

The dissociation of philosophy from other domains of thought has led to its utmost transcendence and separation from everyday living. As Horkheimer writes in *the Social Function of Philosophy*, it is precisely *philosophers* who reify it up to a quasi divine elevation, where its supposed 'spirit' can be shown as either concentrated in one field or dispersed and residing on the peripheries of method, evidenced by the proliferation of books attempting to explain the mysteries of philosophy to the initiate. Furthermore, it problematises philosophers' state of being *as*, pushing them into a corner: to either further carve out a separate space for their activities, with a utilitarian apology [1] or abandon making it intelligible at all [2]. Since there cannot be a commonly agreed upon definition of philosophy, many have found themselves forced to take up in their craft Jordan Peterson's attitude towards god, enunciated through the following dictum: 'I act as if God exists.' In this essay, I shall demonstrate that this nihilistic indifference is the product of a genealogy inscribed at the very beginning in a binary, antinomistic thinking that created the phenomenon and how we can proceed to salvage ourselves from it.

My thesis is to see the ways with which we could break language, which is intimately connected to life, regardless of any specific element that may appear to predominate. When viewed under this scope, it's at once endowed in light by the shadow of logos whilst its civic functions are *unknown* by the splendour of relation. To begin, Heidegger's [3] remark that German and Ancient Greek are the most philosophical languages has a certain fact to it. Both make frequent use of particles in speech (*doch*, *ja* and *ye*, *δε* etc.) that don't have direct meanings and cannot be translated literally on the lexical level. Especially in the former, they carry a polysemic quality outside of their immediate context that resounds over the unadorned sentence, where lies its ludic quality, menacing to overwhelm language and the mores on which it was built upon when we remind ourselves of its double position. For example, in *La disparation*, Oulipo member Georges Perec's novel that doesn't use the letter e, idioms containing it were purposefully rewritten whilst their general form was preserved, turning them into empty husks that can be compared with the rewrote excess.

In the case of Greek, nouns can also be verbalised easily: more often is there someone philosophising than a philosopher, such as in Platonic dialogues. It's impossible to be a Platonist precisely since as Schlegel wrote: Plato's systemless system is a dynamics, the one thing consistent throughout is the depersonalisation of interlocutors to create a suspended space for concepts to flow. This in effect impels us to create and embody an energetic phase, individuating a space beyond the sentences' *essential* discursive functioning, that anyhow performs (illocutionary or perlocutionary) an act. Thus, it to some extent breaks down the lasting image of logos as the bare structures of the sentence come through when the indexed aids to grasping it in communion that it enters in free will with the text and/or the speaker behind are absent. It's a vibe, when we give up essentialism and stop ascribing characteristics to objects but as surrounding them, in a relativised, social context. It's manifest in gestures, tone and expression of the moment, detached from time sensitivity but inscribed in the moment we realise our very contingency in timespace faced with its aleatory distribution of signs, not saying much on their own. This revelation introduces stasis, which is liminality between an elite domestic economy and the community, separating different parts of the citizenry. But our task is not complete Landian deterritorialisation, it's precisely in suspension of ordinary time for us to be plunged into life, and see facts of the world as interconnected, to reinvent ourselves in this increased order of intelligibility.

To apply Valéry's description of the novel to the 'flight of life' seen here (own terminology adopted from the Deleuzian *ligne de fuite*) it must undergo metabole (change, cast-beyond) from the 'unnecessary' and threatened by instability state together with the empty, yet unpotentialised shell of structuralist-scholastic *langage pur*, successfully *overbridging* the abyss of life and language, the ephemeral

and the epic *kleos a-phthiton*, that would seem to exist outside the logic of discourse entirely. The heardness of one's fame doesn't bloom eternally, the idea of it negated by itself. Suppose I read the *Manifest conspirationniste* which contains diverse references deployed specifically to ward off an academically-minded audience set to 'recover' the ur-logos. They denounce it as nonsensical; truly disconcerting though neither affirming or rejecting anything in its betweenness. To summarise, there are four virtual hypostases constituting the leap into life: functional logic by itself, flight of life, metaxu and isophianic relationess. I liken it to Simondon's plant analogy—a metastable structure with an interiority that is on the edge of being overrode by more things from itself towards metanoia, making theosis possible as it moves through various levels of intelligibility of itself and the world, which I paraphrase as 'the subject objectivised and the object subjectivised, until they are one—multiple.' Metanoia does not just consist in the self going from one identity to another, but so much that we don't even recognise this alteration among ourselves, lacking the proper tools to make this transformation intelligible.

The above calls for the immanence/transcendence separation to be reconfigured, eventually to reconstruct the subject. It arose from a rational relationism, that before knowledge could be obtained one had to secure an internal space for it to be filled, as seen in Cartesian preoccupation with the self uncontaminated by an evil spirit. We say that the subject and matters deriving from it (humanism, lived experience...) must be somewhat destituted in kenosis since it couldn't just wilt away. Yet ekstasis would first be required and I argue that for certain groups, there is no hors-corps, we cannot posit ourselves hylomorphically in distinguishing the form from content clearly. The text, however, is embraced by some of us despite every suspicion in our gnostic age: Ptolemy wrote to Flora more than a millennia ago, still with hope to convert her into community unlike the introverted mystics conniving on the world in the Egyptian deserts.

That's akin to pitchfork theory developed by *deleuzean_thembo*; language here is moulded by groups of friends in continual individualisation through its otherness that transforms themselves along. We experiment with styles (schizoposting is quite popular) in our milieux operating on two levels of reality, a self-resonating, gatekeeping echo chamber interior, a return to Plato before his fall. We all become poets. This is the remaining possession of the Simondonian preindividuals who drown in Oedipus' sameness: they *can* live to react through language of the universal man and human rights, which only mirrors their suburban selfsame desolation. Individuals who have felt the first flames of the Platonic repentance [4] (not yet persons; that necessitates a presence, standing-beside [par-ousia] the realities of difference) see this sharp separation between a forgotten god revealed by the bringing-to-light of their mourning of a vitality's absence. We could also name them near-blooms, which we all are in relation with this part of our makeup; hence we're never entirely comfortably lodged in a *stable* state, only the metaxu, like the homo sacer in a flurry of often contradictory laws.

Though the idea of absence already presupposes a space unactualised, for even by mapping it out in private yearning signals forms of becoming other than simple affirmation or denial. Our relationess is Heraclitus' sign-giving oracle: for wisdom to shine into and wading in the waters of reality's *disparation*, both as difference and viewing life from in between in separate plains. The ambiguity of its neosemantics brings us back to the novel under the same title. Its author's process of individualising idiom, 'defigement' derives from Latin *figere*, participialised either as *fixum* or *fictum*. It purports to show, at the same time, the interruption of their utilitarian truisms and our paradoxical dependence on these little fictions for a unified society to function. The ultimate goal, nevertheless, is laughter. When we are intimated with the knowledge of an apparent hidden layer of society is right there in front of our eyes, we feel catharsis; this wisdom is polytonic, omnipresent, timeless but originating from a person (prosopon,

...moving-towards [god, the Author, or charismatic catboy-posters]). Like Oedipus' anagnorisis when he finds out that all this time he thought to restitute order, he was the problem and learns gradually the different destinies he had to will to life.

But let me reiterate: we are in a boring version of Classical Athens, minus its direct violence upon reality by cloudless perception, it's why we can laugh at Oulipian catharsis, not Oedipus' ordeal that hits too close. *We were a country once*, these emptied logoi of unknown culture seem to murmur. We have no chance of going back at all, unlike the tragic protagonist whose terrible fate was that he failed at the task. We can't achieve a comparable degree of movedness for ekstasis, enthusiasmos, best displayed in festivals dedicated to worshipping Dionysus, stasis inverted where from its beginning is split into a problematised protagonist and the chorus which sets the scene with action. Their agon, a debate over the subject reflects the citizenry's reality from a safe distance: a differentiated, alienated person and the choral rabble, the role of which by Euripides has been substantially reduced in favour of psychological drama (from Doric Greek 'to do').

Oedipus was the last tragic hero because he died with tragedy, the separateness of fields and people from each other in real stasis, with the rise of sophists selling know-whats: wisdom is a set of singular precepts, a means. He represents the highest point of contradiction—no level on which they can be localised with comparable relation. The protagonist had to rid itself of the very means of connection; the Sphinx's riddle he answered with 'man' in *Oedipus Colonus* was wrong. Vernant surmises that human action was tragedy's agon, it hasn't acquired autonomous self-sufficient status. Oedipus is the inhuman adrift in the peaks of stasis and the loss of civic laws, heralding an already-dead society for more integral relations to be realised. And thereby he is all of us at some point: in metaxu, abandoned both the individual hero of theatre and the falsified collectivity, yet unable to exist without them.

Finally, I posit Pseudo-Dionysius' conception of agnosia (unknowing) as the way forward: we can only reach the highest degree of that which is beyond-existence (e.g. god) by denying everything beneath. Now to construe the inherited liberal subject as a palimpsest, developed on Deleuze's fold, that which is constantly pleating into itself, so we could cast-beyond traditional notions of the object/subject. The soul is a scroll with its previously engraved relation washed off for more relations, frequently to that of a different kind. Yet the forgetting etchings are still indented on the page that helps it be actualised again, under a new light across both diachronic (throughout historical time) and synchronic (each repurposing of the document seen through the lens of difference) views, without a telos to be reached. These all refer back to the aforementioned suspension of cyclical/civic time, where the palimpsest balancing between a textual interior and a narrative exterior that can unfold its manuscript history so we can see ourselves and our state, now metastable, more lucidly.

So what is to be done? I've refrained from giving particular do-whats to be executed, as I am by no means falling to dogma, or even become-hows. Dionysiac festivals and Oulipo's strategy of ludic transindividualisation, though they succeed in creating effective relations are long overdue in a world with no society, only milieus, still positing a unity writ-large. Let's set down some axioms by crafting a space for relations to enter, which allow synergistic things to happen instead of preventing incongruency (rules, courts). We engage in good will with anyone vibing in touch with the axioms, to go into other forms of life and open up spaces of possibilities, even if our palimpsest is to be written over, their previous incarnations can always be actualised. Not the everyday rhythm of dead-set routines and deadlines, but make true life that we initiate, a festival.

[1] Logical positivists who notably arrive at something akin to an apophatic theology in marking out their territory, by denouncing what they believe is metaphysics; the result is an anxious voice that cannot make much reaching claims.

[2] 'Pop philosophy', where without establishing a systemic methodology, the given is wholly accepted and philosophy is reduced to a catechism with key points to be taken.

[3] I employ this semi-etymological mode of enquiry not as Heidegger had used it in his later work, to prompt out the ur-truth (a consequence of his radicalised phenomenology), but to start my investigation in tandem with its intended results, so that the end is already charted over the course of the beginning, and its telos is imbedded in a frenzy of stark uncertainty and absolute confidence of result. Being and becoming, immersed in a subject that is and isn't.

[4] See Plato's Seventh Epistle.