



Porphyrogénnētos

I said, Poetry as serviceable ideas on which to hang combed-over language, and the essay as combed-over ideas conveyed through serviceable language.

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1.

“...having come from heaven wrapped
in a purple cloak” (Sappho, trans. A.C.)

2.

Admit it, your fetish is reducing reality. It's okay. We're in it together.

3.

“Twenty years largely wasted, the
years of l'entre deux guerres...”

“...and what there is to conquer / By
strength and submission, has already
been discovered / Once or twice, or
several times, by men whom one can-
not hope / To emulate—but there is
no competition— / There is only the
fight to recover what has been lost /
And found and lost again and again...”

(T.S.E., East Coker)

4.

“Let the person who wants a vision hang himself by his neck. When his face turns purple, take him down and have him describe what he's seen.”

(Eskimo saying via John Kelsey)

5.

Hello New World, i am 23 and listening to Porgy. I am floating and if you catch me right—



6.

During the Republic only high ranking men of stature wore purple and during the Imperium only the Emperor was allowed to wear a purple toga. In the Byzantine Empire the direct offspring of the Basileus who were born in the Purple Room of the Imperial Palace were called *porphyrogenitos* or 'born in the purple', indicating their legitimacy and likelihood for one of them to be the heir.

(unknown src)

7.

Theory of basicness (i.e. *the beige*) as being about positioning and awareness more than anything inherent in the stance.

Basicness is a reaction to the territory that doesn't react to fellow reactions to the territory, falling into traps and ensuring that its value-over-replacement (i.e. over other reactions) is low.

(Vessel of Spirit)

A man wishes to give his wife the world. He walks every corner of his kingdom and of all the neighboring kingdoms searching out the best. It took many wagons, and wagon-drivers, but the objects were collected and stored over many months.

When it came time for the gifting, he prepared all the great objects on the lawn, displayed in their opulent glory.

“I don't want any of it,” she said, “I'm no materialist—you haven't realized by now?”

9.

The highest of the upper classes have no need to impress anyone; they simply are. It's their allowance of honor, and their liberty from competition.

*

Clothing is what architecture should be.

(Nerst)

10.

I can't believe the study of rope
bondage isn't called "tautology."

(Christa Lee)



11.

If you're royalty, you make the color purple off-limits to the masses, to save the time wasted (and the face lost) in inevitable cycles of mimicry.

“Anyone who thinks linguistic extravagance in novels began with Ulysses in 1922 hasn’t done his homework... The novel has been around since at least the 4th century BCE (Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*) and flourished in the Mediterranean area until the coming of the Christian Dark Ages. The earliest novels were Greek romances and Latin satires, where the plot was a mere convenience that allowed the author to engage in rhetorical display, literary criticism, sociopolitical commentary, digressions, and so on. It was an elastic form that made room for interpolated poems. stories within stories. pornography. and parodies, where the realistic and fantastic blend together.”

(Steven Moore, *The Novel: An Alternative History, Beginnings to 1600*)

13.

I will never be able to live in peace
with the new order, because I was formatted in the old one.

(Bifo Berardi, adapted)

It was the dog days: those which come after the Sirius (dog star) rises. They end somewhere in August, and begin somewhere in July, according to different calculation: July 3 to August 11 are established dates in the West. Some say the worst outcome would be an eternal August, a sticky-idle late afternoon that drags into the future.

“The word ‘modern’ in its Latin form ‘modernus’ was used for the first time in the late 5th century in order to distinguish the present, which had become officially Christian, from the Roman and pagan past... People considered themselves modern during the period of Charles the Great in the twelfth century, as well as in France of the late seventeenth century.”

(Habermas, “Modernity: An Incomplete Project”)

16.

And then there's Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803), who held that we understand the world through language and inherited conceptual structures; as a result, the only option is a kind of cultural relativism, and a surrender at attempts to govern “rationally” from afar.

Ultimately, discourse is less about disproving; there is no disproving; but about emphasis, about which truth is emphasized and held as signal (as primary) and which truths are correctives (qualifying secondaries). Discursive framing is managed by discursive fashionability, by which frames are in vogue to apply on which subjects.

Truth is a function not of correctness but of power.



18.

“Culture is just a cold war between the BPD and the autistic.” (P.G.)

19.

Republicans exist primarily so there can be a national mood for artists to work under.

“...a wry dinner-party companion known for asides about her complicated relationships with intellectuals (‘My friend P. who was my partner then but he was my semiotics TA at Harvard when I spent one year there my first year at grad school, he’s a Lacanian topologist now. . .’) and her deadpan humor (‘My chief perspectives on optimism were: 1) daily horoscopes and tarot readings; 2) Friedrich Nietzsche; 3) listening to [others on] Prozac’).”

(Kaitlin Phillips on Rhonda Lieberman)

21.

“When art internalizes its own history, when it becomes self-conscious of its history as it has come to be in our time... it is perhaps unavoidable that it should turn into philosophy at last.”

(Arthur Danto)

Some of the issue, right?, is that the X becomes the X because they are talented at figure-drawing and love the Impressionists and Rembrandt or whatever. It's only later they learn he talents and predispositions which started them off on their educational paths are at odds with the talents and predispositions X's relevant in the contemporary field.

So one, Rembrandt and Manet or whatever are impossible in the current era, and two, the task is poor, capabilities inadequate, that is visual thinking *is not* philosophy and when put up to it flounders.

Six features:

- ▶ *continuous*: trends change incrementally but continuously
- ▶ *cyclical*: things leave and come back; each return is re-signified and the commonly returned-to dubbed classic
- ▶ *differentiated*: from the mainstay, by the fashionable
- ▶ *symbolic*: choices carry associative meaning both inherent and niche-linked
- ▶ *invisible*: it only becomes truly evident once the fashion landscape is desaturated, that is, with the passing of time

Of course, reading Frankfurt School essays is not philosophy either, it is history, and it helps only as much as it hurts: opaque, distorted, a kind of unhelpful model of thought one and also two a homogenetic outlook on modernity which beckons with its self-proclaimed inevitability of fulfillment (the curve, the bent). And then three that learning one governing worldview is the opposite of learning to philosophize; that is, philosophy is thinking and dialectic, and the adoption of ideology is the opposite of both.

The anti-canon canon cannibalizes, self-neuters through self-reinforcement; the insularity of the college-taught where the claimed *anti-ideology* of the X world is the priestly-purest embodiment of sub-cultural ideology, where the very conception of value is invisible to outsiders.

26.

parent/child
wealthy/poor
boss/worker
teacher/student
politician/citizen
whitecollar/bluecollar
critic/artist
older/younger
non-artist/artist
perpetrator/victim
local/tourist
tourist/local
victim/non-victim
younger/older
artist/non-artist

Fashion: “a way of behaving that is temporarily adopted by a discernible proportion of members of a social group because that chosen behavior is perceived to be socially appropriate for the time and situation.” (Spencer)

Reflecting on the line-cum-conceptual art project, Subkoff said: "We were talking about waste, throwing things away, and taking something that's old and making it new again, putting the human hand back into a world that reeks of manufacturing. It felt very appropriate to do that in 2000."[9]

"blank slate modernism"



29.

How A 23 Year Old Punk Started A Consulting Business From His Parents Garage In New Zealand, Moved To Manhattan And Made Forbes List in Less Than 5 Years!

Until the late 90s, over 700 hereditary peers, that is nobles by birth, were allowed to sit in on the upper house of the United Kingdom's parliament, the House of Lords.

“Anyone who has spent time observing the intellectual art world may have had occasion to observe a striking fact: everybody with a platform appears to share the same opinions. Anti-American, despite the predominance of US institutions and foundations in art education and production; post-colonial, despite the crypto-colonialist organization of the global art world; anti-western, despite the centrality to contemporary art of western practices and concepts, and, above-all, anti-neoliberal, even though no sector better embodies the gated utopianism of global neoliberal society than the ultra-mobile and hyper-networked art world.”

(D. Miller, *Art Monthly*)

“I remember being on a tram at like age fifteen in Germany at like ten o’clock at night, and they guy behind me on the tram had warm breath and smelled good, and I was just simply and innocently confused about why we weren't having sex.”

What if art can be understood as, not something spiritual but the tail on a peacock, a gorgeous, elaborate, and ultimately competitive signal, a zero-sum game for sexual status?

I will face my shame. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the shame has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.

The Sublemon: If we look at something like the *Odyssey*, we have two different kinds of heroes. Odysseus is a pretty Campbellian hero. He leaves home, he does deeds, and returns home, having earned some kind of mantle of authority. Penelope, on the other hand, is left at home with the challenge of figuring out what to do with herself. She waits for Odysseus and she fends off a series of suitors. The Heroine's Journey is about learning to suffer, endure, and be subjected to indignity while maintaining grace, composure, and patience.

The modern heroine also looks like Sylvia Plath, who has both become a symbol and interpreter of female suffering. The post-wounded woman is one who is never suffering in the present, but is instead always contextualizing and nervously proving ownership over that suffering. 'You're a big, ugly wound!' one yells. The other yells back: 'No, you're the wound!' And so they volley, back and forth. They know women like to claim monopolies on woundedness, and they call each other out on it.

(ctd.) ...If the graceful negotiation of composure and things that threaten composure is the essence of female value, and fetishes originate in the secret and taboo, then well, of course the destruction of female composure would become deeply, repeatedly fetishized.



Without talking myself up too much, "the basilisk in the brassiere" is the best description of *I Love Dick* (info-hazard warning) on the market.

38.

“Half of Discord/Chan culture is
Lonely Boy Phenomenology except
kept at the margins instead of pub-
lished in Semiotext(e).”

In Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, the Topo's lover is gifted a hand-mirror, and stares incessantly at herself in it during sex until he shatters it.

In *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*, a lesbian cowgirl instructs her lover to put two fingers in her vagina, then dab it behind the ears as a perfume.

There are 600,000 eunuchs on the continent. Some have elected to be neutered, in order to escape urges like homosexuality and pedophilia . Several studies have found that they live between ten and twenty years long, on average, than the uncastrated.

This is where I want to be. Sex has driven my life since puberty and I'm tired of it. I'm 65 now.

I seek a condition in which I think of sex as something other people do or that maybe I did in a past life but about which I can't really remember anything except the most vague details.

“The world must be romanticized. Only in that way will one rediscover its original senses. To romanticize is nothing but a qualitative heightening. In this process the lower self becomes identified with a better self... Insofar as I present the commonplace with significance, the ordinary with mystery, the familiar with the seemliness of the unfamiliar and the finite with the semblance of the infinite, I romanticize it.”

(Novalis)



Except civilization and culture are advanced primarily by trolls, from Socrates to Shakespeare and Duchamp.

“The greatest work of English literature is a 5,000 page pornographic novel comparable to the Arabian Nights. It was written by an accountant in Tulsa between 1974-2002 as a means of keeping his wife sexually aroused and faithful to him.” (Floscul)

Thus we have Barthes, Saussure, Derrida instead of Dewey, Peirce, and James.

Some are chemically castrated, taking daily drugs to kill their libido. Others undergo hormone therapy for sex or health. "I have given over control of my T dose to my wife. She decides how much she will apply to my back each day."

There is a fish species that can change its sex at will. Because the females carry higher reproductive loads, the fish rotate genders, doing their time, practicing a tit-for-tat system of co-operative turn-taking.

"I'm single and loneliness is hard to live. Sex is the door to love and affection, I can live without sex but living without love and affection is difficult. How do you deal with it?"

46.

“An eye for an eye is the optimal solution to iterated prisoners' dilemmas, with occasional exceptions of forgiveness and preemptive strike.”

(T. Rutten)

The Hebrew expression *chai b'seret* (חַי בְּסֵרֶט) means to live in a movie, and is used typically to connote that someone is acting or interpreting dramatically, without realism. But this is to limit the term's potential: to live cinematically is to romanticize, to see meaning and connection. Not dissimilar to the work that Ben Lerner does in *10:04*, which is a very different kind of work than Knausgaard or Ferrante perform.

48.

“I hated puberty and all of the things that went with it. Including the social obligations that puberty brought on.”

(Eunuch)



49.

“velvet glove, iron fist”

“I’m pretty embarrassed by Parable On Obsolete Ideologies, which I wrote eight years ago. It’s... an impassioned plea to jettison everything about religion immediately. If I imagine myself entering that debate today, I’d be more likely to take the opposite side. But when I read Parable, there’s nothing really wrong with it. It’s a good argument for what it argues for. Ask me what changed my mind, and I’ll shrug. But I can’t help noticing that eight years ago, New Atheism was really popular, and now it’s not. Or that eight years ago I was in a place where having Dawkins-style hyperrationalism was a useful brand, and now I’m (for some reason) in a place where having James C. Scott style intellectual conservatism is a useful brand. A lot of the ‘wisdom’ I’ve ‘gained’ with age is the kind of wisdom that helps me channel James C. Scott instead of Richard Dawkins; how sure am I that this is the right path?”

(S.A., SSC)

What the troll does, fundamentally, is provoke a sacredness reaction, where the disproportionate response to a minor irritant leads longterm to a pearl of wisdom.

Do Gnonic consequences slow the leftward drift?

How many lesbian relationships are actually characterized by both a hesistance to make a first move, and then a rapid U-Hauling of goods once made?

If people want to escape the Great Filter of Superstimulus, the void of virtual reality, will new cultural norms be needed romanticizing breeding?

Identical behavior from a character is either "rakishly charming" or evidence he's a serial rapist depending on background music.

In naked molerat colonies, there are always a handful of molerats who do no work all year long, instead passing the days fattening up on food. When the rainy season comes, these molerats are tasked with plugging the entrances to the colony tunnels with their bodies, to keep water from seeping in.

As another example, think about depression. The headline of one New York Times article is “Hunting the Genetic Signs of Postpartum Depression with an iPhone App.” Pause for a moment and consider how differently the article would be received if the headline were “Hunting the Genetic Signs of Intelligence with an iPhone App.” Yet the research they describe – a genome-wide association study – is exactly the same methodology used in recent genetic research on intelligence and educational attainment. The science isn’t any different, but there’s no talk of identifying superior or inferior mothers. Rather, the research is justified as addressing the needs of “mothers and medical providers clamoring for answers about postpartum depression.”

A darkened hill from a dream, cacti
and shallow desert stones. A vinyl
record. Bjork with her hands in the
form of a gun. A door propped shut. A
windbreaker on a whitewall. Walasse
Ting.

56.

*All art is a product over a species-wide
confusion over whether we are a tourna-
ment species or a pair-bond species.*

57.

“Stop referring to all acts of human generosity as ‘emotional labor’ you fucking psychos.”

(C. Badal)



“Though the French are famous for their mastery of concrete things — such as food, fashion and *savoir vivre* — they also have a perverse weakness for the abstract. They love to chase the infinite and the absolute, to flirt with vast promises. Like their notorious government bureaucracy, their literature is periodically strangled by a romance with the idea of structure. Writers like Foucault, Levi-Straus, Lacan and Derrida — to name just a few — take to structure as Baudelaire took to vice or hashish.”

(A. Broyard, review of Barthes for NYT 1983)

Imperial purple comes from the Murex sea snail's gland. Baited by mussels, the snails flocked to basket traps to be pulled to the surface. At first glimpse underwater, it will be yellowish humor. But like a vampire in sunlight it transforms, into deep violet.

When we say something is “basic,” is “beige,” is *tired*, what are we saying but that a possibility space in the set of cultural choices has become exhausted, is oversaturated or overattended? Those of us with resources to play, flee.

Making longish social playlists for small groups is maybe my preferred medium. You loop in references to prior playlists some of them have heard, which may or may not also have been made by you. You accomodate a specific audience's preferences, an audience whose preferences you know semi-intimately if variably. You can anticipate and therefore craft around audience (reader) responses. And then from these opportunities you build a one to three-hour experience, full of recognitions and dynamics, little jokes, an experience which actively plays off and subverts the expectations of those who experience it. It feels almost more real as an art form in that it hasn't been delocalized yet. There may be some connection between playlist theory and relational aesthetics, but I haven't done the necessary reading yet.

Almost all societies have been documented wearing some form of adornment to signify one, serious romantic relationships, and two, periods of mourning.

I have been involved with the White Nationalist scene since the year 2000. My experience has been overwhelmingly positive, but not entirely so. The hardest thing to take has not been the crooks and crazies, but the pervasive lack of moral seriousness, even among the best-informed and most principled White Nationalists. I know people who sincerely believe that our race is being subjected to an intentional policy of genocide engineered by the organized Jewish community. Yet when faced with a horror of this magnitude, they lead lives of consummate vanity, silliness, and self-indulgence. (anon. forum poster)



64.

“It appears that as usual, out of all the people at the museum, I'm the one who appreciates art the most.” (B. Winegar)

65.

“Whichever interpretation prevails at a given time is a function of power and not of truth.” (F.N.)

66.

Rive Droite: Northern/Right bank.

Rive Gauche: Southern/Left bank.

“A field full of horses out in rural Wyoming might seem like an unlikely stage for the rap event of the year, but Kanye has been toying with signifiers of conservatism lately.”

(*Pitchfork* coverage of ‘Ye)

Newark, New Ark of the Covenant.
You wonder whether you prefer television's timely relevance or literature's eternal. You think poetry, given its means of production, should be more timely. Why isn't it? Sometimes it is. There's always a sometimes.

“All three kinds appear among the new books about the Internet: call them the Never-Betters, the Better-Nevers, and the Ever-Wasers. The Never-Betters believe that we’re on the brink of a new utopia, where information will be free and democratic, news will be made from the bottom up, love will reign, and cookies will bake themselves. The Better-Nevers think that we would have been better off if the whole thing had never happened, that the world that is coming to an end is superior to the one that is taking its place, and that, at a minimum, books and magazines create private space for minds in ways that twenty-second bursts of information don’t. The Ever-Wasers insist that at any moment in modernity something like this is going on, and that a new way of organizing data and connecting users is always thrilling to some and chilling to others.”

(New Yorker)

According to Kandinsky, in *The Spiritual in Art*, purple is the color of an English horn.

In March, Megan Markle was baptised and confirmed into the Church of England. Two months later, her marriage to England's Prince Harry was held at Windsor Castle. Their wedding has its own *Wikipedia* entry, as does her wedding dress.



A Flavin. A woman laughing in front of church, a baby wrapped in her scarf. L'Ancien Soap de Barseille. "I never meant to cause you any sorrow."

The hacker ethic mandates: do not judge hackers by irrelevant qualities like age or race, sure, but also by credential, by degree, by position. Judge them by their hacking.

73.

Rewilded manners: proportional response (bad argument gets counterargument), record keeping (keeping public statements public), observing requests to disengage.

What the rationalist scene really needs is to do synthesis/integration work with the existing academic discourse scene. Notice I'm not calling out the postrationality scene, because with some notable exceptions, they do this very well.

75.

Miller's Law: To understand what another person is saying, you must assume that it is true and try to imagine what it could be true of.

Fashion is a language with a vocabulary—hairstyles, accessories, articles of clothing, modification thereof—glued together by grammar and syntax, our archetypal combinations and synergies between parts.

And the fashionable mark themselves by language—their slang words and dialects, their instincts toward trend running far beyond mere bodily adornment.

One evidence, of Barthes' foolishness, is his railing against *couture*, *la mode*, his besides-the-point critique of its lack of inherent signification, its "impoverished" banality as language.



77.

lock/key

glove/hand

slipper/foot

sub/dominant

look up *fig wasps* on
Wikipedia

Forget not proxemics, kinesics, the studies of body positions and movement. Forget not the pressures of politics, the incentives of a tribe, the pull of once belonging and the riling up in accordance with national rhythms (astrological, a moon symbol magnetizing the tides). Some dress up to blend in, some because their lives depend on blending in, but both citizen and serviceman wear camouflauge.

But have you seen my books? Nelson's *Argonauts*, *Bluets* AND *Art of Cruelty*. Grietzer's *Amerikkkka*. Lerner's 10:04—wait, you can't stand him. *Tropic of Capricorn*. *Sexual Personae*. *I Love Dick*.

The Iliad. *The Odyssey*. Definitely Not *A Little Life*. Okay, *A Little Life*. *Against Interpretation*. *True and Only Heaven*. *The Modern Temper*. *Genealogy of Morals*. The Complete Kafka. The Complete Benjamin. The Complete Adorno. *Das Kapital*.

Collected Eliot—wait, you can't stand him either. *My Struggle*, the complete series. All four *Neapolitan Novels*. *Sub-mission*, *Atomised*, and *Platform*.

Map and the Territory. Every blogger ever. Tao Lin. Every book by Tyrant. Every book by Verso. Every book by Semiotext(e).



The Roman Horace is our source of the phrase purple prose, referencing “purple patches” among “weighty openings and grand declarations.” Well.

(by which I mean, *pardon me*)

There is also, intriguingly, a lesser-known *beige prose*. It's Hemingway-like, concise and lacking in lyric flourish.

The British aristocracy has always enjoyed two great advantages: influences in public affairs, and a large country home. Since the 1970s, they have been in a struggle to maintain both. (BBC)

Not nerve, but nerves, a change of a single letter (*like a micromutation, the tall white fountain, like the tall white mountain*) that marks a fundamental change in soldierly values. Nerve, traditionally, is the inner source of brave actions; nerves “under control” or “in perfect order” means only the control of fear, a man’s ability to stand and not tremble. (Hynes, adapted)

*From the courtyard, I floated in /
And watched it go down /
Heard the cup drop; /
Thought, "Well that's why they keep them
around."*

A truly successful work of art reorganizes the viewer's taste to its image. One must adapt oneself to a new sensibility, emerging better for it.

Iacopini, Milojević, and Latora, *Network Dynamics of Innovation Process*, (2018):

In the study, the discovery process is modeled as a particular class of random walks, named 'reinforced' walks, on an underlying network of relations among concepts and ideas. An innovation corresponds to the first visit of a site of the network, and every time a walker moves from a concept to another, such association (an edge in the network) is reinforced so that it will be used more frequently in the future. The researchers named this the 'edge-reinforced random walk' model.

I realize now the role that Ø and perhaps *The Last Psychiatrist* by extension occupy: not a “writer” writer but a sort of comic or jester, putting in the hours whittling observations into social insight. The act is in the daring to suggest, extra-limbically, which is the central activity of the political anyways: putting onto tables.



...I worship only the natural, never the manmade. Why should I let myself be tortured by social customs which deprive me of my rights, because I was born twelve or fourteen months later than my brother? Why do they call me "bastard" and "lowlife," when I am just as gifted in mind and body as the legitimate? Always "lowlife," "bastard," "lowlife," "lowlife." At least we bastards were conceived in a moment of passionate lust, rather than a dull and tired marriage bed, a half-dormant mother churning out children. All right, brother Edgar, I will have your lands...