

“Utilityville”

‘And you see...this is how it is...’ / yes I’m quite aware of that but...owing to your...uh / -yes- / your lack of relevant credentials in this field I...can’t exactly recommend you to our – I should say ‘my’ rather – to my manager...I’m sorry /

These words were conveyed in hushed tones, with a sympathetic lilt to them which bespoke the genuineness and sincerity in which they were conveyed. The two men were in an office and the sun was beginning to set slowly over the horizon, outlining the buildings with its grave refulgence, majestic sombre quality.

With the setting of the sun the man to whom these fateful words were addressed also sunk in his chair as if it were his heart that was weighing him down like an anchor, forcing him to squat and affix himself in the murky depths of the office chair. But the strong, burly arms of the man sitting behind the desk stood up and wrenched him from the earth in which he had just begun to root himself. They patted him on the shoulder in a sympathetic way – perfectly correspondent with the intoning quality of the voice – and guided him slowly out of his seat. The manipulated was at first shocked in the hands of his manipulator – as if they were cattle prods getting him, a staring-eyed creature, to direct him towards a slaughterhouse – the perfect motivation – but then he placidly acquiesced and, with a meek smile, allowed himself to be propelled through the slaughterhouse door and towards destitution. He was now back in his familiar state of unemployment and the calming effect of being back in the uncalm of insecurity was more of a shock perhaps – and an absurdity in a quintessential vein – than those hands which had signified his rupture with a future possibility.

It was now dark. The possibility had been exhausted and street lamps lit the way from this dead zone of impossibility; there was no opportunity of deriving an existence from thence. There was not so much as a fleeting glance on the part of this poor unfortunate and the brain continued on its way weighted down with thoughts of future hopes. A plethora of avenues presented themselves and down these the man walked: some blind alleys, others freeways too broad and indistinct to follow along in his miniature vehicle – he was no match for their breadth; others yet were too windy and again uncertain as to when they would open up onto straight courses, others still too circuitous in relation to their finite destinies – and he, this exhausted mind, had none; no destiny, but he had surrendered to fate and was tossed about by it, in the belief that it would wash him ashore in some distant and magical land after cooling the overheated machinery whose vehicular movements were stripped of their potentiality and propulsive effect – he was now adrift.

The great and promising thing was that no doldrums confronted him; the converse was that he had entered into tempestuous weather and its threatening loom. Circumstances surrounded him and he spun like a top to face each in turn, only to be spun again by the hand of fate to face others – blurred by the spinning and uncertainty as to whether any cessation would be realized. The mind has taken on all of the confusion of exteriority; it had imbibed it into its maw – ravenous and insatiable for ends to the point of the ineffectuality of realizing any and going over to the means, for no concrete steps had yet been taken.

He was living in Utilityville. Every microscopic action was to undergo analysis in the causal-functional vein and it was thereby ascribed value – after the fact, after its assessment. The reasoning process thus undergone was functional through and through, a wholly ‘means-directed’ activity – teleologies were ignored – their place was after the means. One might think that the end would guide the means – for this is the lexical logic of it all – but it is the converse – and as follows: the end was merely a subsidiary end and thus became transformed into a means; the means was relegated to subsidiary forms and was to serve – in hierarchical fashion – the means which acted as its substrate. And thus all actions themselves imploded in this means-driven activity – for no ends were to be sub-served by virtue of the fact that they were absolute through the very economy of it all; this functional thought ruled out any conception of the end and refused to allow ends to manifest themselves: humanity, love, praxis, creation – all were now obsolete forms of human endeavour; and the absurdity of it was that all means presupposed ends and that the very form of the means was the end of X, the irreducible of human endeavour (perhaps praxis itself). The validation or legitimation of this absurdity was negated through the negation of these ends in an implosion of all human subjectivity in relation to the over-arching criterion of function: function as the be-all and end-all function as means and end simultaneously – a destructive immediate causality which rendered futile any extraneous (to this system) causality – the notion of cause sub-served economy and in that logic all analysis served the bank books.

The man, yet another ignorant soul overcome by the perturbation of functionality, gazed about in this blindness and thought along the linear tracks of causality. The street lights caused his blindness – they hurt his eyes – therefore they should not be looked at and the cause would go away, everything then (in that eventuality) would be ‘all right’ and he would be ‘secure and exculpated’. But to be justified in an action – does that not presuppose an irreducible motivation for justification, namely security? But this irreducible could just as well be construed as a multiplicity and thereto no ‘irreducibles’ (ala Kant) and they are left in free-floating space as having no content. Thus they are indefinite and arbitrary and the end is again forgone. Name your philosophy – but utility, despite such nominalism issuing as it were ex cathedra, will still reign as the sovereign principle of this world. Welcome to Utilityville.

Nocturnal Lights

Vehicles moved slowly throughout the night keeping quiet pace with its rhythm, the light-speckled towers connecting the human with the divine reality. It was as if divinity had made its appearance in the form of technology – *divus techné* – the god of skill and human ingenuity created a network of unattainable reality, a surreal expanse paradoxically no expanse at all as bordered by the great matrices of light and concrete, metal and glass. The human had been usurped by the non-human and the latter had altered the structure of its related term through dialectic of hegemony.

Not only this cityscape with its strangely subduing and yet harsh glow – reflecting the subduing hum of electronic gadgets which rendered harsh those minds which, original and organic, were forced to co-exist with them – but the imperceptible structures of human destiny in its concretization held this bizarre rapture. The bureaucracies and their machination assumed this usurping function and loomed over the human which it oppressed and carried it along. Thus it was harsh, Draconian in its causing to function of human deployment; but it was also subdued and subduing in its very lackadaisicality, its everydayness; the manufacturer of everydayness and routine.

All systems, all complexes of entities, harsh and soft, tangible and intangible, pressed themselves around their operators, who were defined by their relation to the system and had value conferred on them in relation to their relevant powers; all of these were no more a constraint (and thus all talk of usurpation was a falsehood) than they were a liberation and affirmation of human subjectivity from this constraint; human subjectivity had ceased to exist in its functioning, a paradox of life and death which had placed it nowhere and everywhere, an implosion within the whole of society from which it arose and to which it sunk as a still-birth, a living death. Thus the life/death function had lost its meaning and so to have all values. One must simply go with the flow and derive what value he could from the cacophony that followed from his actions like a butterfly and its ramified wing beats; like a butterfly the human drove in his car moving throughout life and stirring the waters of existence with his operation in the social totality, in the non-social totality – a new cosmos – of concrete, glass, buildings, and night-black skylines. The sun had become eclipsed by its proceeding stage and this later was hanging on for good; but that was old news then and is older still; now the life properly so-called is one nocturnal and one must adapt with the flow – a Heraditean flux – of reality or be torn apart by its vicious inexorability. Thus the road sped by and the lights, and the driver was now content in his blindness.

Operability

Throughout he was defined by his functions, by his operations and actions. All of these synonyms directly denote the same thing: an employment and, adjectivally, he was throughout employable, for this was his function, his action, and operation. Walking step by step, each distanced equivalently through an approximate abstract estimate, head held so that its ocular capacity might survey the oncoming field of objects and objectified reality which his propulsion brought forth into a dangerous proximity; it was dangerous as might conflict with his operations and movements; it was dangerous as it, this objectified field of matter, was structured in accordance with his ends as their means – for necessarily he had to direct himself throughout this world and a direction required space across which direction might be made. Arms swung to equilibrate, so to speak, the flowing operations of his body – each segment operated functionally and integrally with the whole of the system, his organs or, an organ system for employability in the concrete.

The wind which he generated through his quick movements – a wind which was individualized and existed only for him – was inhaled and exhaled in complete precision and regularity with the remaining components; it drove him further as a bellows feeds the flames of a burning fire – his soul. Forward he moved and attention shifted, concentrated, upon those objects which most starkly impeded his task – and that was operation and employability in accordance with the task seemingly exterior to his present state – to become at ease, unemployed and immersed in a relaxing state of passivity; but the employment was perceived – through a functional interference, known by the name of an act of reason – and it served as the appropriate means to the end.

There was no inversion of means and end here, only a necessary temporal causality in which the antecedents anteceded the consequents and vice versa; this was reason in the mode of immanence.

One might here be led to critique the employable man, the operable man as defying transcendentalism through his fixity of gaze upon the ground – it acting as his pathway towards the end, with all of its slopes and gradational angles. – But such an allegation would be without any weight as foreign to the nature of such a man, are indefinable by any other, a fixed entity (as fixed as his gaze) contained within a formal system of functionality, means, and end in a continual cyclicism, a generator or causality which never terminated in any definite end – such was the employable character, its structure being simply and in itself ‘to be employed’ – and nothing more.

Thus no transgressor of divine reality, notional or deific, was acted out through the employability perceived upon this dark street, streetlamps shining and reflecting their light back into its source amidst the wet environment – as if the light, however artificial, did not want to survive on this path of darkness, of blindness; but it stuck there, on the

ground and in pools of frozen water, streaming up as if in supplication to the man who passed by. But the man refused to look, kept his face on immanence, and drug along in endlessly rhythmic gesture. Even now the pen strokes reflect this harmony – but it is not a pleasing harmony so much as a machine-like productivism, factory-line operability about the material being sold to an anonymous audience at an indeterminate time.

A Sojourn into the Artificial

The body being fed the mind can now work. I want to discuss my sojourn throughout the streets of the city during the setting of the sun, a time that spanned its last shimmering force initially and ended in its last vestiges, traces of fiery light being left in the sky to do both the whole of the reality it was leaving behind. The traces were its memory burning brightly in the mind and sky, an abrupt turn of the body winking out its presence and simultaneously that symbol of the night – the moon in its fullness, a proud ethereal figure radiating its own glow upon the earth, yet another deity reaching itself out towards the percipient who stares in awe of its sublimity.

The sign on the commercial pre-fabricated building stood larger, brighter, and more focally on the horizon than did this full moon. It was as if the artificial was attempting to preclude the natural; the one disjunctive term trying to pre-dominate the other and so solve the dilemma of which is ‘most’ real. This is the human vindication of their transformative perversion of nature; rendering it asexual, not underlain with a primordality which had at one point ruled the cosmos and drove humans to the worship of the gods in the service of sacrifice – most appropriate since the gods themselves were barbaric. But now the god is the artificial, the simulacrum and he quells any atavistic thoughts of origin, of nature. Nature, with its faux representatives (faux wood, stone, lights), has been negated, or sublated rather, in this artificialization of the world called the human influence, society and its laws, civilization.

And yet there is a certain charm about these artificial products – namely their decay. For with a will to pristine-state these same products are exposed in their lie, theirs manifest in the rust, the dilapidation and eventual demolition they undergo – keeping pace with the idea of a contingency of forms but superseding the natural cyclicism of birth and corruption. For, when a building collapses or is demolished, a new one is erected in place, one perhaps even more transient, and what is waited for is simply the purchase of an empty lot, the signing of the deed and pertinent legal processes, and one may begin with development – and a new birth has occurred, after the death of its antecedents, the descendent must exist insofar as it plays a crucial role in this necessary causality – and this is the way all things are conceived of to one assimilated into this artificial, closed system, namely as an endless propagation of forms, each as transient as its predecessor

and soon to make way for its replacement who will eclipse its being just as the moon eclipses the sun.

And one thought that the austerity of the moonlight was an expression of nature. Well here he is wrong and the most vibrant, dancing and ecstatic phenomena are the ones who connote the greatest austerity; thus no longer are we living in a world that can be adequately grasped by thought; rather we are living on the surface of appearances behind which click the mechanical gears of their operation. Society as a whole has become machine-like and each component remains in its functional capacity as its source of being; outside of this the meaning of these parts – when sundered from each other – is naught and one who would regain this sole womb of being must scurry around picking up the pieces of a lost hope; for even if he managed to recover all that had become exploded, he would have recovered nothing but a machine of superficiality which recurrently produces and reproduces itself without end.

A levelling of all that has been constructed is the greatest fear of those who ideologically follow the linear path of the machine; a levelling and transplantation back into nature. – But perhaps what should be feared most is the maintenance of this ever-increasing efficiency of the machine's operations and (perhaps) a consequent levelling of all 'positive' elements of nature. But nature is neither positive nor negative nor morally evaluative; and this is the fear given expression by those who so ardently support the functioning of this machine: the unknown, the non-moral, and the non-meaningful. – Our tendency to anthropomorphize has taken its toll, what's next?

Impossible Worlds

If it weren't for the hum of the refrigerator, I could conceive of myself as a nobleman hundreds of years ago stooping over his writing desk (do noblemen stoop, a question requiring pertinent knowledge for its answer is but one that cannot be afforded as the refrigerator continues its incessant hum); documenting his profound insights, or composing a letter to one of his kith or kin, or perhaps going over the accounts of his estates, or business affairs. It is the natural light which transplants me in this ancient time, one covered over by layers of dust which keep on building, corrupting the long-forgotten artefacts of past vitality and testifying to its demise. We would relive this impossible life: a nobleman stooping over his writing desk, for example – but it is all a play of visions, a fantasy.

But what good is reality? With its refrigerator hums and the engine-roars of buses as they speed by – no longer any carts drawn by horses, any chaises pulled by thoroughbreds such as a nobleman would be driven in. Rather we ride now in vehicles without any persona – a vehicle anyone could travel in, a catalyst of his anonymity and

conveyor of the nameless to equally nameless destinations themselves devoid of the promise of future atavism in the minds of others. For to know one is to know all and nobility has left us for the hollow shell of its fabrication; I don't write with a quill nor does my shirt contain embroidery of gold or hand-woven materials, themselves farmed from my estate. No, the contrast is this: a reality and a fabrication, a hyper-reality; two distinct epochs themselves separated by infinitely graded shading between white and black. Without wishing to invoke moral/value terms the white and black both could represent one or the other epoch – that is not what matters. What matters is that all fictitious reality, all noblemen stooping over desks of mahogany, are separated through an opposition from the real, though we don't acknowledge this fact – for in the minds of those who ride alien vehicles – or who don't even ride at all, rather take a ride in cyberspace, a levelling of all concrete reality – that these beings find their hope in a fabricated existence – just look at pre-planned communities, which, absurdly enough, make pre-planned lives. – And thus they have this distillation of reality, distilled into packaging and entertaining form, usurp their present, for the latter is a melancholic plague that descends upon these beings through their very absence and is instigated in the pre-giveness of the alien landscape facing them and alien force of utilitarian necessity which rules them.

But is this so much a necessity as opposed to a sufficiency? That ideological conditioning is sufficient for the incubation of the idea of necessity in their fallible minds? Look what the nobleman has become to them: a reflex reference to impossible worlds.

Surface Appearances

Every single day a new date entered upon the margin of the page (for I would hardly say 'in', rather 'upon'). And it is entered upon the page for two reasons: 1) the superficiality consequent to the fact of 2) a machine-like mode of life. But a cause is begged here and that, clearly, is the exteriority which is the *causa externalis* of internal activity the world impinging upon that part of itself which would attempt a transcendent coup in its transcendentality. There is thus no above or below, simply a totality of flux without depth, perceived only as a surface reality of appearances. Thus the date is entered 'upon' the surface reality of this the medium of my thoughts, given an artistic remodelling. It is all a result of the latter cause, this machinism. And I had spoken of reality qua exteriority 'impinging' itself upon the monad which unites and who is consequently no monad; a non-enumerable entity which confers upon itself its own existence and modalities.

It is (to speak briefly) society which creates this regularization of life and one's activities – for what does the hermit in the woods or the desert need regularity for unless to serve the divine grace? But we, clearly, serve no divine grace, merely a would-be apotheosis of

it in ourselves. But still we do not implant our activities in between the furrows of abstract structure as a service to ourselves alone. No, rather there are competing gods in the Pantheon and they are the enumerable monads who construct – en masse – this system of regularity, a cohesive whole designed for cohesive functioning. And in this mote of life one loses himself to the inexorability of Ixion's wheel, the setting sun bringing forth the night, itself to be eclipsed by awakening daylight; and throughout one marches to the beat of a drum alien to himself and which he didn't construct; one that sounds the tempo of his actions, whether slow, fast, or non-existent, for example in forced retirement and even forced death – it is for his own good! – And with that the march ceases and he can finally escape regularity. Or can he? If he is truly not a monad but an ensemble of relations then his life is preserved – cryogenically – in the sterile clauses of death certificates, wills, and debts. Thus he can never die until all of his relations which use him as a reference point, a slip of the tongue when referring to past experiences: 'that's what so-and-so did... oops' – until they die his life remains in purgatory of legality and memory. And this is because one is caught up in the system which has mapped him out in all of his intricacies, has demarcated the areas of activity and categorized him thereby; throwing a net of control which has him in over all attempts at escape; for he was weaned of the machine and tasted of its artificial milk (or is it natural – or both?), its processed nutriment. And thus he grew invested with a certain character antenatally. Born to serve and to die in harness, for the summum bonum – or maybe for a select few? In any case he served and ostensibly he was, eo ipso, taken care of. But this was all a surface appearance and artificial reality, a dissimulated presence; the happy advocate, of grant corporations and power entities (what are their boneless, their dimensions really?) gave the faceless a face, but one so wholly commercialized that reality was no longer as it had been, a modest looking soul. Now it had been given a facelift: to make it more 'appealing', to induce people to 'buy into it' and to spread the seeds of this falsehood; a dissemination of dissimulation and consequent dullness of mind, a jaded apathy more akin to a living death than genuine life.

Flight from Fancy

An idyllic scene conjured by the weather and sounds of birds: an autumnal pastoral mist wafting from the water at the signs of a cold morning. Bullrushes and brown reeds making themselves stakes in the ground of nature's presence, markers or signs which indicate its territory to the exclusion of all else. – And yet we are here, we humans who have come in this early fall morning to hunt the birds which give voice to their instinctive motivations, calling to one another across the pond, from nests concealed in the reeds and from upon high on the leaf-bereft trees, watching in alertness as a defensive militia. – And we, the intruders, invaders, are here. We have not chosen peace

for to do so would have meant leaving our guns on their perches, in the cabinets, storehouses of our arms. Rather it is a gesture of hostility we bring forth and the birds, unbeknownst to them and their military technics of flying and bombardment, are to be made helpless sacrifices to our own primordial instincts which, with the aid of our technical apparatus – our shell belts, powder horns, and guns; binoculars and camouflage – will be a satiety for the moment of the insatiable. But eventually we will have had enough and pronounced our contentment in returning to our office buildings and alienated selves. But out here, amidst the mist and reeds with the dawning sun yet low on the horizon, we are once again men in a feral mode. And who would say with any justice that this feral mode, this primordiality which we take as defining our masculinity, is a fabrication of society. We have been divested of voluntary action; voluntarism has been occluded in placing absolute control and power in ideology, the substrate of the sciences in their thralldom to the state.

Are we not men defined in this classical mode? Do we not seek out the destruction of another in our will to power? Or perhaps we simply enjoy the outdoors and desire to go out for a stroll? And do not have any legitimation for doing so and so must appeal to the masculine models for a passcode to enjoy pleasantries in the outdoors. Who knows – perhaps all we wanted was a tea party for two and pleasant conversation. But even if this should arise – is it not the springboard of feral antagonism? Are we not bulls in a china shop when it comes to pleasantries? And to include women in the endeavour as delightful picnic companions – would that not result, gradually and imperceptibly, in the gradual and imperceptible closeness (closer and closer) of the sexes towards the sex act – and a consequent spoilage of this tea party? If the consequent adduced is a necessity based upon an irreducible motivation (and perhaps here we perceive ideological conditioning, the model usurping the reality, hemming it in) then perhaps all hopes for a tea party over a hunter party are lost in the scatter of buckshot and falling corpses, splashing down into the water to the baying of dogs.

And are not men rather like dogs than bulls in the china shop? Are we not rather silly and happy-go-lucky libidinal characters; rather simple and content in our simplicity? - For the modality of men – if one is to essentialize from me to ‘man’ and extrapolate abstract characteristics on concrete, perceptible bodies – is libidinal, and we may exist along any wavelength of aggression and passion, and synthesis of these same. At least we may say that our lives are not linearly structured, that we are the victims of causality; for we are not the victims of emotional responsiveness at all – we are, simply, not victims. Rather we are beings whose morality is, and always will be, subject to interpretation depending upon the judge and the judged.

But most importantly, if we are to situate men, it is a question of liberation from repressive models of masculinity (whether they be the tea or hunting party model) and the carrying of ourselves with natural affect and instigation; to do in accordance with

nature what the situation dictates – and this is precisely the problem: a loss of human agency in the face of normative prescriptions; prescribed in the whole configuration of this world to the eclipse of natural being. Ideology has filtered everywhere, the better to engineer an effect, a product, a product – and we are it. Ideological engineering has created many ‘natural products’ throughout its course, and they are invariably abberative despite their semblance of being.

And yet I like hunting, have always wanted to go and involve myself in an activity such as that – still do - . But I also like tea parties (harkening back to Alice in Wonderland) and would engage in pleasantries therein with my hat (1/10) and bowtie, and Alice sitting next to me. Perhaps this is an inchoate, naïve, sexuality still incubating within me and this is what pervades my thoughts and conceptions – am I diminished in my intrinsic value in such a would-be existence (one which I would, preferentially, rather not have ascribed to myself)? But I feel pleasantness towards the presence of this girl; is this expression of a sexual drive? – Or maybe it is just (exclusively) a feeling. And in exchanging conversation with Alice would I not, imperceptibly and gradually, attempt (or be compelled to attempt) against some sort of subconscious motivation or subconscious will-affect?

And then during this thinking I look back towards the hunting incident and the excitement of they who have cancelled out a life, just as they terminate the occupation of another with a pink-slip, or the voice of another on the phone through hanging up on the presence of another through turning away. Have they, these hunters, these feral beings, identified with the hunting act, the bloodshed and revelry of Thanatos? And what is it that instigates their revelry? And what prevents their beginning a dance not in fields of blood, but in that of flowers at a tea party? Is it the model of ideology through which they have been produced as products, tools to be utilized and turned to effect and advantage as cogs in the Grand machine of bureaucracy, as the apparatus of the globalizing influence which outstrips all parochial realities?

But I want to war and to have peace, to hunt and to parlay with friends and against enemies, unite for a cause and the overthrow of other, foreign causes. Am I, therefore, caught up in this very model, as a participant in a life no longer his own? Should I not escape? Is not a will to escape the reiteration of the model’s cadence? Should I fight? And throw myself apart on the gears of the impossibly assailable in a maelstrom of fragmented body, a disempowered power, the negation of agency in the form of this body? What else can I do; like the reckless hunter or conversationalist I commit myself to being a victim of my own incaution – I shoot myself in the foot or run off at the mouth – and thereby I can no longer hunt, to stand and shoot at game birds; and thereby my reputation ruins the ears of an audience so that my corrupt form precedes me everywhere I would go. Is this not better than being preceded by an alien force in the

person of the model; an artificial person who never possessed any genuine existence all their own?

Kandinsky's Message

Kandinsky's painting initiated into my thoughts a reality that struggled with itself to be real, struggled against an artificially reproduced reality in the form of a sequence of contiguous images radiating from a finite mechanism. Television assumed the role of the producer or reproduced of a reality that had been mediated a thousand times through its processing, its homogenization. No longer did reality stand out with vividness as a railroad entering a tunnel with the sun beaming overhead and power-lines accompanying its path. Rather, like the painting of all these objects, as an actual ensemble of objects which were placed in this given configuration for a utilitarian purpose and which nevertheless could be perceived as a presence and natural background, civilization extrapolated unto nature in its purposive beauty. Maybe the rails, like in Kandinsky's painting, were beautiful in a natural light, as in 'true' beauty, when they were shown to have a being without purpose; more beautiful their actual counterpart whose reflex reference to the purposive in life rendered nature an analytic commodity to be investigated causally and packaged in scientific theory. Perhaps the abrupt cessation of the railroad, pictured in a bird's-eye – a warped perspective of the 'real' – signified the abrupt cessation of the rationalizing influence of the real, and was, consequently, more 'real' than real in the most positive sense. Thus art affirmed itself in the face of the ugliness of the rational, which was only beauty for the most narrow of minds, appealing to shopkeepers and housemaids, mathematicians and engineers, in short the unimaginative.

The painting thus was a dispersion of rationality from its pristine form to a random and nonsensical scattering of non-contiguous forms, themselves warped in their extraction from the real from which they were derived. The opacity of colours which, as a halo of the real's engulfing the false, nature's engulfing its machine-like counterpart, were also the signification of this dispersion as if it were the objects themselves which, through their displacement, were incapable of holding together thus belying their pretensions to an absolute reality.

And yet purpose still seemed to reach out towards one despite the presence of nonsensical unreality – the real as it was known to the audience stretched out towards them, soliciting their adherence and defying their mock compliance. Rationality reined in their forceful interpretation of this colourful scheme, one which held appeal in equivocal ways and to different people was many different things. But the audience here was far too ingrained in the very fibres of their ideology as adherents whose uniqueness was eclipsed by the vibrancy of their participation within convention, within the

fabricated norm of democracy and its subtle caress, instilling them with the comfort and contentment of the shopkeeper upon a sale of dry goods, the mathematician upon completion of a proof whose vigour wound itself around him like a snake and, worm-like, squirmed into the recesses of his being the better to pour the poison into his ear. And thus Kandinsky's attempt to illustrate the real as a boundless, incomprehensible flux was corrupted through the self-contentment of the peasant wisdom bestowed upon it by its viewers who were necessarily its critics, bringing with them pre-conceived judgments and values enclosed in a cynical frame of mind that pronounced its contempt on all which could not be assimilated into its regulative idea, its norm, of the rational. For the real would forever remain in its inert and absolute pretention and masquerade for these people, and Kandinsky's message would go unattended through the very blindness bestowed upon that which presented itself in the obviousness of the visual. But eyes were needed to see, and they were plucked out of individuals' heads by the hand of omniscient ideology whose vision and judgment echoed throughout their minds like a cadence.

And then, after the crowd had dispersed, the painting was left to affirm its message to the openness of the space surrounding, and I, the janitor, perceived the message and sought the woods.

"The Nouveau Child" – Incidents of Pater

The traditional paternalist in relation to the nouveau child

Ay! – What's up boy? How ya been? Wanna go out and throw the ol' ball around? No. Maybe... yeah, maybe yah wanna go 'n' climb up bluff's butte, huh? Yeah you wanna climb it, eh? No. Well... perhaps... yeah I know! We could play cops 'n' robbers eh, yeah eh, yeah? No. You say you wanna stay inside and study your math homework? Well... if that's the way it's gotta be – so be it. You... yeah you better go while there's still time before bed. After all you have a fun day tomorrow of... er... uh... of – say boy? Whatcha do for fun anyway? Math? Well... uh... er – I guess it could be kinda fun in a sense. Alright...I'll...uh... see you later on then.

Children just don't understand

Now son I would like you to sit down adjacent to me on the divan...yes...yes I know you have homework – but it's not due for another week son, so I would like us to have some quality time in the manner of father/son tradition circa 1950s – you know the sort. But... you are to enter into a mathematics contest and so require study throughout, such that you will be sufficiently prepared. Well...very well son...I just thought that an atavism wouldn't hurt. Alright I'll speak to you next week sometime...

Thoughts of the child: Oh father, why don't you realize that society is based upon math as the foundation of bureaucratic thought and that without this necessary fundament of survival, survival itself is occluded – it's a simple logic really! - And competition? - If I don't compete I'll likely be trampled underfoot in the job market. I gotta get the edge dad and 'football' just ain't the way to go nowadays. See ya pops, I'm off to study.

(Amplification) Gosh this mathematics sure sends one on quite a psychedelic trip – it's as if I'm transported back into that time of flower power and free love. But nothing's free anymore, not even love. Now you have to buy it, in whatever form; hell, the family itself is based upon economy and all facets of life have been commoditized to the point at which love has become an exchange value, not so much in the giving as in the selling (how much can one profit?) and the buying (how much does it cost me in terms of labour hours and in terms of energy reserves – all quantified).

Yeah dad you sure neglect the obvious don't you: that everything valuable is based upon quantity and, consequently, it becomes commoditized, sellable and exchanged at the level of abstract quanta, namely money. Mathematics here redounds immediately to money dad and you can make the equation if you want to go that deep in the structural relations of the social and economic. Hell dad – the latter has, parasitically, ingrained itself into the former to the total alienation of all formerly independent values. Now they are as so many variables (depending on one's focus) in relation to the constant which is quantity in its most abstract form and, when appended to value (as an operator) renders all variables bound to its logic namely abstractly valued in terms of quantity; quantified in terms of the economic unit, in short dad, valued in relation to the value of currency, given a price, up for sale and investment. And so I want an edge dad – and math is my edge, see; that way they'll never get me, I'll be the one to get them and reverse the roles in the power dynamic. Such is competition dad and, when survival's on the line, this is the way you gotta go, even if, in the process, love's gotta go with it.

Progressive Dad Part 1

Gee wilikers son I just bought a new PC – look at the features, just look at all the operations it can perform, all of the...what's that? You don't 'go in for computers'? – How can that be, we're in the technological revolution!?! Well, to each their own... (Now just wait till I download all-a that porno. This is better than sex!)

(Child) Yeah right dad! Why would I waste my time on such a temporal phenomenon as computers and technology – it is a constant progression of obsolete models, a continual amorphous change of standards. – What could I hope to derive from these but sterility and a headache, not to mention a waste of time? These serve laziness and convenience which renders intelligible their popularity with the bourgeoisie.

(Amplification) Dad wants me hooked into a machine as if I'm to be the servant of a servant – how absurd. Ostensibly providing human agency with greater efficiency they dull the mind and distract it, inculcate in the young a natural dependence upon that which gives them assistance in their pursuit of enjoyment. Now they are bound to the machine rather than playing outside in the great outdoors, experiencing artificial as opposed to natural phenomena – for clearly the natural has been transformed into its opposite. Now we perceive what once was called natural phenomena through the eyes of cybernetics in the machine-like sense: if it doesn't correspond to our representation in the mode of screen visuals and interfaces then it is looked upon as a secondary (and morally and hierarchically secondary – very bourgeois) phenomenon. But I won't allow this scourge of human nature to corrupt me or exercise anything but a negative influence. To perpetuate a cybernation is to me the proportional increase of our alienation from control over our lives, which then become snatched away from us, lose their lustre and vivacity. No longer do we play; and no longer do we have an outdoors to play in, lest this concrete jungle be considered a playground, considered ground in anything but a metaphysical sense (ground = bottom).

And, via those mass media, gravity itself has been disturbed so that we can no longer locate or strategically position ourselves within a forgotten world. And this is the new 'cyberspace' you want me to exist within dad; as a warming (radiation) confine that protects (polices) me with its concerned (suspicious) eye? No dad, I'd rather leave what has truly become, to use a classic phrase, a 'vale of tears', and my eyes burn with the great lack of concrete values, spiritual values invested in human agents. I will go to mourn this time, a premature apocalypse, in the woods furthest away from human endeavour in its form of isolation from the human, in its lust for profit so that the whole supporting network of this endeavour (of logging, of tearing the earth to shreds) is what ends up as its driving force – and the network is impenetrably thick, both blind and deaf to the sorrows of humanity. – See ya dad...

Progressive Dad Part 2

Now son I want you to listen to me – not that I'm forcing you but I hope that you will just listen to what I have to say, umkay, as I believe it would assist you in learning valuable life skills. Democracy, liberal, leftist, peace, freedom, liberty, non-exploitative (can you say 'non-exploitative?'), and libertarianism – do you understand? You don't care? Now, son, that kind of apathy is what keeps us where we are, umkay...hey, are you listening?

(Child) O.K. dad, whatever! What do politics have to do with me, a youth caught up in the system, forced to do things I never want and under constant surveillance and

supervision by the authorities, ambassadors of government. And this is what purports to save me, this 'politics'? Yeah right – I'm outta here, to the hills baby!

(Amplification) It's not that I don't appreciate your sentiments dad. But think – the conditions in which we live, with these contemporary political values; are they really what we want as a locus that fosters our own values, not merely the echo of a majority (statistically-based) which doesn't exist? I think not dad, after all – what do equality and participation mean to me, a child after all? Why should I do this and, to even articulate a moral imperative such as this indicates the stifling of my own values (which might or might not, or only partially, be a 'system'); and what 'benefits' do I stand to gain dad? After all, growing up in the system I've had this mentality pounded into my skull despite your noble efforts of trying to educate me through all of this anti-education (an education for the worse, with the telos of ignorance not knowledge or a certain type of knowing).

So what does politics matter to me when it eclipses my own values? – A simple question. I'm not a collectivist (and, paradoxically, there are many more like me but through the binding nature of our logic we aren't going to form any political party of sorts) and as such I make demands which affirm my own individuality, from out of a history that has been (perhaps) the product of this very politicking on behalf of multi-national corporations and their collusion with governments, and their combined propagandistic efforts. – But I still make these demands dad and the fact that politics and governments don't sate them drives me elsewhere if not to the woods then to the job market, and if not there then to the streets or the grave.

But maybe you're right dad...maybe I can find value in being a participant, what I call a 'collectivist'. But, to really consider it, do not my own values lack affirmation and does not the spectrum of my hopes become clouded and over-shadowed by the strong-armed presence of government and its hegemony? I'm asking dad: what way out is there? I'm facing a blank; all I can foresee is my facing a computer screen for all my days or the barrel of a gun for a brief moment or – the boundless sky. Later dad! I'm off!

Perpetual Destruction

The world in its totality is eclipsed by its particularity. It is raining. Now it is a toxic rain and nature has merged with its opposite; human ingenuity has descended upon its author in the form of a reproach, a poisonous substance that mocks the hopes of civilization. And this is what globalization brings: the spread of disease, windswept streets after a holocaust of contagion has swept through the bodies of humanity and laid it flat as an attrition manoeuvre, a last chance flurry of power to win the battle of human

struggle and competition, the war in which the phrase 'homo homini lupus' is the rally cry.

Buildings collapsing – almost delicately when perceived from a distance – into the earth to add to its rubble, strewn about with wantonness, so unintended and undesirable to the ideology of democracy, the regulative idea of human voraciousness. Consumed; and with the buildings so too are consumed all of the values bound up with them that went into their construction and into their destruction. We would have built a universal paradise through providing equal access to the easily accessible (and easily accessible for that reason) and to allocating to each and all like powers and capacities to achieve a well-being. And the absurdity is that we had allowed the flood gates of production and consumption – the churning waters of pollution – to be opened through this charity of bequeathing the pass card of entrance to the city beneath saw the whole of humanity drowned in the violence of the waters it had created. And the water was a murky colour – a mixture of blood and toxins, and it was unknown whether the one or the other issued from the bodies of the beaten and broken, for the support that they were given is the form of fast foods (recipe for disease) and of radiation from their convenience machines collapsed under them through their excessive reliance upon this same. – But not only the incessant rain and the continual rise of the water level could be seen as so many witnesses to humanity's suicide but the obliteration of woods and earth had left ravaged and harrowed the ground upon which we walked and the oxygen sources necessary for life were quickly depleting, snuffing out the lives of so many as so many candles revealing a darkness growing even darker.

But all was awash in imagery so much so that one's self became lost amidst the endless swirl of colour, shape and form, all an amorphous and startling spectacle in which one disappeared for however long and reappeared at will, with each emergence finding it more difficult to recapture that which had fallen into the churning abyss of sense data. – But that was the past. Now one could not in the least recover any sense of equilibrium amidst this illusory world of spinning and mobile, even animate, visuals and audible and olfactories, themselves combining into a morass of confusion. And awaiting change through incessant change was perceived as fruitless and vain so one became a cynic and a charlatan and apathetic in relation to a real which no longer presented itself nor could be represented; authenticity submerged itself in saturation and was drowned in its opposite, asphyxiating as a poison the hope for individual salvation. One had lost himself (who ever he was in the first place – an anonymous person, an 'individual') in his status of the unique and was himself simulacral, a reproduced form among countless others though statistics told him the contrary. But his belief in statistics waned in his decreasing faith in the object of statistics, founding his beliefs on the unreality of the abstract category this statistical operation had generated through quantitative methods. He was not a quantity nor was he a quality – he was neither nor, nor an empirical subject in all but name and hence he was an abstraction. Thus his exaltation of the

empty formalism of mathematics which he held up to himself as a mirror reflective of certain attributes of his own; and through this means quality was generated, always with the category of quantity as its basis and it fell into this same as a black hole without anything but a surface reality, and yet a strange depth to it at the same time.

But such a unit – really just an economic unit for the perpetuation of the apparatus of control, a functional subject or ‘individual’ – was himself a fabricated reality and thus could not represent to himself a reality which would give him substance and tangible form. His dress, his activities – all were precisely integrated into the system of wants and consumption as pre-determined data based upon probability; math thus revealed itself in its thralldom to utility as the abstract catalyst of utilitarian production, which, in its operation designed a life for the unit, clothed and fed it and invested it with powers for their exercise in a certain capacity. The economic unit – the ‘subject’ – existed as pure use and this was the limit and boundary of its value.

And perhaps this why the world suffered through (for how long?) this Armageddon; the economic unit’s power was directed towards self-destruction and its knowledge was hardwired in its genetic development (it learned as it grew and was designed to grow) with the end of all thoughts being perpetuation of the status quo and perpetuity as a regulative idea, an ideology, of immanent production. Reason, rationality, democracy – they were a triumvirate of ideological force that lent the unit hope for its continual operations.

The New and the Old

My sojourn into the outdoors has left me with many impressions testifying to the inherent aesthetic dimension of the world and to its converse, the rationalizing influence upon each and all.

The pastel blue sky outlined an old building that I walked by, in the industrial zone of the city, old metal and bricks outliving their purpose or hanging on with a vengeance. And this tenacity testifies to the character of the old which, at least in this sector of the city, acts as the backdrop of the new which infiltrates a formerly purposive, unaesthetic place with its brightening sheen. And yet such sheen is as a game-show host’s bright teeth, the teeth of a charlatan which simply plays the role of a reality really existent. A billboard and fast-food joint, signs with fashionable graphics that witness the beau monde as it would present itself; these are the new world order, a superficial façade of meaning, an amorphousness of propaganda standing out against the background of metal and bricks which appear in their stark reality as they really are, the truth which has been concealed by the surface reality of popular appearances, popular as common to the second power and thus the substrates of popularity be it as the image (idealized) of a

car, a couple, or a company logo. All graphics here attempt to exercise their tyranny over the industrial but cannot, for the simple reason that the latter's sprawl outsprawls its competitor and leaves it in the dust.

And here I am walking along the streets of broken pavement around these businesses with their flashy logos which adorn decrepit buildings and am thankful that such a world exists as a hope and a salvation from the oppressive omnipresence of the new, a cul-de-sac that becomes beautiful through its liberating quality; for the two must be taken in conjunction, the new and old – for they are blended as one and history speaks from out of the old situating one in the present, and, who knows, lends them a direction for the future, for their eyes, aesthetically, are directed towards the history of this scenario. And truly are views such buildings, old vehicles and machines fenced in between buildings with rusty chain-link fences and barbed wire, as a hope for an escape from reason and rationality. For it all appears without meaning and hence without purpose, without the necessity of logic. For who would desire to steal vehicles which were they decrepit but from behind fences rusting away into nothingness? The buildings simply appear as the domiciles of a storybook village and one engages with them with a will to their manipulation, entrance, exit, vandalism – or whatever else. They are merely aesthetic phenomena through their having shed the pristine quality of precision and completeness, through having assumed a character of flaws and hence designated, almost with a pitying tone, 'old buildings', for their life is jeopardized with the flawed existence they must live in, with cracks and rust, and with the encroachment of the new with its initial precision and perceptible corruption and replacement with an endless sequence of like forms. The old clings onto life with its tenacity, its durability perceptible to all while its gradual corruption remains hidden from the eyes - even amidst its rust and cracks – for these are more character marks than anything; and no tears appear in the sides of these buildings like the billboards. There is a gradation of durable forms and their appeal is correlated proportionately with aesthetic appeal - for the more durable will always connote the tenacity of the will to live amidst the dying forms of the superficial, hastily born and with equal haste meeting with death. And it is all controlled by the market: what can be sold. And if old historic buildings could be sold they would be, but their appeal with people is especially limited as these same have no patience for antiquity and the voices of age, of wisdom; they wish to hear, rather, what screams of them in the most boisterous tones and hence are as fleeting as the pervasiveness of signs which bombard the landscape with the shots of marketing, directed towards target audiences who are themselves fabricated. Another absurdity, another game of artifice and yet perhaps the epitome of realism: the false appeals to the false and perpetuates itself.

...So long as they know where you are

As I was walking along thinking pleasant thoughts, 'just thinking' amidst the bright sunshine, I was assaulted. No, this wasn't your average-everyday rape artist or your typical mugging – rather it was a symbolic assault and an assault in mediated form. The medium was the camera and the assault was an unpermitted photo of me as I walked by – I saw the flash, turned around and swore. The man in the vehicle (a pervert, a government agent more likely, a member of the police force likeliest of all – although he looked more like a pervert) jumped back in shock and I continued on my way. I felt hunted the remainder of my sojourn along that deserted sidewalk, by his eyes and the preservation of my image, of use perhaps for cataloguing and surveying the world with watchful eyes. – And did I really appear so subversive? I, a perfectly respectful-looking person, and yet strangely out of place in this industrial zone with my leather shoes and healthy features, with not a shred of this zone's ethos manifesting itself from my form. – Was I a subversive? And if so would that not make all who looked like me the same? And the world is subversive, filled with transgressors of the 'code', the social mores and unwritten (though actually enforced) laws which bind people to a set schema of activity. The reason why my photo is taken is that I had transgressed this code; there is no 'incidental' reason. Nothing any longer remains incidental in a world governed by purpose and logistics, the logic of engineering the social, industrial and other spheres which redound to enhancing control. For that is what logistics is: a means to control which is the end of society in its present form, the entelechy of bourgeois and capitalist tyranny.

And this was the beginning of my sojourn into the light of day. Better to experience the darkness, night, away from the public so long as one preserves his autonomy. For one cannot any longer have a cul-de-sac in the social sphere in which aesthetics governs things; for he is watched just as he watches and feels himself the aesthetic object – objectified through omnipresence and presumptuous omniscience of the state which would know (i.e. have power over) everyone at all times and places – even in the private sphere. So long as they know where you are you are impotent.

Why I am non-political (and I don't say a-political): because when one pronounces 'I' he doesn't pronounce 'We' and when he pronounces 'We, he is not pronouncing it at all – it is the group which pronounces things, which group, regardless of his position within itself, governs him even if he attempts to govern it.

There is an ideology called '*Demos-cratia*' (democracy) and this means: 'the dissolution of all individuality'. Why? Politically, individuality is mythological and vice versa: pluralism is an absurdity and its attempt to reconcile the pluralism of heterogeneous distincts ('politics' and 'individuality') is a failed project a priori. It affronts itself: to be

pluralistic is to achieve unity; to achieve unity one must achieve fragmentation; identity and non-identity tear one another apart like a paradox of Chinese mysticism.

But here we consider things *in abstracto* and this defies things both politically and individually, for both descend from their abstract form into *empiria* and refuse to have anything to do with their foster parent (abstraction) now that they have discovered anew their blood relation (concrete existence).

Ideology, on the other hand, is abstract through and through – it is what is mythical and deserving of the torch instead of the straw-garbed reality of politics, vilified by the incendiary criticism above. I had mistaken the reality before and now return to it for closer investigation and analysis.

Ideology and all of its socio-psychological underpinnings is merely the grease of the wheels of politics, this latter being nothing but, in my opinion (to define it ideologically, by which is meant ‘abstractly’): ‘to argue for one’s self-interests as part of a group’. Thusly it makes its descent onto the empirical plane – but it still remains ideology. It becomes a *lebens philosophie* (lived philosophy), an abstract and yet concretized system of adherence, ‘something to believe in’.

But belief arises, en masse, out of the rabble and its opaque conception, regardless of the intellectual quality – or its absence – of the group. It is a hysterio-genesis of beliefs that results in, for example, the passing of the Manifesto around the Proletarian camp. Do these people have any ability to assimilate the Thought which not only purports to govern their action but which outstrips them at the same time? At most slogans (which are the case with youth and its incessant surging of emotions, heightened to intolerable degrees) are bandied about and the belief-foundation of the actions of these people is contingent upon their ability to preserve this loyalty to the system and, being political, their loyalty is in constant flux, rotted as it is in their self-interests.

Self-interests change and are changed by ideology which latter change inheres therein. Thus no ideology is lasting, not pluralism, not anything; a lasting effect is merely tendered by ideology and invariably rejected by the political actuality faced by those individuals who so mistakenly fall into their own abstraction, the death of their individuality – the group.

Thus politics, qua ideology, is not possible, and it is merely a futile gambit on the part of the inflated egos of those who would make themselves leaders of men (who would become ‘hedgemen’) or those who are by nature subservient and quest for a master to bark in their faces. The former would be advised, by myself, to pursue the Icarian heights and fall by their own incessancy, the latter to become housewives, cuckold husbands, or soldiers in the military (in its bureaucratic or traditional form).

In any case, these proselytes of ideology pursue merely ephemeral golden dreams as their concrete lives unfurl before them – but they don't even notice; their eyes are gazing up into utopian virtual reality, the smiling eyes of children in third world countries on the T.V. inspiring them with hope and confidence that 'there'll be a better tomorrow'. But someday never comes.

I should hope that there is someone out there not apathetic enough to criticize me...

ANONYMOUS

P.S. Why am I not 'a-political'? Because I'm too apathetic myself, refusing as I do to believe in golden dreams of change through politics. I'm neither against politics nor am I for them – I'm indifferent. Some may say with contempt: 'it's been done buddy!' – But I'm not an ideologue and don't follow trends, I merely repudiate critically. I invite repudiation of this pamphlet on the part of my 'readers', should I have any.