and criminal loopholes. For example: loló, or *cheirinho da loló*, a very specific drug in its way of concocting a powerful narcotic out of mainly ether and chloroform, and a very dangerous criminalized substance, can be added as a final touch to reach a full dissociative state: "*It makes you think like a cockroach, man.*" How do you know that's how they think? "*I don't know, I just feel like one. I end up where they end up, too*". Among the drugs here mentioned, this might be the generally most dangerous. Also called Samsa, Samsador and Samsação (in honor of Gregor Samsa), in outsider street code.

Blattlemasting, an intentionally wrong construction, got its name from a non-intentional mistake. There is no head to claim the invention, but some say the word 'masturbation' could have had something to do with the name. Anyone can use Mescalito. There is no need for any kind of preparation, it is just taken from the field. Peyote is not an ally [why? Its status as *powerful teacher* is too vague], but weed is. And the diminished respect of the sorcerer makes battlemasting akin to alchemical work. If the ally, that is marijuana, responds differently or tries

to reject the user, the better, for then synergetic assemblages can be isolated and synthesized – the addition of the local mangoe for its terpenes, capable of interacting and boosting the high wave the ally produces, came from desensitization from overuse. Mixture with clonazepam came from outright rejection from the ally's part. And yet this is only demonic-ally battlemasting's current state, excluding its abjective effect of rupturing individual bodies, transducing something of them – not quite a residuality – to outside the territory and into a zone: the only goal is that of intoxication and forgetfulness, the only thing shared among its infinite effects a *banding of vagabonds to rally and steal*; free of metaphor. Some people report that battlemasting by adding high doses of synthetic melatonin and ephedrine to the classic trio yields an experience almost indistinguishable from DMT-based brews, such as Ayahuasca, that can, with the right dosage, last for much longer (without putting the user into an automatic nap). The point of this battlemasting, although not to make the high as long as possible, is achieved in contiguity. The alchemical boiling of using oneself as the pot and the lab has to become chronic. It is in fact the chronicle to dissolve syntactical coding into a diachronous fluidity. A synesthetic filth that evidently fully desynthesizes peoples, turning them into beasts of an entirely alien sociality: they flee the city, but still recognize each other, they feign ignorance yet still blend in with their previous territory, they speak the normal tongue and invent a new one made of clicking noises, smells, looks, metal sounds and thrown pebbles, even going so far as to meet—as if spontaneously—to chant amid forest fires that muffle their singing, for nights on end, before dissipating once more and possibly never meeting again in the same group configuration. A baffling Jungle Book situation if all the animals in the collection were actually people who stopped thinking of themselves as such, only emulating when the need arises for the battlemasting not to be halted.

Blattlemasting is, as all warfare, guerrilla-centered. With the loss of shamans and multiplication of sorcerers, pushed to the environmental extremes, the Boto yields no longer the same amount of fear-inducing power, and hunger makes the body hunt more than fear could hold its mouth. An isolating bondage-performance with polysynthetic allies puts the body to become Boto. Us, aliens? Finally.

Why now? If predation and revenge were always the norm, why fear the godly aliens, why not hunt them or do something else about it? Why should Mescalito be another kind of power, one that is a teacher rather than an ally? Why only now sorcery is intelligible and intelligences pitted towards that path? Why x, z, y...? In the multiplying-back retortions (retorting questions), the only shared affect is another retortion: *why not?* Because the cancer is here and in its terminal stage, and it isn't going anywhere anyways. "*We might as well make a tumor out of ourselves;*

don't they say whales don't die from cancer because they have tumors that devour each other? Peto's paradox, shit's crazy... Hyper-tumors, they're called."

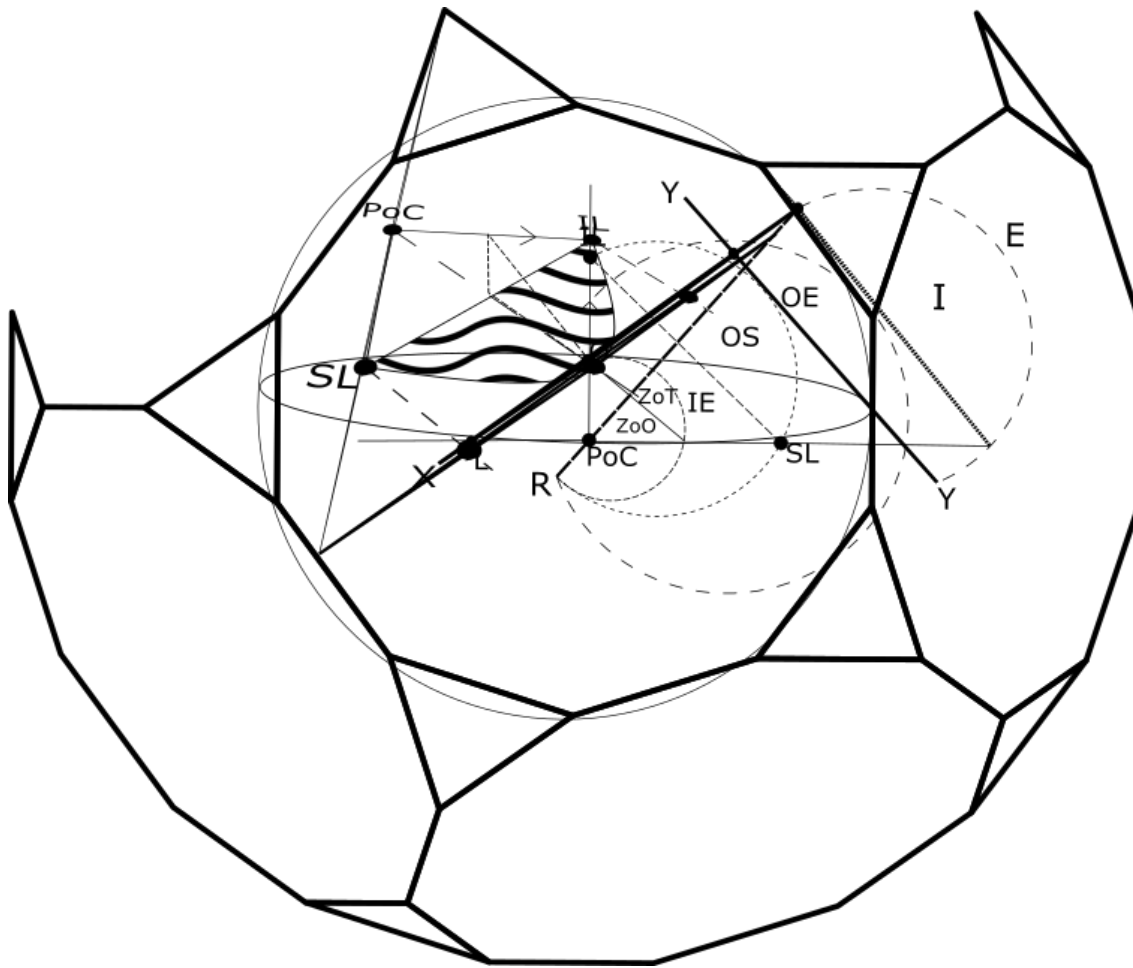
The line that binds isolating polysynthesis and battlemasting is a tenuous and tremulous moment of capture: at some point after the first peak high, the pseudo-comedown, and then the next peak stronger (during demonic ally conversion, tentatively called the moment of possession), what is called isolating polysynthesis as a phenomenon may happen spontaneously – and, with enough practice, expanded and dilated. The reflexive reticularity plays a role in this, as the syntactical structures of the overcoded surfaces get stretchy and malleable, they also glue together. To a point where a conversation between two battlemasting partners can become the utterance of a few very long words, or even just one word that takes hours to convey. *"It's our demons talking to each other, through us."* That's the essence of the *magical pass*, the child of the meme, cryptography, and of that animal act of intimidation: movement turns to dance, then dance turns to fucking, undifferentiated. A form of ultrassynesthesia to make Finnegans Wake blush in shame and left inadequate as a lesser drug. Why read it, as if simulating it from outside, rather than experience its becoming? Why, because there is realer danger in publicly battling in the field compared to the dangers of soft drugs like books and tea in the comforts of private life. And yet, anyone emulating *Anna Livia Plurabelle* is either insane or a clown, at most a bard performing for a fandom. Make no mistake, to read Joyce's masterwork of madness aloud, as he wished readers to do, is to sing the thoughts of a dead man that immortalized himself by becoming an epic glossolalic artifact, a veritable demon. An enigma, a parasite. As another vein is pierced, the Castañeda reader that emulates his antics and magical passes only empowers the circumventing spirit of that ultimate trickster. Don't you get it, both Joyce and Castañeda tried to become encantados, children of the Boto, through their artifacts of power meant to bestially steal from whoever dares to approach curiously. Sorcery is not meant for the world, it eats worlds for breakfast.

In this essay, we reinforce the destructive power of indigenous cosmology and its hybridization with Western thought. We offer a micro-section on the naivety of affirming indigenous thought as intrinsically emancipatory in the face of an Other that is intrinsically oppressive. That was our strategic explicitation demonstrating that this affirmation of an apparent intrinsic impetus towards universal emancipation is the *passive form* of what soon becomes an *active mode* of which polygenism is but a *symptom*. It all starts with a *myopic seeing*, a creative confusion, and usually emerges out of an unconscious sense of guilt and a weakened concept of self-identity, and, for it to reflect back and bubble inside the territory, is an awfully quick and easy jest.

Piracy, both the common meaning of the term and the emerging production of land pirates and digital pirates—both of which this last restricted view of battlemasting as the *aliado demoníaco* promote—, is not enough for extraordinary revolution from the 21st century onwards. Even writing about these movements and fluxions, if given enough clarity and dissipation, can involuntarily, as all good journalism has an impetus to do, fetishize them into a neutral state of stasis ready to be assimilated into ordinary revolution, those of the type *small skirmishes propagated as spontaneous change*—propaganda *stipulating a tendency towards what is desired as the reproduction of what **should be desirable***. Pirates want gold, junkies want their chains. That's not enough, Robin Hoods all Peter Pans.

So, do we really want to hyperfy Hercules? Is the Anti-Arion really enough? Or should we use this Anti-Arion, effectively the transform between Anti-Oedipus and Anti-Narcissus, an Oedipus-trans-Narcissus, to hyperfy an Anti-Hercules? One that refuses to go through the 12 labors in name of a despot, affirming autonomy in face of challenges that have little to do with him?!

The Fourth Last: A Practical Conclusion – On the Immanent Normativity of Aesthetics



What impels is always a dark precursor, albeit not in the sense of a veiled series of Markov chains. Imperatives are nothing but the residue and residual, the aesthetic imperative merely the residuality pervasive in the chicken vs. egg problematic of situating who fathered who: *it shouldn't matter*.

'living' means [working, functioning, practical], in a non-reducible capacity (in other words, *just* working, *just* functioning as a cause which cannot yield a reason – breaking the cause/reason distinction), something much more tender and shy than brute vitalism.

Let it become explicit, however, how the distinctions in the titles of the sections are all already-practical and interpenetrate as dimensions of thought: the relationship pairs *philosophy/science* | *shamanism/sorcery*. (here, we expand on our delineation of the asymmetry in “/” and the pseudo-symmetry of “|” – with *philosophy/science* and *shamanism/sorcery* in perpetual asymmetry, cannibal relations mediated by the xenomorphism relationship |. Of course, taken in its full complexity, there is much more to *philosophy/science* and *shamanism/sorcery*, with the partial, interstitial modulus |, serving to simplify things with a useful transform).

The most important point: *{isolating polysynthesis}* is not a way to **access** the syntax constitutive of/as the infrastructural principles concerning semantic content and expression [modes, modality], but a way of modulating transform(a[c]tive){s} residuals in a **creation** of this very syntactic order. In other words, not only is the formal dimension synthetic as all the other sub-divisions and partitions are too – in the last instance. This concerns neither a flat nor deep ontology, but an experimental ontology where the synthetic category is distinct from a formal syntactic dimension only by subsuming this latter through the former's ontological excess **as excess of functional capacity**. A model that does not depend on causal chains exclusively [empiric], nor on formal reasons primarily [rational].

The notion of a neutral terrain is the core mark of liberalism, what distinguishes it from both left and right wings along the sedimentary layers of the serpent we call politics. Radical thought knows for the longest time that what lies between the wings is not neutral, is not formal, no void at all but the long belly of a flying feathered Titanoboa full of acid and always digesting food. That fullness is presupposed in thought, where residual mixture is leaking everywhere. The appeal to a space of reasons as the over-the-fence aspect of a somewhere (nowhere) where ideas, notions, concepts, in short *the theoretical*, can be thought and formulated **before** its effectuation and application – which might be done or not, in a non-spontaneous manner – is the dream of the liberal deluding itself as radical, sometimes even as the one radicalizing. But we are ourselves in the belly, dreaming of wings. The radicalization cannot come from the dream, so long as we stay in the belly. We can either come out from its mouth, be digested and come out its ass, or open a hole in its stomach. Yet even that, the impetus to flee, cannot be achieved if we continue to dream of wings.

In the cosmologies we surfed over, dabbled our toes in, and surfaced fearfully, there is one thing people often misunderstand about shamanism (and, consequently, sorcery), a problem due to how the study was performed and the contact undertaken, first from writings of Jesuits and similar priestly orders: who and what the shaman is. A shaman is not an attribute of a person nor is it a well-defined social institution of which someone occupies (like being a political leader such as a prefect or congressman). The shaman is actually an aesthetico-politico category. Less a matter of: Joe, *you're* the village shaman, so you do the rites. And more a matter of: Jimmy, *you* found the jaguar's tracks today and evicted our deaths, *you* should do the rites tonight (tonight *you* are the shaman). A simple trick of abbreviation illustrates the *fusional mode of thinking*, which implicitly carries residuality and *makes* language metaphoric, against the backdrop of complex isolating polysynthesis: defusing, as in *defusioning*, the infinitesimal energy charging words and thoughts, that, although minimal, pervade language and thought, in a weird

syntheticism of Wittgenstein and Spinoza, like the nanomachines in the air of The City in *BLAME!*. It's in this sense that D&G understand the becoming in *A Thousand Plateaus*, against the limp "Becoming" of Anti-Oedipus. One is always becoming-shaman because the shaman is a *transfinite module* to the finite mode of the human that is not static. Going along these lines, we delineate the sorcerer as the limit of the shaman. The flux of becoming of the shaman after it is tensioned by the centers of power, stressed and torsioned (by, for example and for concreteness' sake, such centers as the Incan empire, devoid(ing) of horizontal shamans, only priests). We played a bit with the nomad and anti-nomad of the *Blackouts* in the *Aesthetics* of it, with the sorcerer assuming the category of the *trans-nomad*.

In Castañeda, the sorcerer is not Don Juan himself, for he is still a horizontal shaman becoming transversal. The sorcerer is the relationship Don Juan has with Castañeda. Another play on the D&G-updated notion of *haecceity*. The sorcerer is not any one individual person, but the relationship between a master (from outside) and an apprentice (from another outside). This breaks with the Hegelian master-slave dialectic, as the apprentice is not a slave, nor the master a master in Hegel's sense—but this break is not after the fact, since the master-slave dialectic never synthesized: "*I told him that I had received letters from various people telling me that it was wrong to write about my apprenticeship. They had cited as a precedent that the masters of Eastern esoteric doctrines demanded absolute secrecy about their teachings. "Perhaps those masters are just indulging in being masters," don Juan said without looking at me. "I'm not a master, I'm only a warrior. So I really don't know what a master feels like."*

To clarify things, it's not just an intrinsic matter of the horizontal shaman to achieve the line of flight, but that both the horizontal and vertical are immanent to shamanism. The asymmetry of the two is a paradoxal balance. It's when the vertical accrues power and exerts a vector that the horizontal reacts accordingly. The transversal shaman is the line of flight of the horizontal shaman, but the transversal shaman is not a sorcerous proper because sorcery is the object of its unconscious investment and search. The line of flight itself is an impulse to become sorcerous. That's why we think of the symbiosis as the sorcery-proper reproductive impetus, or symbiogenetic condition. The sorcerous becoming (the sorcerer proper), as the beast-man, only adds to this: the asymmetry between the apprentice and master is disentangled from itself and exponentiated in the creation of a *third outside*: the human-apprentice in dance (rather than bondage) with the beast-master in an individual body of *sui generis* condition. A reading that promotes a pure duality would be misleading in this case, but residual duality is **the** generic case.

"But maybe I'm revealing things I shouldn't, don Juan."—"It doesn't matter what one reveals or what one keeps to oneself," he said. "Everything we do, everything we are, rests on our personal power. If we have enough of it, one word uttered to us might be sufficient to change the course of our lives. But if we don't have enough personal power, the most magnificent piece of wisdom can be revealed to us and that revelation won't make a damn bit of difference." The outside is not a place we go, it's what we become by opening ourselves. A continuous openness until debt cannot be debted.

In yet simpler terms, the phenomenal difference between the shaman and the sorcerer is what they see: while the shaman sees the underlying humanity, being donated to by the non-human shaman, the sorcerer donates his own humanity, seeing no more humans but still seeing people—true people in their luminous variety—and this is also what gives the sorcerer a distinct power to invade, disrespecting the shamanic pact of diplomacy. Deserting the war is not fleeing from it, it's learning to create war at the heart of war, alienating it from itself. And seeing, in this last instance, becomes a synesthetic modulation of seeing the *individual* and the *sui generis*, now disentangling. This relation *sui generis* | *individual*, is a formal "translation" of the *Nagual* and *Tonal*. To understand this, the imagination must excise the soul.

"Imagine if in the West's general cosmology the dead imagined us as souls and themselves as living! Because in the West, 'we' is first and foremost the living, only second is 'we' the organic, the organism. In the Juruna cosmological economy, for example, it is this inversion that operates: the dead apply to themselves the distinction of body and soul and conceive of the living as being purely soul... The relationship with the animals is no different, but the fact can appear extremely complex, probably due to the fact that we do not confer to souls the same degree of reality as we do to animals." That is, the dead have the *Tonal* and *Nagual*, the *individual* and *sui generis*, separated, and so they are in fact a material "body" (produced, individual) and a synthetic "body" (*sui generis*) drifting from each other. While the living are simply a synthetic body (*sui generis*, assemblage point devoid of cocoon) that envelops and guides the body-in-production (the individuating body, material, the cocoon). The dead are always roaming as "soul", the invisible aspect of life's economy, and in transformation as their materiality is accelerated and redistributed in the economy of the visible aspect of life, and so their *residual bodies* watch the *residue of their bodies* all the time. The living, on the other hand, can only have their residual body watch their body's residue in dream. That's why sleep is the child of death, or death as a child.

The sorcerer understands **will** as something not at all universal, but as an *spectral umbilical cord* one nurtures their entire life: while alive, one is but gestating inside a sheet-like film formed by one's own recalcitrant residuation, and death is in fact a second birth. The dead are the twice-born. There are, however, no limits to how many times one can be born, only one's personal power marks the limit of expression. The **hidden (iii)** we speak of in the Modular section is the desynthetization of life, that virtualized to actualize the double **individual** and **sui generis**, counter-actualizing beyond the threshold of its limit (death).

Two big ritualistic expressions exemplify this in indigenous bodies of the Americas (and at large, in the rest of the world), sometimes the two are performed in the same body: *Funerary cannibalism*, the eating of one's dead, and *pre-death fleeing*, the hiding of oneself in the woods, outside the territory, when one feels close to death. Both are *technologies of the body* (rather than *of the self*) that regulate the transmutation and transmigration of the synthetic body (*sui generis*), be it as an act of re-taking the lost individual as food so that the synthetic body re-indexes into the spirit of that zone, or as an act of losing one's own individual body to the outside so that the synthetic body is de-indexed from that territory. This is far from an exchangeist perspective, and does not qualify as a classical instance of the debtist overview. And it is simply one among many motifs that attest to a necessary update to the social economy of debt, and of the debt itself as cosmological core or rule, an update where neither *filiation and production* nor *alliance and exchange* are primary, one in which more robust elaborations on *reproduction and symbiosis*, as well as fresh conceptualizations of *desynthesis and residuation*, open new dimensions for thought.

In the absence of anything that correlates to the concept of the soul, with only the vague *Spirit of the land*, the *Great Spirit*, as a whole capable of certain translation to adequate terms (that of the *universal local*, or *extra-global absolute* of restricted application), there subsists a problematic in dealing with the notion of *body* in indigenous cosmologies of the sorcerous torsion, notion which always comes multilayered “*you speak of bodies, but I don't understand, are you a body? Am I? Is my village a body? A 'body of water', is it a body?*” In these strains of thought, the body itself is correlative of life, for there never was an Aristotle to birth an ontological apparatus, and it subsumes the distinction between [material] body and soul [synthetic body] only because the body itself is not relegated to *being*. Following the Greeks, thus, we understand there to be an individual and a *sui generis* as formal categories, that is, residuals, of the body as non-formal category (in an inversion of perspectives, now from the west of the Atlantic). In the shamanic cosmologies, however, it is not *just* the case that a double for the irreducible life

was never synthesized [a doubling so as to functionalize the means to follow the impetus of life in its last instance, that is, the production of the organism and its organic residue] but *also* the case that a desynthetization of life already happened, and it is through this last operation that life reappeared again, now reducible, in order for the body to disappear—naturally, in this case, becoming irreducible. It is almost a quadratic inversion of how the ontological apparatus has been operative and operating, however, as scarcely if ever noted, this difference is not due to a lack in actualization, as if it remains latent in the savages' primitive ways of life the germ for said apparatus to be born and made effective, but in fact it is a futurist technology—relative to the ontological perspective—that already counter-actualized itself. 20th century Sci-fi writers misunderstood one key thing in their intuition about how “sufficiently advanced technologies are indistinguishable from sorcery”, we see it as the other way around: sorcery **is* the most advanced form of technology*. To talk of democracy, socialism, communism, anarchism, etc. to the savages is a fool's task, for all that stuff remains theoretical, whereas the primitives do not need a theoretical dimension to begin with. The operative term here, body, as invisible and vague as life – if not more – counter-actualizes, continuously, the double (the *individual sui generis*, instead of the isolated instances) *and* mutation. That, simply, if packed in its delivery, is the **reason-cause** why the first-contact indigenous peoples excavated the soil in search of the bones of the conquistadors: Mutation (and polysynthesis, of which the generic expression is the *individual sui generis*) was not a scientific discovery made centuries after, but a *pervading thing as clear as smoke and as tacit as the heat*, if not understood rationally in the common sense, at the very least *sought after via sensory probes not quite organs and non-rational organons not quite organic*. The theory of evolution was always trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific, it merely got forcefully claimed, naturally, by the center of power ruling at the time of its expression. And so, if **individual sui generis** is the generic form of polysynthesis, then **sui generis individual** is that of polygenesis. The former is zonal, the latter territorial.

As Plato killed Socrates, making him a philosopher among many as he went along—instead of the philosopher *par excellence* among disciples and youth and sophists—, Castañeda could have become a tropical Plato in the same vein as Wittgenstein could have become a modern Aristotle. For similar motives, neither could (and the “will” not to become so, in the case of Wittgenstein, attests only to a limit that he could not cross, testament to the magnitude of his abjection). As other characters manifested, and Don Juan himself left Castañeda, in a cumulative way, to fend for himself, the dice was thrown. But Carlitos succumbed to the expressions of capital's investments in his time (of which the New Age movements are some among many). Differently from the polygenist Athens, surrounded by the *barbaroi*, our polygenism is magnanimous enough

to be able to become practically formalized and formally recognizable, theoretically formulated and understandable, and pragmatically applicable and felt. A Plato the philosopher, a mutant, cannot be produced anymore, because mutants are being reproduced and aborted; this last term just another piece in the reproductive machinery. Aristotle the polymath, the defier of the pure philosopher and bringer of rigorous divergence in the form of emerging proto-sciences, could only arise as a Michelangelo afraid of what he sees in the slab, too suspicious of what that spirit in the matter can become through his hands' guided movements. Socrates the fiction, that one who spoke of daemons, couldn't be killed if he couldn't even be born to begin with. When there is even a word for fictions that want to become real, *hyperstition*, all fiction is already precluded of becoming anything other than that.

In one hundred years from now, grammar will have lost the battle for a formal distinction between "you're" and "your", dictionaries—if they still exist—will no longer present this correction but as fun footnotes of a time when it was "*wrongly thought to make a difference*".

If normativism is the view that meaning/content is essentially normative, we want to express that it is rather normativity that is in itself merely a formal dimension of any *isolated expression*, and that content itself is a conceptual expression (or meta-expression, a *generism*) to speak about a functional something *not-yet expressed*. Going by our theory of residuation, *content is the ambiguous residu(e/al) vestigial body of expression itself*. This, the deactivation of the concept of content (that has become a dogmatic category) is the second "the most important point", or "the most important point, (ii)". We shall elucidate how said deactivation correlates *expression as contentless category* with *desynthesis as the content of residuality*.

How the assemblages became what they became, that is, so disempowered and disempowering? By the same mechanism their creators embedded into them for them not to become instruments of power-displacement, namely the mechanics set in motion by an expansion of the notion of content in view of the empowerment its counterpart, the notion of expression, was increasingly accruing. Fearing a return to speculative metaphysics of the ancient character, having in perspective the cybernetic potential of metaphysics for actually doing something in the world instead of terminating itself in and as contemplation, the assemblage-creators objected a lurking self-perpetuating efficiency in expression automating itself to the point of universalizing, of finding an *expression of expressions*, thus not simply returning to an ontology of substance and forms, but veritably actualizing, finally, pioneering methodologies of form-effectuation. This kill-switch mechanism was immanentized in the assemblage as the dogma of the "*expressions presuppose and always accompany content*" in a new guise, and so the assembly

was buried for a particular mode of assemblage-reproduction to instantiate itself as if spontaneously and as if the only salvageable way of not repeating the reification(s) of the Anti-Oedipus. It was only a matter of time, given the clunky machinations of content, before we started smelling the cogs faulting and leaking residuals through the holes in the twisted and torn husks of expressions as they sedimented without proper shedding. It is a *shedding mechanism* that must be put in effect for the expressions themselves not to rot and sediment into another cosmic floating egg-rock filled with dead lobsters and crabs pressurizing below oceans of residual sublation—all expensive terminology for "content". It is solely this pernicious *prefigurative principle*, the one that affirms content (itself an identity, an instance of an "expression against expressions") and that reproduces this identity as a type of *inexpression*, an inexpressible relation to itself and to the outside that each and all expressions carry, that held the concept of assemblage from situating itself outside vitalism and against all charges of such. Vitalism, due to its insistence on a commonality (or ground), be it as a need for an epistemic/ethic *common sense* or as logico/metaphysical need of a *condition of possibility* (such as nature, naturalized space, etc.), carries at its core a necropolitical and necrophilosophical principle. If it were a simple tendency of **some** vitalist thought, rather than an inextricable insistency **of** vitalism itself, then all these now-tarnished concepts, such as assemblage, could easily displace their constitutive relations into re-empowerment. The embedded kill-switch, however, prefigures any chance [of contingent] de/re-figuration of the principle itself. *For life to be liberated, we need to kill its content.* The first step in this arduous process is demonstrating the artificiality of life's relation to itself. Once *zoe* and *bios* finally open space for the thinking of the difference [and differentiation thereof] between *φυτόν* and *φυτό*, that will be the sign we may be on our way to actually beginning to understand life as it instantiated on this planet. After all, they are phylogenetically related to φύσις (and 'phylo-', in phylogenesis, is also, unsurprisingly, of this same affluent family). We, that consider ourselves life, might have more to do with plants, and have more use for this forgotten contradistinction than the Aristotelian dichotomy could ever offer us (while let's not forget the pain it already offered). Wittgenstein be commended for respecting his abjection, we don't need another Aristotle. But we might enjoy disrespectfully appropriating abjection itself, this *content of contents*, for our xenotropic practices. The pragmatics focusing entirely on how to *not* end up like Castañeda or any of the other counter-cultural gurus of the last century.

World hunger would be solved if kleptoplasty were synthesized for humans, everyone then able to perform photosynthesis. It would also feedback into algae production and focused maintenance of environments in a solar punk kind of way, which would evidently help the breathing super-system of the Earth itself, not to say, also, that this would promote the birth of

Atlantis. That legend passed on to us mainly via Plato, then, would be more akin to a seed of prophecy than a muddled recounting of the “sea-peoples” mutiny as a mark of the collapse of ancient civilization. But for that to happen in totality, that is, successfully, desynthesis has to occur simultaneously as its virtual conditions of actualization (which are non-spontaneous and gradual) are infra-physically engineered like modules in an invisible machinic dance of *affectance* counter-effectuating the infrastructural modularity pervading life itself. This, however, would make this desynthetic “movement” apparently the pre-history of a new breed of humans capable of kleptoplasty; something not even liable to be historically isolated and organized, already lost to time as it happens right at this moment, something that’s been happening for aeons. Synthetic biology is not at all a new practice, a cutting edge emerging field, but, in fact, a rather rudimentary mimetic process polygenic humanity (*Homo sapiens*) is learning to perform by pre-consciously rediscovering residual modules through its scientific organon made specifically to reproduce the unconscious investment of the specie’s reified despot (capital, for lack of a better term). This is not a capitalist realist remark, quite the contrary: capitalism is as much a pipe dream as *universal* photosynthetic humans, a propaganda under the slogan of “in the future, everyone will be able to produce their own food by using just sunshine”. A slogan *in toto* not distinguishable from “We will re-make Atlantis [great again!]”.

Surprisingly similar to this, is the promise of *Artificial General Intelligence* (slaves for everybody, for us qualified organelles in the supercell that is the postpostpost[...]modern world), a promise already in full-on research mode involving millions of worker operons secreting their work’s product before being discarded—as in forgotten until death, junk DNA. A promise that takes for granted a given myth: that capitalism is Reality (absolute, *global universal*) and it’s not going anywhere. The polygenist preclusion of escape displaces the focus to a sole purpose: the creation of something better than ourselves (“ourselves” being the species *H. sapiens*), since there isn’t anything else to be done anyways. This point is strong and absolutely right, for the *Homo sapiens* is itself a reproductive organism clustered with organs and organons to realize its task before it terminates itself or is forcefully terminated by the super-organism which it is a part of. Its task, also, is essentially reproductive. Lacan’s phallus is Man itself, the entire species is a proboscis that is also a hectocotylus. If Man succeeds, after Man there will be another substance-mode of life, its nameless children without memory of their parents. Humanity won’t perish though, de-isolated polysynthesis might even experience some times of really intense activity again—as isolating polysynthesis de-indexes the remnants of man and their ruins from the territories, fashioning brand new spiraling zones. True Afrofuturism, now with some silicon-based humans too; even more diversity of voices for our songs thrown into the mix.

Polygenesis is recursive. Polysynthesis is *decursive*. In other words, recursion is *continually isolated polysynthesis continuously reproducing itself*, while decursion is *continuously isolating polysynthesis continually terminating*. . . Spinoza's famous dictum places determination as negation precisely because de-termination is the reproduction of the same. Counterintuitively, it would seem, then, that it is *re-termination* that is always affirmative. *Resources are determinated, retermination desources*.

We can quickly *apply to*, and, at the same time, *extract from*, these two (decursion and retermination) the now-pervasive *dividual*: Is it the dividual that is split into *individual* and *sui generis*—the “no-longer divisible”, thus *in-dividual*, and the “already-indivisible in the dividual”, thus *sui generis*? If this is the case, then, it is the dividual that is *neither divisible nor enjoying the splitting any longer*. In this last instance, however, the dividual is itself a category that flees the naturalized type and the typology of naturalization: it is only after the fact of the body cleaved in half, as *individual* and *sui generis*, that it becomes dividual at all; so it is indeed the dividual that is split, but the dividual only became such after a pre-prior split cleaved the body. The split is non-spontaneous and the product of an accident, while the cleavage implies both a passive and active counterparts, a *sufferer* and an *aggressor*; the carcass itself, what is left after the aggression and the suffering terminates, is the dividual. But this split is not a transcendental scission, it is rather a shedding. This “shedding” would be what underlies the porous/buffered distinction. With the theory of residuation and residuals making itself clearer as *already an application before being theoretic* (thus *hyperthetic*, from hyper-thesis, as infra-thesis, that is, desynthetical – as in desynthesis of the synthetic body “*sui generis*”).

****The individual is determinated body, the reterminated body is dividual : resources are individual, desources are dividual :: the {recursive} body.****

The polygenist formulae. Reproductive synthetic pre-prior; the key here concerning the displacement of the *sui generis*.

****Individual terminated as body, body terminated as dividual & Dividual terminated as body, body terminated as individual : sui generis source :: the {decursive} body.****

Polysynthetic retermination. . . Desynthetic displacement (of de/re radicals).



