I AM NOT CHUANG
MY NAME IS
RIDICOLOSAMENTE

(I)

THE CURSE US

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(1/3)

by

frère dupont

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The Curse Us

Introduction

for Karen

I perceived the phylogons and the fact that nothing that is past truly ceases to be, but, rather, is added to progressively; accretional layers are laid down, becoming ever more reticulate and arborized. This is the main discovery, this permanence of past and present reality - hence all reality. Flux only adds, it does not take away.

M- The Exegesis

What affects me most powerfully: mourning in layers - a kind of sclerosis.

- Mourning Diary

I realised in a flash that these phrases which I had pronounced (out of all those that could have been chosen, with diabolical malice, by persons anxious to do me harm) were the only ones that could result in making him abandon his intention to give me the help that I had asked of him.

- Within a Budding Grove

The significance of every particular is set at the level of what it is caught in. This thing is important to the measure it draws along, and is drawn along by, the tangle of its involvements. As a thing fork'd in itself, naked in its own outline, at the level of the integrity it expresses in the audacity of its becoming distinct, in its sense of its own moral standing, in its commitment to the cause, in this sort of register, it is worth nothing, it is irrelevant. Whether you wash your hands or wear a face-mask, whether your opinions are racist, or what you think of cops, none of that makes a difference - objects are significant only as evidence of the mechanism that they realise.

Things matter to the degree that they illuminate *general usage* as it functions beyond, and separates from, the thing's discrete use-value. What I am or might be means nothing. Fire left engine! And what opinions I hold mean nothing. Fire right engine! But what I am involved in, what I am an agent of, is decomposition, so the use I am put to, the tendency I am caught in, is another kettle of fish entirely. Fire left engine! But all I have to go on is this account of myself, I am the half life. Fire right engine! I have no content but the voided content. And like the scarabaeinae, I am coprophagous. I navigate amongst the concentrates of the 64 volatile chemical compounds that comprise the dung plume!

Now then, now then. So, then, there is no devilry as interesting as the devilry of private interest mobilising whatever it might drag along with it through it's proprietorial hoop *in the name of* the common good. So then, now then, so then, like a madman stumbling in the graveyard, my antennae consumed by beetle intent, whilst I search absurdly for an adequate form for my repudiation of agreement and common cause. I am looking for non-identity as a pivot for a better life. I am looking for a manner of disagreement, for unhappiness in disjunction, but which is not vendetta, but which, even so, would pattern how to live together, but without recourse to conventional policies of *toleration of difference* . Fire left engine.

So then, but the dung plume of my rotting self but I am *invested in* the how of opposition to the cause of justice, how it could be caused to appear in the world, but in something like the manner that the

cause of *Jus post bellum* appears there, as a concluding postscriptive shake of hands, but no strings attached to the inevitable casualties. Fire left engine. I assume humans are bad, and not improvable. Fire right engine. I am looking for a way of best including their contempt-ible self-destructiveness within the project that seeks to prevent them destroying everything.

I want no no borders but I want all borders, I want no territory with that. Fire right engine. I want the faultline in the exegetical sedimentary strata. Fire left engine. I want what is curdled as a mirror to what this is. Fire right engine. I want the thing separated from the flux, twisting before my very eyes, and stark like a laxative saturated bowel. Fire left engine. I am another dysphoria. Fire right engine. I am disgusted with my self. Fire left engine. But I observe its logic in *parallel* beside me. Fire left left engine. I dissociate. Fire right engine. If you hide the marionette, then show the marionettist!

I am not sure what I am doing, nor why, nor how to go about it. I don't know what this is. I am guided by a sort of instinct, I have set my compass by the dung plume, and I add to the midden what I think *fits* , but I am not sure on what principle the arrangement is based. There is an impulse in it to manifest against *politics* . The frames through which political ideas and priorities and causes must appear, even where they are nominally emancipatory, are crush-ing. Yes, crushing but also false, not true to process and not true to consciousness. I am like the climbing beanstalk, my tendrils desire to close around the verticals - but there is nothing there, nothing to support me, there are only the representations and framings of attenuated political discourse, there is milieulessness, there is only what Chuang calls *portrayal* .

How then, now then, now then, so then, might the actuality of the world, its operations, be engaged if not through politics? I wonder, if we were to get to the bottom of it all, and whether perhaps, it would be a good idea now to scatter across the surface of our texts the metastatic catchphrases of disgraced 1970's light entertainers, as roses on a coffin? In the absence of an adequate discursive register, and the relations that it implies, the tendrils grow longer, the specula-

tion on the nature of the necessary content reaches out, inches out, ever further.

The absolute absence of communism from mass consciousness, and from the communist milieu itself, induces a rising spiral of uncertainty: what is it, where will it come from, how will it be recognised? A sort of unspooling, a sort of unravelling, a sort decaying. That is where we are, that is what I am - something unsustainable and unrealisable, something Godot-like, reaching the point where it sees at last how it has been given up on and, in the metabolising of its having been already relinquished, coming to the end of itself. Saddam's observation on the disciplinary function of impoverishment is never not applicable: starve a dog and it will follow you.

For reason of the missing objective content, I still present my error as an approximation - it stands in the place, and draws in the orientation references, of what should already be there but which has been lost, or suppressed. An inverse relationship is theorised between bower complexity and the bower bird's brightness of plumage - there may be an evolutionary "transfer" of ornamentation in some species, from their plumage to their bowers, in order to reduce the visibility of the male, and thereby its vulnerability to predation.

In a similar way, the absence of what is looked for induces the same *transfers* in the ornamentation of the search: variations in the elaboration of form indicate a greater or lesser distance to god. In a similar way, the closer we get to something real, the less ornamented will be our involvement in it - subjective compensatory experiment becomes unnecessary in circumstances that are themselves *unprecedented*. Simple note-taking suffices during revolutionary events.

We are now very far from what is real, so there is inevitably a kind of dredging in our efforts, but also a lacquering - we scour through the laminations, and also observe the sedimentary process in action, the phylogons becoming ever more reticulate and arborized. I have heard that when Munch became frustrated with a painting he would throw it from the window - but when he saw how rain altered the substance of the paint, he was so delighted that it became part of the ritual; soon, he was casting paintings out of the window *in anticipa-*

tion as would a fly fisherman whipping his line, the lure and its hook over the surface of the East Dart at Wallabrook.

The same informant told me Picasso's favourite painters were Velazquez, Goya and Rembrandt, and there is only one reason for noting his influences, and it is not because we desire to use multistandpoint perspective within a flattened surface; no, it is to situate Picasso in a distinct genealogy. In a similar way, I like Montaigne and I only tell you that because I cannot write as he did. Sure, I begin with a conventional enough observational piece but that's just the base layer - then I am driven to throw gravel at it, and drizzle corrosive reagents over its surface.

The text's formal distress, as it decays in the moment of its formation, like the phenomenon in roses that is called *balling* , its clenching, spasm, and mourning for the coherence of what is lost from it, becomes its second content, and also where I live now. I am drawn to paratrepsis and monosandalism as strategies in writing, I am trying to find other contents that will give a first impression of their being burdensome or weak, but which on double take turn out to be organised around another lightness, another strength, and so extend as another register in the life-world. Then, shall we tend towards what is over-lain, the neg-gilded, buried and excavated, scoured and lacquered, the found object found? Is that the use we are being put to? I am sorting through the fragments - I belong to the beaker people, for me the vessel has no worth but as the source of shards that in turn imply my disappearance.

For the reason of the broken, I am aesthetically, and politically, appreciative of Amber Turd's work in Johnny Depp's bed. It is right. It is eloquent. It is just so. And it is moral. It should be plinthed in Bristol. She is like Philip E. Marlow who framed Mark Binney for defecating on teacher's desk - dung is never an insult, whether it is intended as such or not, but where it signifies at all it expresses the desire of a subordinate to appease an authority - it is, in the sense of *Essai sur le don: forme et raison de l'échange dans les sociétés archaïques* , the original gift, and all other gifts derive from it. One does not give but to power, and the ambivalence of the giver (the

negotiation around the mutual vulnerability and exertion of control that *gifting* opens up) expresses an imbalance within the relation, which may also be mirrored in the reciprocal gift made by the other, as in a more nuanced version of complementary schismogenesis. I'm not joking!

The unexpected gift is disruptive of the scene because it expresses and illuminates the nature of the involvements situated there - certainly, we prefer not to be a little confronted with the turd-modality of our personal entanglements, we do not wish to be thrown back upon exactly what we are, as the turd form so succinctly expresses it, and so, in compensation, and by climbing the walls, we develop our evasive cultural repertoire which, in a sense, remains tethered, and mediated through, the displacement of those most profane of products. If suicide bombers, and other heroic martyrs, had not so politely interiorised the lessons of their masters, then they too could have expressed themselves as *directly* as Amber Turd, and thus saved everyone all the trouble that they caused. I'm telling you this because I don't want to make their mistake - I don't want to make sacrifices for the cause. I want to head in the opposite direction. And to that end, I make this, my contribution to communism. I'm not joking! My every interruption, misstep, error, is another little present to the revolution. No, I am joking. No, I'm serious!

And the writing that has congealed here, all clogged and cloacal, is but a concluding post-script to, and a digression upon, neo-reaction that is written as a contribution to the work of communism. Let's put it another way, this matter I present here comes from neo-reaction, but it is made for communism. From the moment the communist milieu gave up the negative and bought big into the digital network's circulation of the left's fixed moral categories, the negative's only path into consciousness has been through neo-reaction. The materials it has extracted from the spoil heap thrown up, as neo-liberalism's left wing merely burrows deeper into the apparat, are the rare earth elements necessary to continue the critique of Totality. What Neo-reaction makes available to the community of capital must be seized upon, not denounced, by those seeking to escape it. So then - *enemies* and their fuel. What is it that they run on?

The left operates on the principle that reality is motivated by its self-perfection. It imagines that those who read are open to persuasion by the orthopedically true - the greater the number of readers, the greater the number of potential leftists. But reading is not the internalisation of and adaptation to textual messages - there is no conviction, there is never a motivation to be found in the text. Reading is a mechanism integrated into the general process of energy transfers and conversions. It is the excitation necessary to move the dung ball of the soul between its states - it is not persuaded by right arguments, it is either electrified, or it is *turned off* . Or, more likely, the tedium is punctuated with outbursts of room pacing and hands rubbing. Writing is not an appeal, it is a record of the energy drawn from the world and invested in writing. And, reading is the process of extracting that energy from writing, as fuel to power whatever - it's not important. The message is nothing, the energy is everything. Who hasn't launched their fireworks into the dankest swamp?

I know I have. And it is for the reason that the world is not self-perfecting, and that there is no progressive movement which is, as the Angry Brigade had it, *getting closer* to the desired end, that reading texts written by allies is a losing game - nothing of the world is expressed in the agreeable. There is no energy generated by alliance. On the principle of expropriating the expropriators, the winged creature of communist reading may only really emerge from maggot of reactionary writing.

The exegetical process derives from the energy with which the enemy expresses itself - *detournment* is a cavalry discharge of statuary draining into the desert. It is structurally impossible to re-route a friend's content. Such is the song of artesian irrigation. Factory occupations of enemy discourse, and not anathematisations, are the means by which the pathological energies of domination are dissipated. All ideas should reach the surface, and all opinions should be freely and openly expressed, but not all should be amplified, not all should be electrified.

Neo-reaction has the best texts, now they must be ours; incels have the best techno, now it must be ours; crypto-fascists have the

best part-object signifying chains - their symbolism, now this must be ours. Their statues, their art, their taste, their manners, their aesthetics, their morals are always *better* - because they are expressions of wealth, because they reflect and articulate the ambivalent totality of the relations that produced them. The left attempts to refuse, deny, dismiss, ban and suppress the cultural expressions of domination - but this is the enemy's wealth, it is the source of their power so to reject *stained* art, is to allow the enemy free use of it, it is why *cancel culture* only multiplies what it abhors. Communism is inseparable from the expropriation of the wealth of domination, because communists also recognise themselves as its product.

We turn borders into thresholds. We do not brush the mosquito away - let it do its work. It is necessary to seize hold of every work of culture precisely because it is also a work of barbarism - expropriation, if not the use, of what is, is the only subjective exit from, the only therapeutic involvement within, the life-world of capital. Polarisation is really a spectrum. For reason of its expropriation, we must recognise ourselves within *culture* - we are it, it is us. And we must take everything, and realise it.

It is imperative to recognise ourselves reflected in every pool of blood - that's authentic narcissism. That's the human community, and these are the theses on Feuerbach: we do not project what is best, we metabolise what is worst. Communism, the human community at its fullest amplitude, is not the perfected realisation of communist principles but the perpetual engagement with compulsive pathologies and tragic profanations. That Mike Skinner football chant as militant inquiry: we're shit, we're shit, we're shit... but don't we just know it?

Our lamellate antennae are sensitised to the chem-plume of the human midden. We do not *abolish* , we realise by metabolisation. We consume the dead. We're what you trod in - and if we live, we live to tread on kings! We are also filth, no different to our enemies, and we are the lovers of filth. Fire the left hand! We're pondlife. Fire the right hand! We are the same, exactly the same, as everyone we loathe. We're just pounders after all. Turn a stone over, and see us

scuttling for cover. Fire up the left hand!

I have begun the necessary work of digesting the means of neo-reaction - it is essential that I absorb its impalpable powder. I will make its talking points, and motifs my own. I have invaded it. I am the typical bridge, I am implausibly deniable. I inhabit the periphery. I am a miner for a heart of darkness. I am a negativity addict. I am Dodds. And like Barthes, I am reluctant to transform mourning into literature, but like him also, I understand it's what literature is. Too late! Too late! Literature is always and already inside. I am a running dog. I've got death tattoos. And oh, Eurydice! I have decorated the zombie bower that you might dwell there. And wear your sensibility gown. And pace out the dimensions of your distracted state. It's sliding walls enable vegetation to invade life. Mounted on tracks, it can go down to the sea in the morning and return to the forest in the evening. But you only wanted to mate in it, and then abandon your eggs to their own devices.

You can live in my writing. I built my nest in the forest of thorns. I am like the inexhaustible video tape collection of Bob Monkhouse - but you have no VCR player. I'm an invisible worm, frying tonight! I have the ability to dislocate my jaw when confronted by the intolerable. I am the fixed grin of either/or. Or both. Or neither. Or whatever. No, wait! I am preoccupied with the idea of immersing myself in error - of causing wrong thinking to vibrate like music. I don't find any desire within myself to do or say the right thing! I won't fall in line because I can't fall in line. I won't march in step because I can't march in step. *And another thing*. I carry failure around, I don't mean occasional failures. My whole life's a wreck. Then, I can do business with knaves and varlets - we share the same affliction. We belong to what is twisted - we are all eaten up with this, I gesture encompassingly, our common fate. I too am a charlatan. This is all bluff. It's nothing, I've got nothing. Or reply: raise, call or fold.

But even if we can't come to an understanding, we're playing the same hand, we sit across from one another at the same table - it's just cards for money. Our self-hatred and disgust marks the beginning and the end of the circuit of what we take to be self - the minutes and

the hours in a windowless room lurch compulsively towards dawn. The gambler, the condemned, the saint, and the confidence man. I'm not even joking!

The work begins from the position of solidarylessness, from the standpoint of the irredeemable, for those who can't get a defence lawyer, and for those who, if represented, could only ever be mobilised against - those whose lives could never matter. I am interspersing layers of callous humour and morbid sentimentality - I am the laminator. The writing is the path for the white surplus, the unassimilated, written as a return to communism. All roles may be portrayed except the role of the white surplus, and that must be immanentised as the return from the cosmic whorl of its negativity. This time, I am joking!

No, I'm sentimentalising! The terms are unfamiliar to me, but we had terms similar to these, and drawn from the same reservoir - always the same meaning, and sometimes different words. This is about something slag, something dredged, something incel, something skank, something undeserving, something toxic, something dog rough, something chav, something malignant, something f-ball lad, something minging, *fire left engine!* , something ill, something flake, something sket, something excluded, something fallen, something recidivist, something sick, *fire right engine!* , something cuck, something derelict, something stupid like I love you. This, the writing of the alchemical process. This, the writing of empathy. Or, no, it is the writing about that writing. This is the writing about the writing, *I have been there* , and *I am here for you* . It is about that writing without in any way being, despite appearances, that writing. I am against war, but I am cruel.

It engages at some level with the work of neo-reaction as I imagine it, and at the level of the sort of feelings, as I imagine them, felt by those attracted into the neo-reactionary basin. I am not interested in anti-fascism but I am interested in not-fascism. Let us agree then, that we approach the bower as we now do because of neo-reaction, it has framed our arrival, it has instigated a transfer in ornamentation as signifier set and affect attractor basin. We cannot function now as

we did before it - a one way gate has opened for us, and it leads into the state of *no going back* .

I am making a work of neo-reaction available in the interest of communism. I have no interest in communism, I do not like the communists although some of the disdainful and haughty conservative ones, like Visconti, are alright. I do not like the history of the communists, their moral weakness, their gullibility before human nature, their realisation sickness, and I feel no sympathy with any of their utopian, programmatic or post-programmatic tendencies - although I have a soft spot for the individualists who imagine their heretical projections *are* programmatic, although again these become fewer as the milieu swerves left and away from the total critique of Totality.

Although there is affection and tenderness, and other pleasant things, I am, nonetheless, fundamentally incompatible with communism - always, always *not for me* . Maybe in another life. Maybe for another soul. Let them eat cake. Let them live well. Bless them. But not for me. And so, I sacrifice, I am a martyr to my bunions, or rather I present here, a unique set of constituted objects to communism's work of metabolisation. I am fated to commit to that to which I do not belong. So, I am not looking for reciprocity. You could say I am whatever tries to find a home in separation.

My troubles have increased in line with the absence of technique in the writing. I am degenerating. I am ratcheted. I am entropised. The absolute limit encountered in my weariness and my distraction only further distorts the content into an aggregation of half ideas, observations and non-opinions that must by force of circumstance appear without redrafting or editing. Where I am original, I am not right; where I am right, I am not original.

My device is very simple: i. I inscribe a line drawn from *inspiration* , perhaps stolen from Genet or Lucier, and set it within a given frame; ii. I distress the line, alter it, decompose it, perhaps erase it; iii. I inscribe another line, drawn from the distress of the first, and subject it to the same process, then I draw further line, and then another and on and on. My purpose is to encounter in the writing

what I have not encountered before. I write the same thing over and over and watch for something else to emerge from the phasing. I am looking out for the rare stray idea. I like what is stray, and what has gone astray, but not because I feel pity for it. I like the strength of what is stray, how it finds another means to survive.

So, I have written what I have written, and it is bad. But it also makes no difference, and even if it were good, it would change nothing. All this is irrelevant and we can tolerate it - there's nothing but lamellate antennae after all. There is nothing but lamellate antennae, and the plume of the life-world. There is nothing to be learnt from what I have done or how I have lived. There are no lessons today, and no politics, and no theory. Nothing to be quoted, nothing to be remembered. Nothing to push back against. Nothing to be referenced. It's just a record of the same lines repeating and becoming a filter for detecting traces of random particles.

You cannot get from this to where you want to go; what this is is not *on your way* . You cannot, from this, *build* the structure you anticipate; what this is is not on solid ground. It is neither literature nor art. Although it is fiction, it is *conceited* . Maybe it's hypnotic? There is only what you might make out as a real time *decomposition in process* - my own private decasia. At most then, intensified decay perhaps, the path of a decay found in loss. It is another last. A last amongst the rest, and fixed for all time: *I was as marvellously surprised as on the day on which I read for the first time, in one of Maspero's books, that we had an exact list of the sportsmen whom Assurbanipal used to invite to his hunts, a thousand years before the Birth of Christ.*

I do not record what I *really* think, I think nothing. I gave up on thinking, let others think, but the writing lets the content find its own level, like consciousness vaporising into an ornamented plume of free association, like an incontinent gushing over the therapy couch. I suppose I am trying to perform how I try and break out of single a descriptor model, and how to fracture totalising explanations for the world - it is not necessary that I *adhere* to the right ideas; many and diverse thoughts come and go, but never enough and I look to open the way for more. And just as we're beginning to *really get*

somewhere , and in conformity to how the effect engages towards the session end. The point before the end, yeah, before the part where self-knowledge gets interrupted, and takes up the preparatory work, for *next time* , and in anticipation of that moment of recapitulation, *previously in in treatment* . The thread must be lost - that *is* the structure. What was I saying again? Where were we up to?

Maybe you will find something to be against in it, as an alibi. I know you prefer not to confront what really organises you, what really sets you in motion - it is your historic form, the project of your self, to perfect your denunciation, to sharpen your complicities, to find employment in the meme swarms. You like acting out, the network enables you. But the writing here is un-likeable, and cannot be mobilised, it is drawn on, and dragged out, without even that minimal peer review of the earlier days - everything here arrives uncooked and collapsed in the middle; it records what it is to address the social from the position of the a-social.

I read somewhere that the national character of the British, as the first population to endure the war of enclosure compounded by the war of proletarianisation, resembles that of the long habituated victim of domestic violence. The culturally sensitised appreciation of comedic absurdity and nonsense, its cults of pets and underdogs, the national hobbies of sullen queuing, passive aggression, narrow horizons, mustn't grumble and the overriding desire to *change the subject* , thus its infinite variety of emotional disordering, are all typically symptomatic of the victim of coercive control.

It is in this sense that what is presented here should be read as the product of a broken soul. It is what is written after anger, after rebellion, after the struggle to escape, are exhausted. It is the sound the abused child makes as an adult. The broken soul is recognised by its compulsive rituals and by its fixations but it also has a double-jointed, egg-oriented jaw(n) dislocating, capacity to engage and endure intolerable circumstances as its own - it has the ability to make out an almost infinite regress within the otherwise as its alternative response to whatever is presented to it - or, whenever it's not flinching, it can throw its voice onto any object. I sank downward, inward. Since

then, I have found a vanishing point for empathy in all things. I am concerned with the convergence of perspective on a point and its opening out, *afterwards* . Through the narrowest of hatches, I crawl out into the most enormous of spaces.

The influence of both early and late Beckett, and also of Proust is obvious, and in many places it goes beyond *influence* and lapses unforgivably into cheap pastiche. Poverty of means have forced me more than once into the old fall back upon parable. I understand the parable has no content as such but serves as a frame through which the teacher may draw meanings for his students; every teacher draws another meaning but always through the same frame. And the frame is constructed to prevent canonical readings.

The prism quality of the parable refracts not just the character of the teacher but his relationship with his students; in a similar way, our eating habits express a relational context more than our food preferences - a child will eat that food at another's house which it has refused at home. The parable does not make truth palatable, as in fable, but provides stimulus and materials for wandering reflections upon truth.

The writing as descent from NRx. The form I preceded. I am a tremulous being. NRx as the historical point of bad entry - the mistimed negation. The thumb print on my manuscript. I have excavated something, and retrieved it. I have brought it to the surface. To be honest, I feel torment, although that is too strong a word for it, but it is hard to talk about. The past. A tangle of impulses and attacks of vertigo, knotting, growing, and becoming impenetrable. I see what is dead as if scrawled in terrible words on a museum wall. It is the exhibit. Something like poison spreads through me. I never vibrated, but have shaken, I have shook, I have shaken. I am beat-the-pad, white-face, funk-the-ditch, shit arse. Through me, it seems, the fen skies of the enormous space, the attic nights, as through no other. I am like an intonation: cherry on the trifle as the cherry on the trifle as the cherry on the triangle.

Listen to your heart, another listens to it too. I have chanted. I am exhausted. I have worn the kidskin tunic. I am disported before

the bower. I have transferred ornaments from my plumage to the writing. I have hollowed a basin of permission *whose centre we might say is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere* . And you know how shallow it goes. I am dew flirt, quick scut, grass biter. But I am hidden but exposed, in the last reel. And you are safe as long as I am living, you know you are unsafe as long as I am out here, and I am hiding like a pikestaff. You know as long as I am living, I am carving: not burrow but basin, not beaker but broken. You can come very near to it, even now - only, flatten your body to the basin. A threshing passes across the surface. It is not too unhoming in the enormous space.

I am not Chuang

Dear Nick,

Trump was unthinkable, Brexit was unthinkable, the pandemic hard reboot of global capitalism was unthinkable, and actually -- though esoterically -- it was the same unthinkable.

https://twitter.com/uf_blog/status/1247233227745607 691?s=21

The laborious process of causation which sooner or later will bring about every possible effect, including (consequently) those which one had believed to be most nearly impossible, naturally slow at times, is rendered slower still by our impatience (which in seeking to accelerate only obstructs it) and by our very existence, and comes to fruition only when we have ceased to desire it—have ceased, possibly, to live.

- Within a Budding Grove

The persistent hold of the thought of the unthinkable over patterns in thinking has a power to fascinate all its own - if the unthinkable is one thing, then the compulsive thought of the unthinkable, as it moves across thinking, is another. There was always a distinct declarative and exemplifying tendency in thinking as it refers to something sinewy, riotous, immediate, which it points to as the *this* , which it selects as the *this* , as in, *this* is what triumphs over thinking/. Thinking wants to point what is not thinking and say, *this is better than thinking* . It is a tendency that is particularly pronounced where the thought of unthought is constrained to move archaically, as the mantic proclamation of unprecedented events, but then even this claudication-type effect within the proclivity for thinking against thinking is less fascinating than the persistence of the pervasive hold of the thought of the unprecedented event itself.

Where the unprecedented event overlays, and is overlain by, the unthinkable event, its resultant form becomes eminently theological, and so determinate of the four stations in prophecy: whatever is unthinkable is an event; whatever is an event is proclaimed; whatever is proclaimed is authored; whatever is authored is distributed; whatever is distributed is context compliant.

The decisive component of futurist thinking, it cannot operate without this, is a structural reliance upon a repertoire of archaisms: aesthetic; vengeful; incantatory. The more future-oriented the pattern of thinking, the more reliant it becomes on occult references. All futurisms *begin* with their recovery from having been lost for words, lost for reference. The subsequent metabolising process set in motion from this initial state of shock armours itself in proclamatory affirmations.

The wish-fulfilment component that is inseparable from futurism remains at the level of incantatory magic and at the level of its hard programming it is no more sophisticated than that of an infant's *fort-da game* where the traumatised subject position compensates for its lack of agency through the celebratory evocation of determinant, supra-subjective powers of recuperation.

As a variation upon Kierkegaard's whip, the singularity is invoked,

and proclaimed, by those who do not have the power either to urge the horses of the apocalypse on, or put off their arrival - the greater the power summoned, the less responsive it is to summoning. Those incapable of escape routinely discover weak spots in the perimeter fence. In this sense, let's say, accelerationism, as a subset of millenarianism, is a conjuring of power by what has first declared itself powerless.

Or rather, in this sense, and because futurist currency is constrained to survive under present conditions, millenarianism is a stratagem of the weak to make a living from selling messages of borrowed strength in a market where messages of ordinary frailty have negative value: as forbidden to one, so abolished for all.

If the incredible shrinking man is trapped, and his cry for help cannot be heard, if he starts awake beneath the imminent approach of fanged forces greater than his capacity to master them, then at least he may summon the thought of vengeance, and to conjure in his prayers, supplications, and plaints, another web, a vast *unimaginably* cruel ultra-web, in which, at a higher level, all things are held inextricably, buzzing feebly, beneath the golem of his projected chagrin: *It's rather like the perforated sheet music of a player-piano, or a computer punch tape. Knock out one line with an X-ray beam, lose a characteristic, change the score.*

But every trapped thing, incredible and shrinking or not, is forced, as the price of its release, to let go of something it had hoped to bring through with it to the other side. As futurists are thrown forward by cumulative events into the new normal, losing their priest-caste status, they are triggered into the third position of nostalgic pastoralism, and essentialist certainties: *in some ways, they see time. The older the surrounding environment, the more sluggish its metabolism. That which may occur naturally in weeks, is achieved in a couple of hours under vivarium conditions.*

And certain crawling animals, and also serpents, have the wherewithal to purchase their survival by releasing their tail into the jaws of predators already fixed upon it, such creatures will later grow another tail from the coppiced stump - the ouroboros also severs its

tale, but into its own mouth. Who hasn't, in fleeing a chasing pack of enemies, attempted to distract them by throwing into the air a pocketful of jangling change. Such is the song of surface tension.

The imminence of the singularity as it is proclaimed by the millenarian is always less compelling as an event than the aesthetic of the pamphlet in which the news is distributed - it is the pamphlet and not the event that circulates through the milieu. In this sense, excitation is metabolised as the message of the thing, and not as the thing itself. In this sense, *the vibrating membrane accumulates energy when it resonates, so if we could radiate the entire living organism with a low field at a specific frequency it would act selectively only on the targeted chromosomes*.

In this sense, the category of the aesthetic indicates nothing but the interregnum of consciousness (whether by the mechanics of shock, suggestion or seduction). In this sense, at the level of incantatory aesthetics, at the level of the pantheistic internet of things, this ultimate medium for gleeful and celebratory vengeance where all fall upon all, where there is nothing but the gotcha of the other as inconsistent hypocrite, where exchange value is driven to self-harm at the suggestion of equivalence, in this sense, in the processing of affects as brute quantities, in the real mobilisation that actualises present conditions, accelerationism is always fascistic.

For the accelerationist, the message of unfettered productive use, summoned as a message of inexorability, acts as an interchangeable placeholder for the function of the Great Leader within the mechanism of messianic desire. Such is the song of on-time trains.

And in this sense, the fetishisation of the condition in which the thinkable is suspended, where there is misdirection, where the protocol is written for ritualised applause, so as not to interrupt the rolling out and implementation of new times, new relations, never going back to before, this compulsive fixation upon the unprecedented appearance of the *unthinkable* turns out to be, is nothing more than, base piety after all

- piety before the image of the monstrous and undetermined but

also where such piety is all too conditioned by the already given, and the formally, if invertedly, moralistic.

In that sense, this is not a surprise, we already knew that there is nothing new under the sun, and the old one, the one who died from angry sickness, has already shown how monsters, and gods, are not unprecedented at all, and still less are they unthinkable.

In that sense, the single decisive condition for the distribution of novel forms is that they should operate in the field beyond the sum of their parts, which is to say they are not caused as such, which is to say they do not belong to an already familiar franchise but must be made to appear at the beginning of the next sequence of *MAKE IT NEW* . The monster is original or it is not monstrous enough, it is merely banal.

At one level, the unthinkable is unthinkable, at least in the sense that the unthinkable is untenable. In practical appearance, there is no monster that is not an assemblage of pre-existing body parts. In that sense, the monster is a message which is also a lesson in how to read it.

In that sense, the monster is like a bad messiah, and embodies two distinct orders of message: firstly, it materialises the incontestable announcement of its own arrival to the world; secondly, it carries the burden of an unclear instruction on how such monstrosity should be read. It is the doubling of its message that distorts the monster's form, and causes it to become, monstrous... the monster retains possession of its first message, merely lending it to the prophets, but the second, by its very function, must circulate in the *public domain* as a metastasis of readings. The most conflicted of texts cannot assume redundancy and must explain the joke even in its telling. In this sense, the monstrous is always novel but never *fresh* .

And at that level, if it is acceptable to attempt to think what is new, or what at least has not happened before, then the unthinkably monstrous becomes thinkable at this level of its more or less unique combination of elements, or in this sense by its formation from previously unexpectedly converging forces.

The monster is either a product of combining elements that were not previously combined, or the association, or confluence, or alliance, of the same conditions, objects and forces but within new configurations. Or, again, it results from the releasing of that which once had been bound up.

The monster at this level is either one product or another in this sense, but it is a product; the monster as what is unthinkable is a product in that sense, sold as such, at that level, but then, this is true also for the thinkable.

It's always the same new thing, the same catastrophic threat, and later, the same relative diminution as another new thing, bearing its catastrophic threat, rides into town. And it's always the same because it is serving a purpose within the apparatus of the present - futurist objects have no value outside of the present, constrained as they are to appear as objects from the future.

And so the monstrous collapse of things is equally exaggerated. Complex objects are built from simple parts, and by process of decomposition and decommission, they are de-emerged back to an aggregate of components. The *Ancien Régime* was not decapitated but bypassed in favour of more energised, if not actually more direct, value generating systems - the category of the *Ancien* has always functioned within social systems, and will still be reproduced as a motif for decrepit absolutist powerlessness. The *Ancien Régime* was never *ancien* , and it is no longer a régime, but it persists both through its formative components since captured by later systems (the successive avatars of the Okhrana have appeared successfully embedded within a succession of seeming separate régimes) and as a totality, or the representation of a totality, that is employed as a unit of such within cultural, historical, political and legal systems.

Even so, monsters, or the news of monsters, continues, and the frequency of their appearing at the threshold of the thinkable is either increasing or the Totality's use and metabolisation of such messages has recently changed, or both. The series of events beginning with 1989 and Russia's war in Afghanistan, the digitisation of finance capital, series of military interventions, the intractable hostili-

ties of others, the renewed strategic use of neo-terrorism, ecological catastrophe and social instability, have all served to intensify the production of messages concerning anomalous threats, which as they are circulated, seem to serve to artificially stimulate further excrescences of productivity.

> *Without exception the organisms we've irradiated have entered a final phase of totally disorganised growth, producing dozens of specialised sensory organs whose function we can't even guess. The results are catastrophic.*

Some of these seeming unprecedented events are deliberately manufactured and released by the state, evidently signalling that the moment when it genuinely feared uncontrolled *chain reactions* has long since passed, today it is more a case of the greater the frequency of unintended consequences the better. Nothing interests the state less today than the bismarckian project of ensuring the reproduction of the proletariat as the foundation stone in the phase of real domination.

On the other hand, another set of unthinkables are profoundly unpredicted, even if they are also quickly harnessed up to free liquid capitals. The responsiveness of the state to both categories, its *turn around* between problem recognition and boots on the ground, is both speeding up and increasingly efficient, and through such real time modelling in *contact tracing* , the state will soon reach pre-cog levels for intervention - emergency services will arrive in time to prevent the emergency.

> *Only two organs are really affected and injured by the plague, the brain and the lungs, and both are directly dependent upon the consciousness and the will.*

And perhaps this increased capacity to capture and use misfortune indicates the ideological gain which is to be extracted from the systemwide acceleration in the rate of messages beginning, *Behold.* The heralded unthinkable, the *thus spake* , mic-dropping, what fresh hell is this, quality of the state's unending sequence of catastrophes

seemingly specially designed to both paralyse critical awareness and circulate virally as digital messages, is always eminently investable: whatever perturbs the apparatus draws state intervention, and wherever the state intervenes, contracts are outsourced. After all, what is the NHS but a giant money laundering racket funnelling tax revenues into contracted shell companies?

The development of the modern state has now successfully passed through three distinct phases: i. from the creation and extension of stability across its entire domain; ii. to the maintenance of stability at home and the cultivation of instability abroad; iii. to the monopoly ownership and intensification of every instability within its own borders, as it latest stage. It is unlikely that this is the last iteration, but what might come next, de-networking, self-autonomising, uncontrolled fractal mechanisms of control, *autonomous zones* and neo-city states with Islamic State as its basic blue print, for the moment exceeds description.

The expulsion of labour from production has necessitated a transformation in the character of state control over populations; where stability was previously a precondition for the social reproduction of the workforce, fissile instability and generalised affective agitation within national populations is now the primary renewable energy source. The predominant technique for the contemporary state's intervention within its subject populations involves a return to primitive accumulation at a higher level (Virilio's *endocolonisation* and Fanon's observation on the re-importation of colonial policing techniques), and the transformation of the social fabric into a Candide-like picaresque, or whirlwind narrative, of staged datamineable catastrophes and misfortunes touching ground on the principle: *the disaster is already here, how can we make money?* If we are now living through a significant change, then it should be characterised as a shift in state function from expansive repression to the exploitation of decomposition (just as landfill generated methane becomes another available power resource).

What does it mean then to filter our observations upon the monstrously unthinkable through the rule: *men resemble their times*

more than their fathers ? Immediately, it becomes a mantic game and we start turning over the cards: ah yes, the unthinkable is without a father; ah yes, the times demand that men resemble them and not their fathers, so either the men or the times are unthinkable; ah yes, the times are in revolt against the men who once were in revolt against their fathers; ah yes, the times are father to the men and the men are children of the times. But then, all stratagems must pall.

> *There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made.*

But the timeliness of the contemporary storm of unthinkable events is precisely its most compelling feature - everything gone wrong seems orchestrated, because everything communicated as a message is orchestrated.

All these flagged-up catastrophes are arriving, wave after wave, as if they had been *summoned* , as if they were symptoms of something moving in the deep. They are portents, signs, auguries, omens and we can read them, they are cryptic but we can read them, they are unthinkable but we can think them - such is the song of precognition. But even so, the difficulty presented in Debord's little detournment is that of the value placed on *relatedness* as it is confronted by the value placed on *resemblance* .

Of course, men never resembled their fathers, they start awake in relation to, in contradiction of, the patriarch - as Bazarov does to the Narodniks.

Relatedness implies contradiction, components of a whole held together by a constantly ratcheting of tensions. Resemblance is another manner of connectedness implying, as in Debord's formulation, belonging.

Men belong to their times, more than to their fathers. Family resemblance between particulars is situated at the level of their shared historical conditions, and resemblances are always as affirmatory as they are inadvertent.

When non-relatedness is assigned to events via the category of the unprecedented-unthinkable, what is being represented are objects that cannot be contradicted. If the unthinkable is always unprecedented, then it is also familiar, in the sense that it resembles the other unthinkable events which, taken together, communicate a message about something deep moving through the depths.

At the level of the narrative of unthinkable events, and its strategic prevention of identifications, we come-to in a world that is entirely *verfremdungseffekt*, a world system in which consciousness is perpetually interrupted.

But is the suspension of the category of the thinkable achieved by the work of the unthinkable, or a product of the strategic conversion of the unthinkable into a set of messages about *inevitable* social modification?

Is it thinking itself, the ownership of thinking by a particular set of compelling thoughts, that seeks to disrupt and degrade thinking? As a means for making out the answer, we should ask another question: what does it mean to filter our observations through a game of cards, say gin rummy?

The short answer, after much editing, is not much, but there might still be enough invested in the ruse to pursue it. Then, fatally, inevitably, the unthinkable's hand, as the ur-position of the unlucky streak, as the bad seat at the card table, is never simply dealt but must comprise only the deadwood that it has drawn compulsively, one card after another, from the sortes-stockpile that is all thinkable - the unthinkable is a mantic read-em-and-weep of bad double-blind selection.

On the other hand, the thinkable plays by building the melds that comprise its hand, and the thinkable itself is nothing but capricious melds, from its combination of the dealt and its guided by chance selections from the discard pile - the lucky streak is nothing but a sequence of chosen interventions powered by guided chance. What is the rate of infection? What is the chance of your survival: now, between uninfected and infected; now, between infected and admit-

ted; now, between admitted and intubated; now, between intubated and refrigeration?

The set valued as unthinkable, in play, is unthinkable. The set valued as thinkable, in play, is thinkable. But the unthinkable as a set is drawn in relation to the set of what is thinkable. But the thinkable must draw at least one card from the unthinkable, that is if it desires to exceed tautology. But the system by which the unthinkable and the thinkable are brought into relation, is neither entirely opaque nor ever quite transparent.

Every reticulated system, including that which organises the relation between thinking/unthinking, draws its own outline around a set of integrated sub-systems, the viability of which will be expressed by the integrity of the outline. Both the thinkable and the unthinkable become distinct as moments, instances, relations, and as subsystems, of and within the thinkable/unthinkable system, which itself cannot be either entirely thought nor ever quite unthought.

Just as the processes working through the thinkable are always contaminated by particles of delirium, so the unthinkable never wholly rids itself of that which it relinquishes. The R rate of thinking is not quite warm enough, and the unthinking R never falls to absolute zero.

> *The symptoms of a virus are the attempts of the body to deal with a virus attack. By their symptoms you shall know them, and even a totally unknown virus would yield considerable data by its symptoms. On the other hand, if a virus produces no symptoms then we have no way of knowing that it exists... no way of knowing that it is a virus because it is the human virus. After many thousands of years of more or less benign coexistence, it is now once again on the verge of malignant mutation. My point is very simple. The whole human position is no longer tenable.*

The variety of reticular subsystem-states supported within the thinking/unthinking apparatus is in the end of less significance in

generating what is thinkable/unthinkable than are the pressures and unpressures of that in the world which cannot be included as either not thinking or not unthinking but which nonetheless bring to bear on thinking/unthinking the pressures and unpressures that have nothing to do with either thinking or unthinking but, again but, which both constrain and release both of them.

As a general guide, those pressures and unpressures which produce thinking and unthinking, releasing and capturing the breaks and the sequences by which distinctions, outlines, interior states, become discernible, cannot be either thought or unthought, or even either not thought or not unthought.

As a general guide, those pressures and unpressures that become available as objects for either thought or unthought are no longer productive of thoughts nor of unthoughts. On the contrary, they become the products of thinking activity, and of unthinking activity. They become recursively distinct as subsystems (all objects available to thinking/unthinking) of the subsystems (the depreciating apparatus of thinking/unthinking).

Even so, as a general guide: 1. that which is productive of thinking/unthinking is neither a thinkable nor an unthinkable object; 2. That which is produced by thinking is one with thinking - the object of thinking; 3. That which is produced by unthinking is one with unthinking - the object of unthinking; 4. That which appears at the threshold between the thinkable/unthinkable is both thinkable and unthinkable.

The unthinkable event of the Coronavirus has an apparitional quality, its emergence and perturbation of the life-world sets in motion both thinking and unthinking, nightmares and flights of fancy, and let's say, both utopias and dyschronias.

Over a period of generations the virus established a benign symbiosis with the host. It was a mutating virus, a color virus, as if the colors themselves were possessed of a purposeful and sinister life. Something altered the relation between host and virus and in revenge, the virus

transposed the functions of the sexual and fear centres in the brain so that the virus converted fear of virus into sexual frenzy whilst the virus information itself was genetically conveyed through sexual contact.

But as an apparition, a spectral agency, which sets the thresholds upon, that scatters the seeds within, that tills the medium of, whatever it is that functions as the psychic apparatus, the virus is not in itself available as an object for the operations of that apparatus. The virus and the measures against it fuse together and become a single operation, moving jointly through the world, in relation to it, as they also move in relation to each other.

It, or rather the dyadic mechanism generated from the viral-measures and the institutionalised counter-measures, the viral anti-counter-measures and the institutional antiviral-anti-counter-measures, the viral-un-measures and the institutional un-viral-counter-measures, which constitute the whole...

... The totality that acts as, is derived from, virus-plus-institution, behaves towards mind and anti-mind, to mindfulness and mindlessness, to being-minded-to and not-being-minded-to, as if it had gained, or was awarded, the status of divine instrument of some or other sorting mechanism...

... As some or other godlike meddler, and becoming some or other, or a sort of, shall we say, factotum-like psychopomp, and thus in donning the PPE of shepherd of epiphenomena...

... Or, again, perhaps, this Covid-19 and shall we say, its discontents, emerging representation, emerging sentient, emerging bureaucratic, will come to perform that stochastic practice by which is distributed an eleventh commandment for outlining the segmentation of a post-labour domesticated behavioural repertoire by which the era of neo-troglodytism will become distinct. That is to say, virus and state are in alliance; *virus and state are one hand* .

Behold, the dawning of a veiled epoch that will breathe-in a

disproportion of its own respiratory-gastric exhalations; behold, by process of accelerated immanence, Freud's aversion-rationale for the colorectal as instrumentalising event of upright posture only now achieves transference by startle reaction, by slight return, to reinvestment within the breath-hole, the ante-nasal-oesophageal diverticulum as part-object border post, and thus to full anaclitic armouring of the upper GI.

The viral adoption of figleaves for the face has inaugurated a new order of modesty, and for not dissimilar reasons to every other historical recourse to the surplus-necessity for head scarves, veils, and facial coverings. Enclosure of the face by state decreed *dompte-regard* is only ever enforced during emergency repressive re-structurings of social interaction. State expropriation of facial content, seemingly runs counter to its tendency towards biometric and face recognition technologies, but in practice they are complimentary.

Whilst otherwise sequestered individual identities are rendered ever more available for quantification and analysis, and the intimate self is only revealed via the filters of proprietorial communications technology, the function of the mask at an interpersonal level is equivalent to the enclosure of common land in the Seventeenth Century. The face, which we understand implicitly as the limit of the self and its expressive capacity, is now assimilated as an alienated appendage into the productive apparatus.

If machines have outstripped thinking, they have yet to perfect facial expression as a means to access the symbolic register, this barrier will soon also be torn down. The face has, in effect, become what the arm once was in earlier phases of production, the primary limb of labour. If you want a picture of the future, imagine an affect engine and the speeding up of its valvular masking/unmasking of a human face - forever.

Historically, ritualised facial covering has always been imposed as an emergency adaptation during crises and which subsequently sticks around for decades, if not for centuries. As a conspicuous signal of virtue, it both operates on behalf of the state against *others* who must look at it whilst not knowing its purpose, whilst also hiding the

privatised individual's own *true* anti-social purpose which it shares with nobody but the algorithmic mechanism tracking its progress.

And yet. Another movement in the movement. We end up wearing the required masks at work and I admire everyone's eyes and learn, as millworkers once read each others' lips, how to read their masked-off expressions. And yet. If compliance with face covering measures spreads through shame-dependent, virtue signalling, then individual reluctance to relinquish the facemask following the all clear will be driven by anxieties associated with the face as noumenal outcrop.

In part these anxieties are derived from voluptuary-modesty impulses, in part they are driven by basic outline-proprietorial hard-programming, and in part, as always, by the will to righteousness, the will to mobilising in the spirit of what has just passed. Whoever is not wearing the mask as sign, as immunity passport, as watchword, whoever shows their face, is a stranger.

It is a convention that masks reflect more than they conceal, but what they record is always the same: individual micro-fascisms integrated into the suspended step of infrastructural re-configuration.

For this reason, it is not an insult to perceive the social adoption of facial coverings as fascism, that is as the adapted habitus of circulating life units within reconfigured emergency geographies, as the tolerance of such fascisms is both inevitable and irresistible where the labour process itself is not overthrown - if public transport must begin again, and public transport is nothing but labour transport, then the fascism of masks will follow.

But again, the face mask as a perfection of virtue signalling and identity indicates an early step towards other re-intensifications of viral receptive space, and to the re-programming of virally saturated environmental conditions. The work of the state-capital apparatus is wholly directed to the project of increasing the receptivity rate of its territory to viral messaging without, at the same time, permitting the flooding of its subsystems by the same messages. It desires that you, as a mass individual, are unsettled but not panicked, receptive but not passive, moving but not free moving.

The morality conveyed by the dictum, 'anyone can spread it' draws a veil over the machinic apparatus of circulation. The energy of Coronavirus, like that of all plagues, first discharged into the community of capital at a locus for super-intensified accumulation and exchange of its raw components (a warehouse, a market, a bio-lab); plagues are not transmitted through human interaction, but by the environmental mechanism for circulating embodiments of labour power, along trade routes and into cities.

> *There is a link between imagining disease and imagining foreignness. It lies perhaps in the very concept of wrong, which is archaically identical with the non-us, the alien. A polluting person is always wrong, as Mary Douglas has observed. The inverse is also true: a person judged to be wrong is regarded as, at least potentially, a source of pollution.*
>
> *- AIDS as Metaphor*

Viral pandemics are a product of malignant geographies and environmental transgressions, they are not a pathology of intersubjectivity - and *furthermore*, the state 'combats' them environmentally, geographically, by its haussmannising reconfigurations of the same space, utilising counter-malignancies (the prevention of intimacy) and counter-transgressions (isolation, quarantine). The war against disease is also an auctioning off of common space. Intensifying border checks to commercial and institutionalised spaces increases the receptivity to messages of control within the human flow.

There is no struggle, no war, against disease outside of state-space where plague-scale pathologies are the product, and expression, of high rate/full amplitude transmissions of information that are both self-saturated and universally diffused. Plagues and information resemble each other as correlates of depths moving in something deep.

The plague form exists nowhere but in circumstances of highly concentrated populations, which exist nowhere but as organised entities of the territory of the capital-state assemblage.

The plague-state of viruses resembles capital because capital behaves virally within social relations - as an organising/reductive principle of that which struggles against it.

On the other hand, unlike all other organisations of human community which are oriented towards death, capitalism is a life support system - it is a virus which spreads by increasing the reproduction of its host.

Biological viruses, if they survive long enough, must learn from capital's organisation of space and time and become more virulent but less deadly - the now infamous exterior spike-like peplomers covering the Covid capsid are transformed into hooks for use-values, and for further expansion and intensification of production around the viral event.

For the state, the ideal state consists of host and virus in steady state: virus as governor of negative feedback; host as medium and raw material for viral messages. If the current political investment in face masks as a figleaf for business as usual, an institutionalised observance that should be sufficient to by-pass any trend amongst the infected towards litigation whilst maintaining the pressure on the masses to herd together, and which drives the movement towards the return to productivity of the host under the tutelage of the virus (work itself will be continued in the condition of *les yeux sans visage*), then the other, corporeal, locus for class-contestation erupts around competing ontologies of the hand: hands are now constrained to appear as both makers and products of viral saturated space.

Hand washing implicates a register of rituals intuitively separate from mask wearing, not least because whilst the face mask may be imposed by law and policed by some or other Gasht-e Ershad, hand washing retains a high subjective, and inter-subjective, component that resists surveillance.

The state's response to the pandemic passed through two distinct stages: that of the glove and that of the mask. The phase of the glove was organised in accordance with the policy of *social distancing* - dispersed and socially quarantined bodies are at risk from infected

surfaces, of passing sequentially across shared places, and not from inhaling airborne particles carried by the breath of absent others.

But the movement of capital is inseparable from its architectural intensification of populations by which it induces oceanic ebbs and flows in crowds, setting off chain reactions in the city-scale convergence, agitation and swirling murmuration of bodies. Economy is nothing but a function of the critical massing in crowds of individual beings organised within the same breath space - hence, phase-mask. It is not a coincidence that scientific arguments for face-masks are advanced at precisely the moment *we* must emerge from lockdown and go back to work, when previously the same science emphasised social distance and hand hygiene - abstraction emerges from a very specific density of population. Nor is it a coincidence that the once exigent disciplinary practice of maintaining social distance is itself no longer maintained and collapses from two to one metre - the half-life of quarantine is three months. Opposition to capital space, by extension of the logic, necessitates a dispersal of bodies below that threshold population density requisite to sustain and expand production.

Where the face mask instigates fascistic representations of self-interest conflated with state mediated conceptions of uniformity as solidarity, hand washing releases endless re-considerations of touching and involvement that are a consequence of distance and separation. It is not gratuitous to note that the bitterest of industrial disputes often focus on securing payment for non-productive work-located activities such as washing up time... whoever has washed is not working.

The significance to consciousness of ritual cleansing is quite distinct from, and moving in the opposite direction to, the suppressive veiling implied by ritualised clothing and mouth covering. The social worth of hand washing is always unproven, and unprovable - the cause of what doesn't happen cannot be proved but the successful proliferation of face masks proceeds exponentially as it is correlated to seemingly successful exits from *lock down* ... the face-mask becomes the flag of cultures emerging from crisis and as a synecdoche of such grotesque hatchings out is elevated, by association, to its cause.

The washed form becomes immediately available to both the

washed community and the unwashed community, it is both vulnerable and trusting, it does not defend itself but opens its own outline to communion - it is only now that we marvel at the courage of those healers who once reached out in leper colonies.

The washed hand lets go not only of the viral load and by implication the profane, contaminated world that is expressed as plague, but extends away from, avoiding returning to, the threatening surfaces (the handles, buttons, levers, switches) of the recontaminating workstation. The washed hand does not work.

But the ambivalence, the twin drives, expressed by the washed hand also states: only the washed hand *may* work. Or rather, there is a residual desire for dirtying one's hands, and for forgiving the filth of involvement that the hand implies. Such is the song of the Sixties cult of the *fellaheen* . There is set in motion a dialectic between the orders of soap and of hand sanitiser, between the washed and the sterilised. The washed permits a return to the erotics of profanation which the order of the sterilised forbids as it sets out towards the light at the end of the tunnel of hygienically channelled work acts.

Then, who wouldn't take the leaden hands of the virus shedding corpse of the stranger and, letting down the phaedrean-magdalenean locks of their hair, wipe them, dry them? Who would decline the coughed-into hand? Who wouldn't kiss the infected stranger on the lips? Who wouldn't drink from the consumptive patient's sputum pot?

The images of rainbows decorating homes are something like the plague signals and witch signs of earlier times, warning off contamination by the unfamiliar and defending the priest-hole-burrow-space. I observe a father shouting in panic at his son for bouncing his hand against a stranger's mattress that is leaning against a wall in the street. Such dramas are directed against the compulsion to become infected.

> *Thus the plague seems to manifest its presence in*
> *and have a preference for the very organs of the body,*
> *the particular physical sites, where human will,*
> *consciousness, and thought are imminent and apt to*

occur.

The convivial function of the gripped unwashed hand, which by extension implies through trophallaxic process the presence of a collective stomach, and a proclivity to self-abandonment before the custom of passing, from one to the other, the ceremonial cup containing our group's fermented saliva, is to expand to the fullest amplitude the conception of herd immunity as involvement and participation in life. And yet, also, the eros sited in the dirty stranger's mattress is organised as a wager, or risk that must be taken impulsively, in which the risk itself functions as the erotic focus.

For some, for those still living, a continued existence within routine sterilised time becomes the stake that must be gambled against a temporary state of intense exposure to the risks of contamination - it is not that gamblers actively desire the deathly consequence that might follow from such risk taking but rather that they wish to masochistically regulate those harmful rays which the subject's *reizschutz* routinely deflects.

The erotic fetish for the unclean implies a will towards taking manual control over black box operations, and to apply a dilator to the socially constrained apertures of the protective shield. And so it is, that for some, vertigo is not a surplus response of the survival instinct but implies an inner struggle against the desire to measure the danger of, to resolve the problem confronting him with, this particular height by jumping from it.

Ideology draws from similar masochistic compulsions, and is realised through the state's compulsive desire to consume the filth that it incorporates into the production of its smooth surfaces.

The ideological mechanism of incorporation/projection involves elevating a series of seemingly singular, definitive and easily conceived, profanations (each with unique characteristics) as opponents by which the era is defined.

In recent years, fetishistic avatars of this singular opponent have been deployed successively with each iteration following the same pattern: in the first instance, the enemy looms over the horizon as a novel threat (an inverted commodity innovation), and the conflict with it is soon represented as the greatest challenge since the 1940s, but wherever it is engaged by state forces, it is shown to be stupid, ineffective, and soon melts away like Spring snow.

Iraq, al Qaeda, Afghanistan, Iraq again, the banking crisis, Iraq again, IS, Russia (again), China (again), climate change, Brexit, populism have all appeared as unprecedented threats that have rapidly fallen away, as if in illustration of the truism: the problem is never the problem.

The significance of a political event is to be measured at the level of its correlates, not by the historical sequence of its causation. The most strategically deployable events, those that least resemble their causation, are also the most significant events - at the level of governmental control, the greater the number of other events that a particular event may be networked to, the more strategically useful it is.

There is sometimes overlap in the succession of represented threats. After all, *Day of The Triffids* teaches us that there must be both triffids and a meteor shower to execute the pincer movement of *catastrophe* , but the ordinary workings of the state seem to require only the promotion of a single champion from what stands as placeholder for the *exterior* .

The function of this sparring partner is classically masochistic, and employed to stimulate self-regulatory defensive responses - emergency planning exercises *are* the operation of the state.

It is through consideration of the Spectacle's parade of villains that we may discern the separation between event and representation of event, between event and the strategic deployment of the event.

The state security apparatus operates by collapsing the domains of existence to a single strategic register under its monopoly control - in this way, even illness becomes a metaphor for war and imperialism.

For those wishing to counteract the strategic use of panic and atomisation as tools for expropriation and control, it becomes necessary to intensify *and another thing* to its furthest degree, and thus

to a theatrical principle of resistance - when the state cleaves to the plague, cleave to environmental collapse; when the state cleaves to environmental collapse, cleave to the domestication of populations. *And another thing* , when exaggerated to the point of derangement, retraces the network of resemblances, transfers and deals done between things - the paranoiac's associative process is compelled to uncover the process of statecraft.

It is necessary, for its optimal operation, in the context of state pacification, that the object of consciousness is something other than the process of its own pacification.

When considering the exterior, and the manufacture and representation of the unprecedented, the unthinkable, the malevolent forces arrayed against the state - all these placeholders for heat death, and the void - it is entertaining to consider the G5 network dimension of the Coronavirus emergency as having higher objective value to the reproduction of the general system than any misdirections around drinking bleach, anti-malarials, ventilator acquisition or citriodiol's mosquito repellant properties.

The intensification in some minds of the G5 network's correlation, or intersection, with Coronavirus to the point of its hyperstition, its becoming *hyperstitial* , reveals an eminently objective dimension beyond the ordinarily pacifying function of conspiracy theory wherein the isolated individual is reduced to expropriating otherwise unknown world truths as units of his personality.

It is surely correct to go with the hunch, when observing the theatrical overreaction of global capital, that there really is an ongoing state deployment of the degenerative ratchet to social form, and an attempt to subjectivise those aspects of history which otherwise had remained cumulative and tendential. Behind the global lockdown event, the state has accessed, and attempted to intervene within, a recursively higher register of second nature than ever before.

The allergic response of capital to coronavirus, as right wing antimaskers have pointed out, if this is compared to its insouciance before the world's most deadly respiratory plague TB, which causes

4,000 daily deaths amongst peri-proletarianised populations year in, year out, is significant in itself.

The selection and relative elevation of one or other form of death over the rest has always been a prerogative of the state but the concentration of its forces on coronavirus operates strategically at another level - there is always something else going on, but it is always difficult to know exactly what that is.

If the state and plague are one hand, then the hand itself, is playing card tricks. Just as the war against terrorism implied the use of terrorists for other purposes, and the war on drugs similarly implicated other seemingly unrelated domains, so the apparatus built up by the war on coronavirus has the potential for creative applications - carbon emission regulation as the most obvious, and intensification of data capture as another.

There is something about Covid-19's ferocious velocity, the rapid rate of its turn around time (its spread from infector to infected) which not only resembles the movement of capital in the world but which becomes an opportunity and vehicle for further abstraction.

Both capital and coronavirus operate on a principle of ever-quickening energy transfers, and of the speeded up conversion of product-in into product-out into product-in again - the temporality of realising capital, as for plague, requires short term objective potentiality within the host environment, and the rapid convertibility of money into objects and objects into money.

The viral exchange of information within the pandemic form depends on the precondition of an abstract equivalence within state organised social relations, it is within such close to laboratory conditions that it can best develop an ultra-infectious form which is also attenuated in lethality... such homologies with the movement, form and operability of capital have passed the threshold for signing a historic Molotov-Rippentrop style alliance between the two systems, each becoming host to the other.

As always, the use value of an object, its capacity for integration into the system of exchange, depends upon the duration of its turn

around between its production and its sale.... the temporality of TB is slow and easily contained amongst the poor; C-19 is rapidly metabolised socially, being both widely virulent but also relatively targeted in selecting its fatalities. The usefulness of Coronavirus is ideological, and expressed in the principle that bad news is the best grave for burying worse news.

The error expressed in the sabotaging of supposed G5 network masts on the grounds that G5 *causes* coronavirus nonetheless identifies an objective point of historical intensity, and illuminates an intersection between the two in the scenario of a 'do you want the bad or worse news, first?' Certainly, there is wide scale ongoing infrastructural reorganisation behind the ideological exaggeration of Covid 19's pandemic scale - C-19 is a face mask for Space X satellites, for trade negotiations with China, for disinvestment from fossil fuels, for the secession of liberal technocracy from parliamentary democracy, and for either the acceleration or the postponement of 5G. In this sense, Coronavirus is *causing* 5G.

And, it would be a dereliction of their duty, a catastrophic departure from their mission statement, if the various departments of state-capital were not taking advantage of the suspension of business as usual to optimally dilate the arteries of what will become the *new abnormal*. It is certain, for example, that Covid-19 is a sort of cipher for an emergency within and perhaps an SOS for the end of, China even if the structural collapse is in part complicated and scrambled in the displacement of its energy onto events in Hong Kong. China is coming to an end, not because it will be brought down either through spurious trade sanctions or by street agitation but because the hubristic overreach expressed in its repressive technologies will entrap its own cadres and departments, which as they are driven by the feedback to defend themselves will factionalise and resort to deploying as clients various competing emancipatory and nationalist/separatist social movements that will erupt in proxy civil war just as the inter-departmental struggle in the US has recruited and deployed proxies in its seeming *culture war*.

Return from lockdown will not take the form of a great reveal,

there will be no grand collapsing of the Potemkin villages, no theatrical slashing at the painted backdrop, but there will be, and already is, the institutionalisation of an apparatus for *no going back to before* as it is actualised through other routings, patternings and reprogrammings for the circulation of labour power - there is no path, there is only the path that is made by walking it.

The sequence of disasters that have characterised the *unprecedented* threats of the last two decades plot the passage of the community of capital as it realises the project of its progressively abolishing labour, and for extricating the wider system's dependence for its expanded reproduction on the extraction of relative surplus value.

Where the social condition of *lockdown* is understood as a subset of a generalised fixing or *locking* of changes, alongside the subsets of *locking in* and *locking on*, - where a return to the siege-form is applied at all levels, with Falluja and Assange as prototypes, where self-isolation becomes a homologous technique of control applied to individuals and regions, each familiarised by the example of the other - so locked populations and individuals within populations will be integrated within a novel ontogenetic/phylogenetic register of production - where work was, domestication shall be.

The recalibration of economic life, the decommissioning of the economy itself, and its collapsing into immanent production, into desiring production, is first registered as capital destruction. The purpose of the Iraq War was not to seize *oil* as a possession but to sequester the apparatus for its supply, and so to expropriate the means for regulating its worth within the general system.

Such manoeuvres are equivalent to abandoning the invasion of a territory in favour of strategising enemy bridges, ports, power stations. The objective of the Iraq War was to put the Iraqi oil fields out of action in the same way that sanctions against Iran were imposed in order to interrupt the inherent systemic tendency to oversupply - the objective never included either Iraq or Iran, except as contingencies, the main strategic preoccupation has been to very delicately recalibrate the energy transfers within the *fossil fuel* industry's relation to the productive apparatus as a whole

Ordinarily, private capital must be destroyed where the productive system has entered into a runaway of oversupply. The orgy of destroying private capitals opens a path back to an earlier, purer, stage in productive relations that may then reset itself at a higher level of organisation before beginning again and thereby ensures and the conservation of the system as whole.

However, the cumulative cost of such punctuating events is environmentally catastrophic. For this reason, a new system of exploitation, another path out of capital's pseudo-cyclical time, is *in the pipeline* . The new system will conserve its tendency to abstraction via the systematic accumulation of forces whilst replacing its convoluted value set with a more immediately responsive or organic value set derived from *natural* inclinations rather than alienated work acts: the replacement of exchanges by transfers will enter a *real* phase.

The domesticating system, as something other than communism, will replace capitalism as it institutionalises the overcoming of the separation between work and free time as populations are directly integrated into the productive environment and the individual's biological and affective states, rather than the temporal units of their labour power, will be harnessed as the motor of concretising abstraction.

The communist response to the accelerating general tendency to expel labour power from the productive apparatus, and the sequence of emergencies by which this is being realised, has been, with one or two exceptions, disappointing and inadequate. As an example, the lauded Chuang commentary on Coronavirus as an event in class relations does not succeed in drawing a specific communist quality from its sociological framing.

Whilst Chuang gathers up content that is otherwise scattered - it is not in itself successful in making itself remarkable. By conserving a C20th style of academically informed journalism it selects a readership that is by and large *professional* . The information it conveys is that which is useful to social managers and PHD students in the present moment. The class most prominent in the communist milieu, by directing its access to institutionalised capital, also imposes

the procedural form, and its preoccupations as content, as the stuff of communist thinking.

By retaining traits of institutional *objectivity* and the motifs of expertise, it facilitates its own promotion and consumption as a significant communist text within the serious *theory* market. It also triggers the marxist habit of assigning authority by displacement and deferential citation - the individual marxist is characterised by his strategy for controlling discourse through his legalistic deployment of authoritative texts as *precedent* .

The Chuang commentary has worth at the level of 'if you only read one, then this is it'. But it remains within the journalistic parameters of *third estatism* and has no subjective core.

For this reason, it is unclear what use it is to its intended readers... it defends an abstract space of marxological correctness but it is stuck at the level of 'portrayal' that it seeks to overcome.

If it has adopted the old fashioned mode of the serious essay, it shows no evidence of knowledge of the similarly old fashioned traits and devices of Twentieth Century exercises in willed subjectivity, not only does it not demonstrate an awareness of *Theatre as Plague* or *Cities of the Red Night* , it does not show facility with fold-downs, jump cuts, tape loops, automatic writing, oneiric or compulsive reference, detournment or collage - the basic manoeuvres in the performative arms race of self-alienating consciousness.

These, and similar other, outmoded black magic tricks and musty parlour games are the only authentic mechanisms by which subjectivity is retroactively accessed under conditions where subject, history and communism are all constrained by their belonging to that order which has already passed into history. Chuang shows no evidence for its own derangement, it is neither mad nor drunk. Then, how could it tell its readers anything? By what phenomenological means would it ever gain sufficient exteriority to find things out?

Theory must allow itself to become *of unsound mind* , and chopped into shards, if it is uncover the true stuff. As an example, whilst Chuang comments interestingly on English warehouse generated

diseases in the post-mercantile era, it does not talk of the inherent theatricality of the Black Death, nor the eros of Biblical plagues... but it is precisely these exhilarating punctuations of historical form, when considering the dislocating power of viral systems on host environments (where products attack production), that should become the compulsive objects of communist consciousness.

In other words, the Chuang commentary lacks a pataphysical/hyperstitious/noumenal component and for this reason the old neo-kantian racket of Nick Land is still in advance of communist thinking around the machinery of contagion because the former places a subjective content in the hands of its readers outside of the academy - it is this watchamacallit, *Dark Enlightenment* , and not the communists, that has *masqued up* and thereby captured the potential for generating avant garde forms.

To its credit, right at the end of the text, Chuang raises the subjective possibility of a 'surreal war' against society itself but this small fly emerging from so massive a maggot is actually where we are already, that surreal violence is the level of our day to day existence. That so fat a maggot should culminate in so small an emergence as the idea of *surreal war* , is just the way of such processes, everything else could have been cut away as it is just the sort of formulation that should have been situated at the core of the text and which would have taken Chuang way off script. Similarly, all the experimental material I have amassed here, is almost all deadwood, I could easily discard all the cards in my hand for the one or two *accidental* phrases that still amuse me.

Current iterations of ultra-leftism (Chuang, Endnotes, Commune) work directly against the kinds of improvisation necessary to the movement of consciousness. For the sake of a compelling thirst for realisation, their aesthetically realist presentation of communism is inconceivable except as a funnel trap, or as a further exaggeration, of the ideological categories of the leftist continuum - as if ultra-leftism signified a surplus, or extreme, leftism to which it might provide mercurial leadership.

The compromises necessitated in the throes of realisation sickness

have resulted not just in populist manoeuvrings (Commune magazine is essentially a *communist* content within a corporate frame - complete with the voluntary taxation method of its fundraising) but also the dilution of critique through attempts to metabolise bourgeois categories of left identitarianism.

No communist project should ever have aligned itself with analyses that identify capitalism as *patriarchal* or even racist, as this inevitably contradicts the specific quality of total critique which identifies capitalism as a self-revolutionising system of indirect relations mediated through representations (including, but not reducible to, the representations of gender and race).

The characteristic realism represented as *the real struggles of real people* which constrains leftism in practice as the realisation of the left wing of capital, has spread to contemporary communist projects which seemingly cannot now extricate themselves either from the trap of solutionism, or the trap of deference to the expert class generating such solutions - as if a *public health crisis* is best countered by a *public health department* .

The function of ideological realism is specifically the denial of registers other than that defined by the productive contradiction, as if that required any further affirmation - one of the variants of the recent leftist turn of communism, *fully automated luxury communism* proposes the present productive apparatus minus work as its system-immanent solution, but as capitalism is already *accelerating* away from living labour, this wretched return to the Second International's affirmation of objective pressures immediately decomposes into an apology for the momentum of dead labour as such.

But theory's purpose was never to identify a set of *plausibles* or exit points as alternatives to the present state of things, nor to supply vital information to the revolutionary front line, nor to rehearse truth as the proper standpoint of the minority. Theory is nothing but the transient state of willed subjective *excitation* in the world and recorded at the level of ideas - its only external goal is to induce symptoms in its readers, and thereby trigger the host's immune system response. This is what Artaud is referring to in the text, *Theoretica as Plague* .

Theory like plague catastrophises two bodily processes: thinking and breathing. The theoretician desires to both elicit, or rather spread, a violent response in consciousness, and interrupt ordinary breathing patterns, to the point of inducing a state of hypoxic reverie in amongst its readers.

To this end, the ultra-left, as a pro-communist, exegetically constituted minority, had, up to this juncture, refused all alliance, carrying out its work precisely in terms of the theoretical critique of leftist categories as functions of assimilating recuperation and through this, positively asserted its refusal of the given form of all struggles even as they shifted *leftwards* . Whatever it was, the ultra-left was against it - including intensifying class struggle, and revolutionary upheavals. Every object, no matter how preferable, expresses the present state of things and should be engaged on terms of its viability as a vector for ideology.

Ultra-leftism had no relevance but as the negation in theory of the immediate form taken by the reproduction of the world through the mechanism of class struggle. Its current failure to understand the disconnect between itself and leftism inevitably degrades its conception of communism which increasingly *resembles* the set of potentialities that are orchestrated by *the times* and communicated by the managerial sub-class of professionals to which so many communists belong. Communism has no more, and perhaps less, relation to this set of exits proposed by the left wing of capital than it does to the forces of reaction, or at least to the relations of personal domination to which reaction now refers.

Communism is specifically a return to direct personal relations, that is relations not mediated by the exchange of representations, which is, by definition, *impossible* through any historical sublation of capitalist productive forces as these are characterised wholly by their system-immanent tendency towards abstraction and its supply of the relational basis of representations.

As a consequence of the contemporary failure to articulate anti-realist registers of engagement, and under present conditions of state emergency measures, communists have relinquished all discontent to right wingers, conspiracy theorists, neo-reactionaries and *traditionalists* whilst leftists have not only drawn communists further into acquiescence before state exigency but leant them their ideological hostility to autonomy, the discourse of freedom, refusal and opposition on the pretext of maintaining the solutionism attributed to the expertise of the state's social health apparatus.

The spectacle, for example, of left anarchists making Thatcherite arguments against the oxygen of *freedom* as a reactionary *talking point* is now so routine that it has become unremarkable in a circumstance where the critique of everything has degenerated into the policing of bourgeois good thinking and as the old slogan had it, *vote Bernie without illusions* .

....

But all of the meandering above belongs to the less interesting portion of the question, what's so thinkable about the unthinkable? Of greater interest is the preoccupation with what is novel, with what is original. The event of a new thing seems significant to all attributional modes of thinking which must draw energy from their own mantic portrayal of such novelty. The invocation of an event's origins is the magical framing by which is sought out an occult control over the subsequent circulation of the event's messages - the etymological contact tracing of original meanings and uses is seen as reflective of the occultist's own, in the sense of being close to the origin of the thing, originality. It is no coincidence that every instance of thinking oriented towards originality also identifies the moment to which it belongs as the most significant of all moments.

Wherever the production of social wealth overflows the ordinary channels of ownership, where rapidly accelerating, expanding and massifying cycles of uncontrolled accumulation bypass established procedures of inheritance, it is there that the question of the ownership of origin, the taking control of the argument of the unprecedented, first originates. And, similarly, it is only in circumstances where expected conventions of inheritance, property, and investment are

devalued relative to the viral expansion of unconstrained forms of social wealth that original claims, alongside claims of and for the original, are aggressively promoted.

I too, have fallen into this trap of sketching an origin, as if the coronavirus really did *originate* , by zoonotic process, in a specific place, a market, a warehouse. There are no entry events as there are no exit events. In reality, Coronavirus has always existed, and will always exist, just as capitalism has no origin point but must exist spacelessly and timelessly as an abstract organising principle of its own organisation and in its own operation.

In order for the energy exchanges of capitalism and coronavirus to take place, their own specific plane of abstraction must also have become operational simultaneously, and on a world scale - this implies a decisive environmental receptiveness to alteration by its own particulars rather than the specified virulent property attributed to the mutating social/viral form. The precondition for every system is always itself. And so, by extension, the only purpose in considering the origin of systems is to expand the system of thinking that is concerned with thinking origins: precisely, identity systems.

The world that cannot go back to how it was before once lockdown conditions are lifted, this unprecedented world, has not originated from the pandemic *hard reboot of global capitalism* - the system of not-capitalism/post-capitalism was already viable, and the system of capitalism itself, being derived from the extraction of relative surplus value, was already relatively less-viable. To say something is starting is a trick of language, in practice there is only the expansion and contraction of systems relative to each other. Coronavirus did not originate within a specific place and then spread but took advantage of pre-existing conditions in which it mutated and to which its mutations were particularly suited.

The term, niche opportunism, is a more accurate description of the process by which particular forms expand into the world and take on recursively organisational, and self-environmentalising traits.

The success of any system, as indicated in the catastrophe event portrayed in *The Day of the Triffids* always depends on the coincidence of two pre-existing factors, the capacity of the system to reproduce itself, and an earlier transformation within the external environment which favours within a particular niche this particular system more than any other.

The basic structuring of niche opportunism, applies to all systems: to coronavirus and digital communication, to communism and domestication, as much as to dinosaurs and mammals. Later forms have never 'out-competed' earlier forms - that which comes later has merely employed a relatively higher potential for adapting fortuitously to cumulative environmental changes. Without an external intervention, the earth would have stayed dinosaur all the way down.

Unprecedented things which cannot be thought do not become precedented things, and eminently thinkable, via their descent from some identified origin point into history but through that severance event by which an external pressure becomes itself pressured; that which was once productive, the unprecedented, becomes produced, the precedented. That which once made thinking, is later made by thinking. It seems then, the only fate worse for an objectifying force than its becoming an object of thought, is its becoming an object of unthought.

Or else,

I am like the wolf, emptied of its mountain

Ridico

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