

What we must chiefly bear in mind, then, is that physical society in time must never for a moment cease to exist while moral society as an idea is in the process of being formed; that for the sake of man's moral dignity his actual existence must never be jeopardized. When the craftsman has a timepiece to repair, he can let its wheels run down; but the living clockwork of the State must be repaired while it is still striking, and it is a question of changing the revolving wheel while it still revolves.

—Schiller, “Third Letter on the Aesthetic Education of Humanity”

And when some other minion said
stop! can't it all stop
for a moment?
that was high comedy
idealist tragedy

And now he's waiting for the same
time
as me

—Rodrigo Toscano, “Future Perfect”

Consciousness combs with the sterile
shalelike concentric accumulation of remainder.
A light in already clear
waters, as advancement a median of the ever ready tears in nine light
unanswered change, and brings dissolution.
The cemetery wheel of citizenship, a theory of chance will not
change.

—David Micah Greenberg, “Common Will”

Although no one has succeeded in teleporting so much as a single
sub-atomic particle, some have managed to teleport the
quantum states those particles are in. These states describe the
exact characteristics of a particle, so in theory a body could be
reconstructed particle by particle if enough quantum states were
teleported.

—*The Economist* (June 19, 2004)

Every generation has apocalyptic visions, can't imagine its continuance, as in Rivette's *Paris nous appartient* (1960), where the exiled American communist journalist, experimenting with Art Brut in his SRO, warns Anne of converging super-militarized oligarchical death waves.

My apartment is bathed in the sounds of a Red Bull event by the river, men and women amplified, shouting and generating excitement that gets shunted into product, religious techniques, walking back and forth wireless.

A small amount of movement or sound has come to signify a mouse, a rebuke to systems of control by which people might be stamped out, round like a nickel and grey, with tails trailing and eyes bulging brown.

Citizens shouted very differently among their own remnants and ruins, Roman and otherwise, on 2/15/03, in the largest mass event and first global manifestation on record against war or anything else, detouring totalizing yelling into group demand, stamping the little silver cans into a huge reflective shield and straining to articulate what should follow, fighting enervation with dissolved caffeine and sucrose and re-scaling response with repeaters.

Pancontinental manifestation proves hard to maintain, partially because people mostly create meaning within restricted contexts and well-defined groups.

Steve says there's a study that says one can only love 200 in a life, which may be a limit to the processing of affiliation, which may underlie clans and anarchism.

Power, or the means for making and instantiating judgment, is changed in scale by relations that form by agreement, force, or ambient internalization.

Every articulation proposes, produces, or reifies sets of relations.

Power's distribution touches all individual articulations, which form states.

The contradictions produced by power are shared, and their articulation,

by poets and others, is a real, if unwanted, function within society, as has been well-documented.

Power, an inevitable product of relations, necessarily alters bodies, often damaging, even if invisio-neuronally, or actually destroying them.

The mechanics by which power travels and changes scale, through agreement, force, or ambient internalization, is politics, yet politics does not address bodies as such, except as instantiations of constructs in which power collects or doesn't, categories that can have a directly physical extension, like 'food', or a purely narrative function, like 'justice'.

Narrative is a set of proposed links between artificially segmented units of perception.

Narration is the act of proposing such links.

In power, shifts correlate to alterations in relations, which are physical, and can be augmented or protected by gloves, cars, guns, neighborhoods, tractors, planes, lending rates, coats, and computers, all of which change the scale of power.

In politics, shifts occur among sets of categories and catchments, also physical, casting shadows on never-fully-discrete bodies, and standing for them in the sense that it is to categories and catchments, or what get called subjects, rather than to bodies, that judgments are ascribed.

In film and fiction, such categories, or subjects, through which social relations, and thus power, run, are called characters.

Turning people into characters is what makes poets squeamish about fiction, since doing so, reducing people to sets of attributes, is a kind commodification, or at least a reification, one that encodes the quickly-spreading market system that spawned fiction itself in the 18th century as a kind of primer, and that, necessary changes having been made, still operates today.

Imagining commoditization to be a result of market logic gets it backward, sexual selection, an innate process, turns people into products through

drives.

Mores and other constraints regulate sexual selection, through which people are treated as acquirable wholes that can be broken down into particular attributes, desirable or undesirable, centered on images of fitness.

Market logic derives from sexual selection, with shopping being a relation in which the 'partner' doesn't talk back or experience transference.

Political narrative strives to turn people into characters, since characters, like some commodities, do not suffer, die, or react in real time, and are constructed for performance within narrow bandwidths that are very restricted when compared with the actual conditions most people face, yet are alike enough that the reduction is possible, since to resist such reductions, when on the receiving end of them, requires more energy than to acquiesce.

Although characters, unlike horses and people, cannot respond to an idea that takes the form of force, such as a lash against a coach-and-six that carries the message 'go', conceptions of affiliation differ and get distorted when brought into proximity and enforced.

It is as characters that politics prepares people for power, while simultaneously attacking material extension in space, the person, and attempting to reduce one to it.

Death can be message or story.

Let's roll.

Rabbits, who have brains and bodies, are of course extraordinary, and their fierce rabbit love, while occasionally seeming aloof or unintelligible, operates without apparent coercion, and is in fact one of the main model states.

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Rather than cleaving species, splitting characters from people draws materialism from humanism.

The absolute material bases of character are easily lied about or faked, while those of people, or discrete units of what Foucault and Negri call biopower, which Haraway finds an absurd and flaccid reduction, despite Scarry's demonstrations of the innumerable ways in which that reduction is effected daily, cannot be.

Interactions around art, when they work, produce sensations that require high levels of processing, so they tend to happen in relatively protected spaces, never absolute or guaranteed, analogous to airport cottages at Dayton, Spartan dachas outside of Reykjavik, or the space we are maintaining right now.

Deliberation requires a provisional affiliation, in the sense of involuntarily imagining the consequences of sets of terms and the relations they propose, which makes deliberation disturbing, because affiliation can never be fully provisional, which is what lies behind objections to images of violence, which is why Spielberg claims to employ such images only within highly motivated meaning structures, preferring models of exchange based on art, as at the climax of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977), where a French disco scientist and an enormous extra-planetary craft undertake a musical rondo under the auspices of a finally indulgent U.S. military, which holds fire while a highly amplified, visually interpreted five-tone sequence is put forth and is at first tentatively and then forcefully taken up by the hovering vessel, which goes on to offer fantastical variations upon it at speeds that only computers and geniuses at the site can process, finally allowing a large number of MIAs to be disgorged from the hull without incident, along with a young blond boy who is the focus of the movie's driving mother love, counterpoint to Dreyfus's signature lone-male sublimations, followed by the letdown of the anthropomorphic, infantilized aliens.

Aesthetic experience, or pleasure in proposing relations, can take place independently of explicit judgment, but is itself a form of affiliation, which has in the past led to critiques of the very 'absorption' that is necessary for many of its forms.

Ascribing agency to character is an act of judgment.

Truffaut plays the scientist.

In proposing sets of relations, every work is a model state, and any work that fails to seek a means to acknowledge the material bases on which it is itself predicated, contributes to its own misrecognition, which, when intentional, is a form of play.

The myths of baseless relations and consequenceless judgments is dramatized and parodied in Chabrol's *Les biches* (1968), where a Warhol-esque socialite, Frédérique, played by Stéphane Audran, asks the name of a young hipster, played by Jacqueline Sassard, who is striking and self-possessed in a manner that seems somehow opposed, because incorporating Chabrol's reactionary classicism, to the impending soixante-huitards.

In answer, Sassard's character produces a contemptuous, clearly enunciated «je m'appelle 'Why'», delighting Audran-as-socialite, who, after some negotiations on the Pont des Arts, appropriates Why, providing access to wealth and companionship that, when discontinued, eventually lead to her own character's death.



For the formalist, affiliation is a kind of death, the death of doubt, agency, and possibility, except for affiliation with method.

By imposing rules and proposing relations along strictly material lines, formalism can analogize the limits imposed by resources and belief systems, tacit and explicit, and surround, alter, or reorder their material instantiations, revealing their provisionality.

By demonstrating that any position-taking or set of relations can potentially be equally meaningful and equally subject to constraint, formalisms can work against merely default or dominant sets of relations that present themselves as eternal and inviolable.

In that mode, formalism forms a critique of fantasies of transcendent

maximalist infinitude.

Since it's predicated on finitude, capitalism couldn't work if people didn't die.

The articulation of contradiction produces catharsis and abreaction, the force of which can cause dis- and re-affiliation, a threat to forms of power.

Like science, which proceeds, theoretically, out of passionate materialist disinterest, formalism, when taken as a model form of exchange, can change relations.

Like science, formalism, in actual practice, is almost wholly market-driven, confining its effects to that of politico-aesthetic 'pressure valve', one that discharges capital's by-products so that contradictions might remain in place.

Foregrounding the absurdity of the relations that one is forced to sustain, while taking pleasure in their re-representation, profits from contradiction while inoculating itself with masochism.

When forms lose their power to stage relations, they change, seeking fresh access to the energy inherent in contradiction.

"Dematerialization" has also been attempted.

Jauss's restatement of beauty (1977), "the form in which aesthetic experience presents itself," forces one to talk about specific instances and encounters, and encodes the impossibility of generalizing fully about form.

Projections 'outside' sets of contradictions are represented as criminal.

Be criminal, homosexual, poet, Brian wrote.

In *Gun Crazy* (1949), the underclass, heterosexual lovers recognize one another's interlocking needs and attempt to manifest them fully and in concert, triggering feelings of rage and neglect that spill over into

escalations of the types of 'jobs' they do, including killing those who seem to judge their acts, eventually pushing the pursuit to the point of being cornered (isolated without adequate resources or means of further travel), and locked into inarticulate choice between imprisonment or death.



Partially because disaffiliation is a kind of death, Fanon treated violence as a means of catharsis and abreaction.

The trauma produced in survivors of violence, including those that inflict it, is invisio-neuronal.

Trauma produces the tendency to replicate injury, perpetuating a 'cycle' that easily absorbs narrative justification.

Semezdin Mehmedinovic's *Sarajevo Blues* (1998), to take a single example within poetry, records instances of paramilitary beheadings within a non-colonial city justified by perpetrators through citations of acts of violence from prior centuries.

Fanon's own "Colonial War and Mental Disorders" (1961) vividly documents the process.

Violence, outside of immediate reaction, requires discursive preparation, where perceived threat becomes character.

Someone foreign is threatening my life, someone I love, or my way of doing things.

Someone who is in league with a force that is exploiting and destroying us, and that will not recognize our condition.

Someone who is a barrier to my expansion, impeding my freedom.

Someone who is staining our representation of the ideal, or the all, and our ways of relating to it.

In *Gandhi* (1982), nonviolence arises partially as a means of addressing the cyclic nature of violence.

In the film's narrative, nonviolence shames the state's character, while mass non-cooperation paralyzes the system.

In response, since the 1960s, large-scale economic violence has been deliberately distributed across flattened, featureless characters and concepts.

Within that state, one comes to believe that agency, or judgment and its resultant chains of consequence, can take place only within narrative.

That belief produces contradictions that manifest as fatigue (feeling unequal to circumstance), boredom (feeling that all outcomes can be anticipated), or frustration (desiring cathartic abreaction), all of which can be turned inward via self-abnegation, or turned outward onto the most visible symbols of enforcement.

Most of the suicides I have imagined have been passive.

People who hate "cops" drove supplies to Breezy Point on 10/30/12.

That of addressing the back of my head, in 1991, to the parking lot window of a first floor apartment in Providence so that bullets, whose trajectory would be perhaps a 20-degree-angle from the blacktop, fired by no one in particular, might pass between the burglar bars and into the cerebellum and stem, the old breathing brain, making little holes just at the top of the collar of the robe.

That of falling from a fast-moving car and skidding slowly and painlessly, because blacking out, to a stop, before being hit.

That of putting a fake plastic Uzi in my yellow Freitag shoulderbag and taking the number 4 or 5 train to Wall Street, where I walk up to the barricades around the Exchange, take out the gun and wave it in circles

over my head, drawing a rain of extremely accurate, high-powered fire.

That of, just now, becoming active, and exerting enough force on the tongue of my belt so that it would puncture the point just where the ribs part, making a kind of lower stoma, and pulling up for a tiny blunt evisceration.

Because I have experienced my own death only through narcissistic fantasy, rather than through actual risk, trying to imagine the deaths of others is compromised by that same narcissism.

Insert current botlink here, because anything I choose soon looks dated and breaks the narrative, and incorporate the irony.

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It was once easier for me to imagine nuclear death, an apocalypse, as a release from the surface dependencies of 'my life', and from those, highly differing, of imagined others, than it was for me to think of the successful occupation and seizure of property, undertaken with the support of experts pledged to continue to managing and defending the water, energy, healthcare, and food supplies.

In my down moments, scrolling through Facebook, I still fantasize that the brain is fast enough to complete, before vaporization, the full-replay that some have reported, since a 'good death' requires preparation, and while the duration of the flashbacks is reportedly long, the time elapsed, apparently, is not.



Fanon wrote in French, and French continues, in areas to which it was forcibly brought, to be taken up in exigency and desire as well as disgust and repudiation.

French produces economic effects for anyone whom it subsumes or engages, and retains, like any language, natural or artificial, accumulative traces.

Some traces, for French specifically, remain from when it was taken up, some 60 years after France took Algeria, as Bergson's phenomenological instrument of *durée*, or duration, if not of time.

Time and duration depend on scale.

The sets of relations that produce them, gravitational and otherwise, are perceived as relatively stable and inviolate, though actually localized and in flux.

States, or dynamic, non-isolable arrangements of matter, succeed each other.

Time's incrementality marks, and thus represents, different states.

Time assigns values to successive states.

Time now dominates perception to the point that people take drugs to restore duration for short periods.

States are forced by brains into four dimensions, with at least six tightly curled further planes, unimaginable but modelable, exerting their own pulls, manifest in the telepathy heightened by regular contact between electively affinitive persons.

The more heightened such relations, the more character, in ecstasy,

becomes what Hölderlin, in *Hyperion* (1798), calls “soul.”

Soul assumes, in the throes of congress, classical proportions.

Perfected proportions afford access to further dimensions, as in grief.

To imagine all states, or to pick a state and then project or calculate its subsequent states from its trajectory, would be to travel in time, if the body be held stable.

If any one state could be isolated and held in stasis, it might form a ‘stop’ like those for buses, where forward motion halts but internal fluctuations continue unabated.

Presently the chassis continues, as in *Midnight Cowboy* (1969), where Ratso’s death does not alter the body’s course.

Time and duration correlate to truth and fiction, both of which are required for love, a means of negotiating the violence and involuntariness of attachment.

In *Late Spring* (1949), Chishu Ryu plays the widower father of Setsuko Hara’s character Noriko, a beautiful young woman at the end of her “bloom.”

Ryu’s character leads Hara’s to believe that he will remarry so that she will shift her primary attachment from him to her suitor, whom we never see.

Nostalgia is the wish to reinstate collapsed relations.

Fate is the coding of a determinate universe, in the sense of a course by which, given a certain configuration, energy will dissipate along with the chains of consequence surrounding agency.

Free will is the manner in which senses maximize access to possible relational configurations, with a pitch toward destruction if unmet.

Truth is dick shots on craigslist, or the petroleum element of vegetarian duck.

Ethics is system for weighing competing goods, and for assigning a value to relations, like shame.

There is a possible consciousness that might comprehend all possible states, and thus all time, but it is not necessary to imagine it.

Narrative is a set of proposed links among artificially segmented perceptions marked by time.

Narration is the act of proposing such links, even if untrue, in order to saturate duration.

Dialects of English use of the subjunctive progressive to mark the unreal, constantly revised present as never fully experienced, as in *Stalker* (1979), where a glass of milk's movement means either that superhuman powers are acquired through catastrophe, or that one moves a body without witness in belief.

I was sitting at home in these various states, years ago, when the clock suddenly went out and the fridge stopped.

Electromagnetic pulse, or power failure.

Long durée oddly calm, then slowly lifted the phone.

It worked, but that is a test that can no longer be employed.