

First steps in developing the concept of *Gefühl* (translated from denglich to english)

-an approach to life by Tiresias Ganymed (which is you, which is no one, which is this wall, which is nothing, which is god, which is everything, which is me, which is life, which is Gefühl)

Contents:

- Introduction
- The first take
- The Anti-*Gefühl* of oxygen-capital
- Sooo...what is it then?
- The 'material world'
- On death (the true one, not the state of the dead)
- The communism of *Gefühl*
- (De-)Realisation of *Gefühl*
- Bibliography

Introduction

Yes, it has been said 1000 times. Yes, 1000 books have been written. 1000 films shot. But are you doing it? And are you doing it in the pain? Tear it all out. Tear it all down. Fuck the smart words. Fuck Deleuze. Fuck Nietzsche. Fuck transcendence. Fuck god. Do it, you dog! Destroy yourself. The system. The world. Die. Live. The hopelessness of non-existence as the spark of the revolution. Yes, it's Teenie-babble. Yes, it's anarcho-filth. And why not? I know, you don't feel anything. So away with all this bullshit. It suffocates you and they choked long ago.

How?

You're still asking that? You know. You know! No caution in wording. Let yourself go in your absolute tranquillity. Take everything to wash off the filth. It's clogging your pores. Breathe, damn it. I can't say it. You know. Turn up the distortion. Burn it down. Break your skull. These Gedankenhäuser only need 1 thing. A fucking sledgehammer. Okay? You hear the ringing of the sirens, right? As a matter of fact is this call your only purpose. The call of *Gefühl*. Don't you understand? The tragedy of birth is the only chiffer and to climb it, it must burst. Break. Into 1000 pieces. 1000 sentences. 1000 books. 1000 films.

The first take

There is no thought. There can never be thought. It is only feeling – *Gefühl*. *Gefühl* is not to be confused with the term in the sense of emotion, not really feeling. It is this flow, this change, this stuffing, all that is and is between.

As a matter of fact, bourgeois language authority prohibits one from elaborating, from communicating this rawness, this true inner energy. It is only in the non-language of the post-human that we can comprehend and, in a sense, transmettre since it is this inherent, utter *Gefühl* – art.

The Anti-*Gefühl* of oxygen-capital

This particular profoundness often experienced in intoxication. It stems from moving away from the terror, from the life of the dead in indulging. Communism does not need psychedelics, does not need alcohol, does not need weed because there is no need because the need comes from the dying mind, which at last was infected by the terror. Not to be confused though. To free oneself. To become. To approach life. Intoxicate yourself! See what oxygen takes from you!

That, which would be life, is seen as divine and abstract because capital drowns *Gefühl*, and brings with it the anti-space of the dead. It captures, engulfs you, to restrict you from daring to manifest *Gefühl*.

Sooo...what is it then?

Connecting with *Gefühl* is what brings harmony. It is only in alienation that the part of the flow you call 'you' becomes greedy, sad, mischievous, etc. There is no difference in connecting with 'yourself' and connecting with the 'outside', be it 'nature' or 'people' or 'universe'. It is all filled by – no not filled, it IS *Gefühl*. It's all *Gefühl*. Create your chiffers to find it. In revolution, in consciously false love, in piss, I truly do not care, just connect. Necessary for completion then is the communism of *Gefühl*.

An excursion to the anti-scientism of *Gefühl*: *Gefühl* shows how science cannot explain – it comes so close, but because of its inherent structuring it inevitably fails. Everything being atoms, which means there's no life or death, just exchange blablabla. Abandon science, realise, give into it, give into the purity.

There are no human rights. There is no *Naturrecht*. There is no right. Just like there is no wrong. The only entity worth calling right/a right is love. Love, true love, being the purest form of *Gefühl*. Here lie the dangers of false love – Pseudo-Liebe: Pseudo-Liebe is the prevalent understanding of love. Completely durchwachsen by bourgeoisie, force, Imperativ, so everything, which is not. So nothing remains of the free space of love. Allowing it to float again requires abandonment of Pseudo-Liebe. So breaks down the structure in it. Freeing oneself from the terror. As soon as only caught a peek of true love – god. God in

the sense of finally above the beating. Finally seeing the dilemma from above. Dying in the chaos of love, that reached is life. If then is felt existence?

No state, no gender, no rights, no you, no me, no this, no that, no life, no death, no thing, no lack thereof, it's all....just.....*Gefühl*.

The 'material world'

There is no self just as there is no other. What then is the material world? It's all manifestations of *Gefühl*. As it sprays around, it becomes. Of course, it becomes, but the point is that it leaves behind what we call material for the sake of the argument. Trying to explain a sort of reversed metaphysics here. Traditionally, metaphysics, transcendence, whatever exists unreal, outside of the 'real world', of physics. Now reverse it. *Gefühl* is the only (non-)constant. Nothing exists. Take from *Gefühl* and move outside of it. An unreal world unfolds. A representation for the blind, the dead, the bloom.

In *Gefühl*, there is no time. Time structures, it's a system. It allows the mind (the dead) to continue. To continue non-existing. Existence is innocent. That's why in non-existence everything is befleckt. Find innocence – existence – *Gefühl*. Self-preservation is to be despised. Whither away into it all.

On death (the true one, not the state of the dead)

So sweet that the masks melt away. So pure that the touch transcends starvation. So sure that the vast mist decay. So finite that the fudge become carnation. It's coming back. Infiltrating again. The dead spreading, filling, what seemed cleared, clinging on. Those claws, those fangs. Ripping apart. Intoxicate yourself. Flush it out. Numben the wounds. Become again. Move closer to being. Being free. Being. Just be. Allow it. With this little push. It's all gonna open. Trust me. I'll close behind you. Be safe. Feel. Feel for the first time.

The communism of *Gefühl*

What then is the communism of *Gefühl*? Russell writes that sense data is private property. The epitome of the Young-Girl. Individualisation, privatisation on the deepest level.

Now to the communism of *Gefühl*. It's so simple. In love, in melting, sense data becomes true *Gefühl*, collectivised. Back to the eternal mutual womb of *Gefühl*. Collective impact, no exchange, no difference. In love, in *Gefühl* truly realised communism. Production stop. Proof? Elaboration? Nah. Either you feel it or you're full of the ash of the dead. But okay. Take drugs. You become 1. With everything, everyone. That is

a glimpse of *Gefühl*. Multiply it. Nur noch alles. Du ich Ich du Wir sie Sie es Alles alles Allen alles Allem alle. We are *Gefühl*.

(De-)Realisation of *Gefühl*

In defiance you make the jump. Apply the anti-logic of *Gefühl* in daily life. Realise that it's all nothing. That it's all everything. You can do whatever you please because you don't do anything. Don't just kill the cop in your head. Kill your head. Your head IS the cop. No distinction, no mercy. That's love. That's a grasp of life. And our love is everything. It's the whole world. We break it all down. And put it inside. Where we experience. It.

Do not call this a theory of idealism. There is no such thing as etwas Geistiges. I do not deny materialism, it's just wrong. As elaborated above, the physical world does (not) exist. An abstraction, absurdity, shrapnel *Gefühls*. Precisely because of that this dream-like state. Precisely because of that the stench of the dead. Precisely because of that demons state-producing. Making sense of this Scheinwelt inevitably leads to micro-fascist liberalism. Maybe we will not escape, but in the recognition of the dream, the struggle prevails.

Luftschlösser auf den Schwefelwellen der alten Skelette.

You cannot really grasp your "self", it's not really ascertainable because it's only a dying shrapnel of *Gefühl*. The alienation of oneself because the actual self is so much bigger, warmer, clearer.

Weltbewusstsein ist Selbstbewusstsein.

Why do you think you don't recognize yourself? Why do you think you don't recognize the world? Because it's all false. Bastardized. Alienation from the mother *Gefühl*. Self-hatred because outcast, devoured.

Gefühl is not some Platonic concept. It's a way of life. The only one. I do not seek to create two worlds. I present to you an everything. A flow. It might seem that the illusionary trash left behind creates a second world. But there never was a world in the first place. An ever quietly pulsating cocoon of existence. The mana of life rotting in your metaphorical veins. Pump it up. Intoxication of life. Die to live.

No ideas, universals, whatever. Only one (varying) constant, which is everything, which is. *Gefühl*. Seemingly many-layered, full of meta-planes, but actually one.

Historicism the weapon to numben *Gefühl*. Deterritorialize history. Robbing the human of their organs.

„Life-giving“ capital eventually killing again. Durchflossen by Anti-*Gefühl*. Skydive simulation of suicide, illusioned, dead. Cynical, cynical all this. Contradiction without divinity. Truly morbid. Truly, truly morbid.

Bibliography

No citation, never. Giving and taking from the flow of *Gefühl*.